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MEDITATIONS ON MOUNTAINS.

Part Second.—ANGUS GILCHRIST.

WELL, what was your entertainment, and how did you sleep, in the turf castle under the coppice? Charming;—and you care not though there were not a city or a town on the face of the earth. In these, all is toil; amusement is labour, and pleasure itself is fatigue. Is it in private?—there you must keep up your dignity—must sink the man, in order to exhibit the statue. With your own sex, you must cram and swill till you are in a fever; stupify yourself with cigars or opium; drop into a disturbed and painful sleep; and, when you have wearied all your bones in that, you must—turn the wheel again. With the fair sex, if single, you must worship; and if tied, you must serve;—young, you must hold light colloquy about forms and feet, the fascinations of bunches of hair, and tatters of taffety; or be in ecstasies when some dowdy lass macadamizes the King's English, misplaces all the fragments, and, as she slides from *l'Allegro* of her own charms and conquests to *il Penseroso* of the more sadly successful ones of her cousin Jane, you are by turns choked with dust and covered with mud, worse than if you were in the midst of that *chef-d'œuvre* of the great man of mud, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars;—old, you must make your election between the notable and the *bas bleu*, and have your mind stored with the bitter of dentition, or the sweets of poesy, according as the "link-boy god" may or may not have crossed the path of your charmed and charming confabulatrix. Escape you upon the water?—Faugh! the Thames runs coal-tar and sopers'-waste; the oar splashes you with oil, or the wheel of the steam-boat stirs you up a hell-broth, worse than weird sister ever messed together for the purpose of stenching the devil out of his spiritual invisibility, and giving him a visible, tangible, and credible shape.

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Then the reaches and the retchings:—O how catching example is! and how the loves leap away across the waves—no, the ripple—as that erst lovely creature hangs over the gunwale, wan and sickly, as if she were seen through the flame and smoke of sulphur, and lets all on board know that—she is no chameleon. When you land, what is it? Do you get the pure atmosphere? No such thing; for just as you have ensconced yourself in the inmost parlour, and are throwing up the casement to catch the odour of a rose that hangs temptingly by, a juvenile Jew—gentleman for the day, but, at other times, vender of *treasure trove*, in the shape of sealskin-caps—snaps your flower from the stem, and envelops you in the foul cloud of his filthy cigar and filthier breath. This goes to every cranny and crevice of your inner man, and so paralyzes every cavity, and tube, and nerve, that you lose all relish for the only thing that you can get—eating and drinking. Then the little man with the cadaverous face, the long, hooked nose, with the vulgar point, and the abominably prurient septum, worries you to death upon the effect that the massacre of all the Christians in Constantinople, or the final overthrow of the Ottoman empire, may have upon the price of Chilian bonds, or of shares in the Thames Tunnel; and the waddling mountain of purpled grease, as he shovels load after load of white-bait down his cesophagus—or, rather, his Bosphorus—wastes all the transient remains of his breath in muttered and mingled curse and lamentation at the state of total misery and starvation into which this once fat and flourishing country has unhappily fallen—since the war was at an end, and an honest man could not turn a penny for a contract that cost him nothing but his vote. Disgusted with a day's "pleasuring," you wend your way home, eschewing the water, and preferring the thick and burning whirlwind of the dust-enveloped coach; but, in the whole chaos, there is not a point upon which the eye can light with pleasure, or the mind dwell with satisfaction.

Walk you forth into the moral menagerie; visit you the lions of the age, or of the season—and you fare never a bit the better. They, no doubt, consume your time and your life—the latter faster, far faster, than you are haply aware of; but the only pleasure that they give you is the pleasure of being a little nearer your grave. Go you to the Opera: your ribs are punched, your shins kicked, your clothes torn, your pocket emptied, and your lungs invaded by the most offensive *malaria*, that comes reeking from the "rotten fens" of ruined reputation and stagnant health. Even with the keenest wind that blows, those places are more offensive and fell than the *Maremma* of Tuscany and the Campagna; but then, when the dog-star brings the depth of fashionable winter, and the fires of earth combine with the fervour of the air, they are the very "Grotto del Cani:" even a dog could not live in them. And what have you in return for all this? The classic song of Germany—quavers, whipped up into syllabubs—crotchets, pulverized to dust; and you marvel at it, as a man of real literature marvels at a German commentary of ten volumes, folio, upon ten pages of text. It puts one in mind of foul weather: first, a growl or two of the thunder; and then, patter, patter, comes the hail—till, in the midst of your physical broiling, your spirits run cold as the ice-brook. *Sontag*, "und alle Tag," let them gash and mangle the body of music as much as ever they please; but, O, for heaven's sake!—of which music is the charm—kill not, mangle not, the

soul! Do have a little feeling, for the sake of those whose hearts have not yet evaporated off by their ears, and left nothing but a hollow shell, in which idle and untouching sounds may rattle and reverberate, and mere din assume the name and usurp the throne of delight.

The exhibition-shops, again?—Bah! An angel made out of a spoiled child—a goddess out of a very vixen—and the effigies of the most venerably-wigged wisdom in the land, literally converted into a sign-board—speaking as plainly as if in the largest letters that ever lied—

“If you can afford the price,
I paints your effigies so nice.”

Even the senate-houses, how dull and disagreeable they are, after the weather is such as to exact the forfeiture of the pound of flesh from every one who launches and loses his argosy on the sea of politics.

By day or by night—in the world, or in your own chamber—all is pain and exhaustion; and, unless it be a tombstone, which records the death of one just at your own age, there is not an object within the city upon which you can look with any satisfaction and hope.

How different are your feelings in the turf castle! It is so simple, so rustic, that it harmonizes with the situation, and looks a thing of nature and growth as much as any of the rest. The sun had sunk behind the clump of trees, as you approached it; but his last level beam found its way to the single-glazed pane in the structure, and gave you a more glorious welcome than the most gaudy lamp at the portal of nobility. Then there was no surly and sotted porter to take your card and the measure of your quality, and “pass the word,” as you passed mute through the gaping, or, if they liked not your grade or your bearing, the grinning and deriding menials. To a man whose mind will not bend to that degradation, by which the mansion of a man that is great only in his greatness must be approached, and sometimes is acquired, there is nothing more offensive than the gape of those beef-eating trappings that have “two bodies apiece, and not one mind to the dozen;” and, therefore, the absence of them makes you feel toward the cottage that glow of the heart with which its master comes forth to meet you. The cup of welcome is in his hand; and when he and you have once put the same little chalice of the fragrant juniper to your lips, you are sworn brothers, and he will be your protector to the verge of life, even though his occupation should be rapine and plunder. Of that you have no reason now to be afraid in this country; for, since the great men were pensioned into peace, and gave over worrying one another, vice has fled from the mountaineer; and Angus Gilchrist, into whose hand you are now returning the cup, has far more of the real saint in him than a hundred of the old fixtures or modern moveables.

Instinctively you sit down, side by side, on the settle of sods beside the little porch; and, after your walk—even before it—the surface of moss and wild thyme feels softer and more grateful than the ottoman of down and velvet in the most luxurious saloon. Rely upon it, that, let man make for his enjoyment what he will, Nature has something better, if he would but find it out.

Many are his questions—of you, of your residence, your journey, your business, the business of the world; and you are apt to be astonished at the shrewdness and pertinence of his remarks, and the power that he has

over you in concatenation and reasoning, while you are so much superior to him in facts. But though to you it may seem singular, the cause is by no means either deep or unnatural. We men of the town have a world before us every day, and a new one the next; and before we have had time to think of one object, a hundred new ones are assailing us on all quarters. We cannot, therefore, think, if we would; and, as we have occupation and excitement without thought, the will in us soon dies; and if there were no other proof of existence save the "*cogito*" of Descartes, none of us would be able to establish the fact of our being.

While Angus is getting his lesson, and turning that which with you is mere memory into rude philosophy, his better half is adding the stranger's share and the stranger's daintiness to the evening. A youth of fourteen or fifteen, of short stature, but firm and well-built, with his bare feet on the sward, and his storm-bleached hair about his ears, shoots past you with the light and bounding step of a fawn; and, with a rude fishing apparatus, begins to thrash the stream just where it takes its first eddy and ripple, after leaving the lake. Short space is he gone, ere he again returns with a dozen of excellent trout, as the reward of his skill; and, pulling his top-lock to the stranger, with that half-inquiring, half-askance air, which is the indication of talent in a rustic of middle boyhood, Donald glides into the house, to add the produce of his sport to the supper store; and then he is off like lightning, to aid in the folding of the herds and flocks.

The younger branches of the family have heard the glad tidings that there is a stranger; and they come to take you with all the wariness of a besieging army. The first parallel is in the midst of the trees, and each fires its observation and wonder from behind one which shall cover it from your notice. You are engaged in answering the queries, and wondering at the inferences of the father; you do not, therefore, "open your fire" at all, which, at this stage of the attack, would in all probability drive the assailants away. Emboldened, they run their second parallel at the very foremost of the trees; and, before they have been long there, little Angus, who is his father's favourite, and spoken of as to be made a doctor, because he is the seventh son, boldly appears upon the glaciis of the sward, and anon takes a position on the other side of his father. The "colley dog" comes also, and, after "the usual compliments" to his master, lays his rough nose on your lap, wagging his tail, and offering to shake hands. Then the rank of the children closes in; and, though they still keep at a respectful distance, they have not in their air much of that sheepishness which you would expect in so lonely and isolated a situation.

The arrival of the faithful dog is a signal that the cows and ewes are in the milking-pens; and Angus Gilchrist, with some of the pride of "a man of substance," and an apology for the trouble he gives you (he has no idea that, within reasonable hours, any man could be tired with walking), invites you to walk with him to the evening survey; and, though your joints may be a little stiff, you cannot refuse. You make way by the little path which winds among the birches, as the masses of stone will allow it; and, as the dew has now begun to fall, the canopy over you is delightfully fragrant. There are no nightingales or even linnets in such situations; but the heath-cock raises his voice on the height, and is answered by the bittern from the hollow; yet the

sounds of both are distant and low. Upon the night air, however, there comes a sound, clear, sweet, and unbroken, without one shake of art, or trill of ornament, and with no accompaniment save the echo of mead or of rock, according as the pitch and volume of the note suits the reverberation of the one or the other:—

“Up among yon cliffy rocks,
Sweetly sings the rising echo,
To the maid that tends the goats,
Lilting o'er her native notes.
Hark! she sings,—young Sandy's kind;
An' he's promised ay to lo'e me.”

The sound comes from the ewe-pen under the cliff; you have it just as nature makes it—unfit for manufactured ears, of course; but true to youth, innocence, and love; and though he be so concealed as that he cannot be seen by Mr. Gilchrist, Sandy, the betrothed of the lively Jane, listens and loses his heart more and more to the lay.

Hark again! Another voice from the other hand, more soft and mellow—it comes moaning, as though the true love of the singer lay expiring at her feet, and she were essaying to soften the flinty heart of the angel of death:—

“I've heard a lilting at our eve's milking,
Lasses a lilting before break o' day;
But now there is moaning in ilka green loaning:
The flowers of the forest are wended away.”

That is Morag Douglas, with the raven hair and the dark blue eye, who used to be the most lively lass in the whole district; but her lover perished last winter in attempting to ford the river amid the flood and ice-brash of a thaw; and poor Morag has ever since been the true descendant of her clan, “Douglas of the bleeding heart.”

You have, however, seen the stock of the mountain grazier—at least the home portion of them; they are abundant and choice; and that messenger comes to announce supper. The cloth is laid in the best room—a modern addition to the rear of the house, and far better than from the front you would have expected; the cloth is white as snow, and the feast is plentiful. Trout, fresh from the river, and simply broiled—its best dressing, stewed mutton, broiled chickens, and goat ham, with (though it has been kept waiting him for a week) the stranger's loaf of wheaten bread. The smell of the viands is savoury, and your appetite is keen; you, therefore, in spite of its solemnity, and your own politeness, inwardly grumble at the length of Angus Gilchrist's grace, which contains certainly more varied matter, and nearly as many words as one of your fashionable sermons.

The party consists of only four persons, though the house contains a little colony, who all mess together except upon great occasions, such as that produced by your presence. Mrs. Gilchrist, though plain and matron-like, has an air of superiority—a feeling of her own dignity about her, which, even though nobody should tell you, would lead you to suppose that she is the daughter of a proprietor or laird; that, in spite of their pride, she would, and did, have Angus Gilchrist; and that she blesses herself at the having, as also do her family, since they found out how very thriving a man he has become. You are seated on her right; and

but that she presses her cheer upon you with more earnestness and repetition than you are accustomed to, she acts the lady, or rather she is the lady, without any acting at all. On her left sits a thin young man, with a look wavering between bashfulness and confidence. He goes by the name of the master; is a student in divinity; and, during the long vacation of his college, acts as tutor to the boys that you have already seen. There is a respect for the learning and occupation of the master which are probably new to you; and Mrs. Gilchrist considers that she is paying attention to the interests of her children, when she shews kindness to the young man to whom the formation of their minds is entrusted. Gilchrist himself is not a man of many words; but those that he does make use of are to the purpose; and though "the master" does not obtrude his lore upon you, he shews that consciousness of its possession and its worth, which is so becoming, and even promising, at his years.

After supper, the whole family assemble, the "bigh ha' bible" is taken out of its goat-skin case, and the simple people perform their nightly devotion to their Maker, with an earnestness in which you cannot trace either bigotry or fanaticism. Men and ages differ in their customs and opinions; but the man who would not feel pleasure in witnessing the piety of such a family as this, performed in the wilderness, and with no view to gain the approbation of men, would not have very strong claims to rank as the ornament of any age.

The devotions being ended, the domestics, and such of the young people as are able to keep awake during the service, retire to their repose, while the mistress of the house produces the favourite bowl, which is kept sacred for family events and instances of hospitality; and by its appearance you may judge that you are a favourite of the first class—for had you been one of the second, the jug, of less honour and smaller dimensions, would have been substituted.

Conscious of having discharged his duty to God and man according to the best of his knowledge and ability, Angus Gilchrist sets himself to the mixing of his bowl of punch with a science and a glee, which the former gravity of the man would not have led you to expect; and, as the glass circulates, license of omission being given to "the master," both on account of his youth and his profession, Angus Gilchrist gradually uncoils and comes out; and you discover why "the fair maid of Moulin-dervan" should have adhered to her choice of him in spite of the proud hostility of her kinsfolks. Under all his steadiness in the conducting of his business, under all his regularity in his devotion, Angus Gilchrist was (and why should he not be?) what is usually called a glorious fellow. He loved his friend, and could afford to entertain him; his glass, and well could he stand it; his joke, and he could give it point; and his story, and he could tell it with exquisite humour or deep pathos, according to the tenor of the incidents. Those who have not seen prudence and good sense united to a warm heart and a glowing imagination—those who have been in the habit of mistaking hypocrisy, which turns human life into gloom, for religion, which makes it all sunshine—those who, ignorant of the true spirit of religion, are foolish enough to suppose that a proper feeling of the bounty of the Creator, and a proper reverence for his power and gratitude for his goodness, should make men enjoy with less zest the good things which he gives, or display in a less attractive form the powers which he implants—may lose their senses in

the mazes of their own errors—fancy that virtue must go sorrowing and in tears—and imagine that, without the destruction of all moral restraint, there can be no volume of enjoyment. But that which mocks in a crowd what it trembles at in secret—that which supposes that the edge of wit consists in the rust of licentiousness with which it is covered—that which concludes that there can be no humour, if innocence do not turn away the head—is the very extreme of error and fatuity. A sound heart swells the laugh—a good conscience gives sparkle to the anecdote—and the tale, in admiration of which all may join, runs the most glibly from the tongue.

Thus you found it with Angus Gilchrist: as the generous bowl exhilarated him—as those powers of giving pleasure, which had lain dormant till the proper occasion and circumstances called them into play, gave fascination to his humble but happy board, as they crept over you like an inspiring spell, and even made the young divine draw upon the anecdotes of his professors, and the adventures of himself and his companions—the current run more rapidly, but it run equally pure as in the most tranquil moments; and because it ran pure, it sparkled as it ran.

As the mother of the “seven braw sons” came, and went, and came, in order to see that the hospitality of her house was not improperly or laggingly sustained, her presence shed over the scene a new lustre; and there cannot be a more certain test that mirth is in the proper channel than when the presence of a modest and matronly female lights it up.

The choicest hour on earth must, however, have an end; and as both your mountain journey, and your hospitable, and (as you now found him) your intelligent and delightful mountain host’s labours were to commence with the dawn—the early dawn of a summer’s morn, you address yourself to your pillow. It is a comfortable one; but you have no time to examine its comforts; for the moment your head is down you are in a profound, balmy, and dreamless sleep, which lasts only for three hours, and yet you rise from it more refreshed and invigorated than if you had tossed and tumbled upon a city bed, until the sun had been declining in the west. You feel altogether a new man; and are quite surprised to find that you are well-slept, though the sun be not up, and that there is no parching in your throat, or throbbing in your temples—not one fiery pulse in your whole body, though Angus and you, with but scant aid from “the master,” and but a sip or two from Mrs. Gilchrist, drained the half gallon bowl, and once, though filled to the flowers on the rim.

Wonder not at this. The nectar that you were quaffing was nowise allied to the “swipes,” adulterated in all its ingredients, with which you are poisoned where all is art. The spirit is clear from grains of Paradise (sad prostitution of the name), and all the other abominations of the London peculiar: it is pure mountain dew, fresh from the native grain; and the flavour and aroma which shed forth such a perfume, and gave such delight to the palate, were not communicated by limes and lemons, pulled in an unripe, and therefore unwholesome state, and only mellowed by fermenting in the hold of a ship, while stewing for months in a warm climate—they are all from the rare and racy berries of the mountain, and fermentation of any kind—acetous or putrid—they have never undergone. Something, too, must be attributed to the

keen freshness of that mountain air, which played over you while you slept, and bathed you in perfume, pure and uncontaminated from the living plants.

Whatever may have been the causes, there you are—dressed, hale and buoyant, just as the approaching sun tints with gold the under edge of the lowest streaky cloud in the east. But, early though you be, you are not the first; the shepherds and herds are on the hills and the meadows, and, as you cross the threshold, Angus Gilchrist stands ready to bid good morning, and pledge you the matin cup. Do not refuse or linger, for Angus intends to take you to the top of that knoll, which you would worship as a mountain, if you had it at home, there to show you the most exciting sight in nature—the first smile of the sun upon a wide landscape. Thus you have not much time for observation; and the strength of your lungs is pretty well tried as you trot in *echelon* from terrace to terrace. At last, however, you gain a point some eight or ten hundred feet above the lake; and you gain it before the sun makes his appearance; there is a stone seat, “rest, and be thankful,” and look about you. The lake below—the patch of green that follows the windings of the little river—the clumps of trees—the little huts, from each of which a column of smoke twines upward in the calm morning air—the brown heath, over which you came the preceding day—the lowland valley, filled with the soft white cloud of night, with only the trees appearing like little islets in an arm of the sea, and all as gay and fresh as if newly awakened into growth and life. Anon, the sunbeams come dancing in; the earth glows, the water glitters, and, as the dew around you evaporates, the mountain side is painted with rainbows. Even the irrational creation (as we call them, without knowing much about the matter) feel the genial ray: and in lowing, bleating, chirping, and chattering, send up their mingled matin song. Here you sit and meditate for a while, and then fetching a circuit of a mile or two, return to the farm-house, to victual yourself for the arduous part of your journey. I need not wish you a good appetite; you will find a glorious breakfast; eat away, and then we start.

VIATOR.

DON ALONSO.*

THE example of Sir Walter Scott, in works of fiction, has exercised as powerful an influence in France as in England. If that great man has consigned to everlasting slumber, on the shelves of our circulating libraries, the Smiths, the Lewis's, the Radcliffes, the Roches, and the other innumerable caterers for the public taste, and has stimulated writers of higher powers to follow him—*sed non æquis passibus*—in the splendid career on which he was the first to enter, he has also cast, into a temporary oblivion, at least, the equally numerous host of French novelists. With his soporific wand he has touched the Châteaubriands and the Genlis, whose mawkish sentimentality had long disgusted their readers; and he has raised the dormant energies of their countrymen to labour for fame in an untried field.

But though France has lately produced authors of respectable talents, and justly esteemed for their efforts in other paths of literature, we are not aware that one of them has equalled—we do not say Sir Walter, but his imitators in this country. Their works, for the most part, are neither natural nor probable; the descriptions they contain are neither animated nor just; they are conversant with art, not nature—with the accidental forms of society, not with the everlasting springs of human action; and they are as destitute of strong, vigorous imagination, as of true taste. Add to this, that there is something in the national mind not very favourable to the recondite pursuits of the antiquary—that the colouring of existing habits and manners is applied to those which prevailed in former ages—and we shall cease to be surprised that our neighbours have failed in that most difficult path, the historic novel. Yet if such productions, considered as a *whole*, are lamentably deficient in the requisite qualities, some *portions* of them are worthy of all praise: they contain scenes which, in graphic truth, are little inferior to the admired ones in the author of *Waverley*, and which, in ease of dialogue and natural simplicity of manners, are certainly equal.

The popularity which the work before us enjoys in France, induces us to make it partially known to our readers. It has already reached a *fourth* edition—a thing very unusual on either side the Channel. Its professed object is to give us a faithful picture of Spanish manners and Spanish politics, from the administration of the infamous Godoy to the restoration of Ferdinand. The unbridled ambition of the former; the means which he adopted to strengthen his party; the open contempt with which he was regarded by the ancient nobility of the kingdom; his fall; the subsequent domination of Joseph Buonaparte; the indignation which the unprincipled aggressions of Napoleon roused in every patriotic Spaniard; the almost supernatural efforts which the nation made to recover its independence; the ultimate success of the allies; the return of the “Beloved Ferdinand” to the palace of his ancestors; and the state of parties, both before and after that remarkable event, are described with considerable effect, though too minutely—so much so, indeed, as greatly to weaken the interest. In this country we have had quite enough of the subject: the public appetite is more than satisfied—it is satiated with

* Don Alonso, ou l'Espagne, Histoire Contemporaine. Par N. A. Salvandy. *Quatrième Edition*. 4 tom. 12mo. Paris; 1828.

interminable relations of the Peninsular war. We shall not, therefore, even advert to the battles and sieges which accompanied that desperate struggle for usurpation on the one hand, and existence on the other. Neither can we advert to the plot of this novel: plot, indeed, it cannot be said to possess. The incidents are so closely interwoven with the political events, as to be inseparable from them. Besides, they are neither natural nor connected. The characters, too, are so numerous, that the interest is continually divided and weakened; and they have little originality. Some of them are manifest imitations of Scott. It is solely as a picture of modern Spanish manners, that we think the book worth consulting. The author was himself in Spain, and he has imparted to many of his descriptions a life and an animation, which could come from no other than an actual observer. Of these, we proceed to extract two or three, which we know to be substantially correct. In wandering among the Pyrenees,—

“ You sometimes encounter a Basque maiden, with large black eyes, and slender form, who sings as she moves along. With naked feet, and her head bearing a burden which not even the men of our cities could carry, she flies through the precipitous paths, and, in her rapid course, she knits the many-coloured garment destined for her aged father. Sometimes you see a man seated on the enormous bales which cover the mule that carries them. With an immensely-brimmed hat on his head, and a brown cloak over his shoulders, he is proudly smoking his Havanna cigar. You are struck by the expression and nobleness of his countenance: his eye is motionless. To see his hand leaning on a blunderbuss, you would take him for a warrior meditating heroic deeds: to see his guitar hanging at his side, you would think him a poet absorbed by the inspiration of the muse;—he is only an *arriero*.* He is followed by twenty mules, heavily laden, all of which keep pace to the ‘drowsy tinkling’ of a bell, borne by the last in the line. France is approaching that period of improvement when commerce abandons highways for canals: Spain is not yet arrived at the simple cart; she is waiting until a government shall arise to give her public roads and bridges. More fierce closely follows the smuggler of the Basque provinces. To protect him in his occupation—the only industrious one, in the most fertile of countries—he carries a shining musket. The wool of Arragon and the two Castiles, which he is conveying to our towns, he will soon return with across the frontier, after it has been converted into rich stuffs in the French looms.”—“ A bridge, half-broken down, appears: your horse passes boldly over the tottering arch—more boldly, perhaps, than yourself. But if your heart beats strongly, it is not from fear: you have crossed the chasm, and you look behind you with something like trepidation. You see a little stone cross, which time has covered with moss and ivy—the only solid thing on this tumble-down bridge. Why this emotion at the sight of a despicable stone cross? This is the boundary between the Catholic and Most Christian Kingdoms. The *modest* monument tells you, that the soil you now tread is not that of France.”

We now approach the first Spanish village, situated at the foot of a deep ravine—the first, we mean, which the traveller meets with, when, instead of entering Navarre by Yzun and the Guipuzcoa, he takes the road to Pampeluna, through the French villages of Ainhua and Ustaritz:—

“ Urdax does not contain fifty cottages: it is overlooked by a convent, which ornaments the place, and imparts animation to the country. Not far

* A muleteer.

distant from the church, and close by the burial-ground, where so many generations of simple and peaceful men repose, undisturbed by the soft murmur of the Ugarana, is a rustic house of entertainment, kept by the *alcalde* of the place. Above the entrance, I observed an escutcheon, rudely sculptured, which, from time immemorial, has denoted the importance of the inmates. A young villager, apparently about fifteen years of age, was leaning against one of the pillars of the porch, as if gravely watching the progress of time. I wished him to hold my horse: he remained immovable; and I should have concluded he had not understood me, had not an expression of equal anger and disdain been reflected from his countenance in that of a crowd of children, which my foreign garb had gathered around. I was, therefore, obliged to fasten my courser to a post of this rustic porch; and by a ladder, which trembled under my feet, I ascended into a room that possessed no other furniture than a few worm-eaten tables. On entering, I perceived a man, seated, with a huge hat on his head, one leg thrown over the other, and regaling himself with a cigar. From the dignity of his appearance, I knew that he must be the owner of the house. I asked what refreshment I might expect? 'Whatever you bring with you!' was the reply; and he puffed away. I persisted in demanding if bread and wine at least were not in the house? 'To be sure—I have bread of the very best kind, and red Tudela wine in abundance.' I hoped that eggs, which are so plentiful in every village, would be added to my frugal repast: 'Look for them in the country!' replied Don Jeronimo, who immediately relapsed into his usual silence.

"The young Navarrese had followed me, and was standing at the threshold. Though his large eyes were fixed on me, he looked like one asleep. I again ventured to solicit his services; when a woman, bearing some domestic utensil, appeared. 'You are surely not so bad to please as that comes to,' exclaimed she, with amazing volubility. 'You must know that my son, the Señor Don Francisco de Paula, is not made for your service, but for God's: he is about to take the habit of the Dominicans. He will then be respected by every body; and some day, perhaps, God will be so gracious as to give Spain a saint of our blood and name. God be praised! he can count among his ancestors one of the colonels who, in the great battle near Roncevaux, were the chief means to drive the powerful Emperor Charlemagne beyond the mountains.' The torrent stopt short. This modern Cornelia had no other clothing than a woollen corset, and a coarse stuff petticoat, which reached no lower than the knees, and shewed how her bare legs and feet had been begrimed by constant exposure to dust and sun. Her husband, mine host and *alcalde*, took care, however, to give her the pompous appellation of Senora Dona Urraca."

The stranger begins to fear, and not without reason, that, unless he deport himself with all due respect to the members of this illustrious family, short commons are likely to be his portion. He accordingly made known, with proper humility, the cravings of his appetite to the said Senor Don Geronimo, who, disdaining to apply himself to so ignoble an office as providing for travellers, called aloud, "Francisca!" She at length entered the room, accompanied by a monk:—

"I ventured to address myself to the pretty Spaniard. She listened to me, and shewed, both by her eyes and mouth, how my French accent diverted her. At this moment, Dona Urraca entered, as indignant as on the former occasion. 'Do you know,' demanded she, 'to whom you are talking? This young lady (Senorita) is as noble as the Senor Don Francisco de Paula, who will soon be called *Fray* (Brother) Francisco, if it please the Holy Mother of God to protect his vocation. She is the daughter of my brother, assistant-adjudant-general in the king's service: and, though the general is enrolled amongst the enemies of God, his dignity still remains."

The expression, "*enemies of God*," is to be understood as applying to all who, in 1820, the time when the author crossed the Spanish frontier, supported the constitution of the Cortes against absolute monarchy.—At length, Francisca promises to procure him some refreshment; but she is diverted from the task by the arrival of her lover, a jolly muleteer, who, notwithstanding his occupation, can boast of good blood in his veins. A conversation then commences between the alcalde, the monk, and the arriero. The subject, as may readily be supposed, was *politics*—the only one which had then any interest. The following extracts (sometimes abridged) afford a pretty fair specimen of the feeling then existing:—

" 'Most reverend father,' asked the arriero, 'are you then of opinion that all will end ill?'—'Friend,' replied he, 'I know not what Providence destines for unhappy Spain; but I do know, that, when a people imprisons and outrages its king, the rebellion is always followed by a dreadful punishment.'—'Reverend father, you are beyond the mark. Who can ever think of injuring Don Ferdinand? They who would attempt it well know how we defended him *once*. Myself, for example, with the assistance of St. Anthony, and Our Lady of Atocha, felled great numbers of the invaders.' A stranger (who had hitherto sat unnoticed in an obscure corner of the room), hearing the words *Cortes*, *constitution*, *revolt*, afterwards uttered by the monk, asked the landlord what was meant by the terms. 'Señor Basque,' answered the latter, 'the nation is in rebellion against its king. It has compelled me to take the heretical title of Constitutional Alcalde: instead of being head of the village by hereditary right, according to the privilege obtained by my ancestors in 1684, I must in future, it appears, be elected by the people. This is not all: I must also send in my accounts.'—'But,' interrupted the stranger, 'what constitute now governs the kingdom? Who has made it? who has granted it?'—'Republicans,' replied the monk, turning round for the first time—'that is to say, enemies of God and the king, have fashioned it; and, lastly, some soldiers and pedlars have imposed it on the king our lord. It is called the *Constitution of Cadiz*.' At these words, the stranger threw down a piece of money on the table, and disappeared. The Spaniards looked at each other. 'I am much deceived,' said the monk, 'or this gentleman has not always been accustomed to the names of the Pyrenees.'—'I recognized him,' cried the muleteer, 'notwithstanding his strange costume, and long absence.' The latter then suddenly arose: 'I could not be mistaken; I will run after him.'—'Beware of that!' thundered the monk, who seemed transported with anger: 'do you not know this man? a wretch, sullied with the greatest crimes!'—'Reverend father, I should prefer a wretch, such as he is, to a thousand servants of God such as I could name. I must follow him; happy shall I be if I can trace his footsteps.'—'By all the saints, fellow, I forbid thee to leave the house! Remain, I say, or be excommunicated!' The arriero seemed highly indignant; fury shone in his eyes; but the crucifix, extended before him, rivetted him to the place."

This stranger was well known to the muleteer, and, doubtless, to the monk, as one of the most powerful supporters of the constitutional cause. On the suppression of the charter, and the restoration of despotism, he had been exiled from the court, and sought a retreat from the fury of his enemies in the heart of the Pyrenees. He afterwards turns out to be DON ALONSO, the hero of the novel.

"At this moment, a man, with importance in his looks, entered the room. He scarcely deigned to honour the alcalde with the precipitate motion of his fingers, as he protruded his hand from beneath his blue cloak—the usual form of salutation throughout the Peninsula. The whole family rose to receive him with respect. He approached the monk, and presented his reverence with some papers, the sight of which appeared to give pleasure to the circle: there was a list of names enrolled for the military service. 'I hope,' said Dona

Urraca, looking up to heaven, 'that my two sons will increase the number of heroes—the elect of the Queen of Angels!'—'The defenders of the faith must use all possible dispatch,' rejoined the intendant (for such was the important personage who had last entered); 'for I have bad news to announce. Some troops are arriving, headed by your brother, Dona Urraca.'

"The sound of trumpets was now heard; a squadron appeared, preceded by a general officer; the village drum joined in the flourishes; the inhabitants gathered together to increase the cries of *Viva la Constitucion! Viva el Rey Constitucional!** Equally surprised and indignant, the monk and the intendant shewed themselves at the window. On seeing them, the villagers, somewhat intimidated, either held their peace, or retired. Some women, whose opposition had been manifested by a mournful silence, recovered courage: but the curate appeared; his parishioners rallied round him; reassured by his example, and the presence of the dragoons, they no longer feared to display on their hats the yellow and red ribbon. The phrases '*Sacred Code!*' and '*Well-beloved Ferdinand!*' were uttered by all. The monk and the intendant saw themselves defeated; they left the field to the conquerors, and escaped by a door which opened to the mountains."

Some of our readers are not, perhaps, aware that the constitutional code was as much supported by the regular clergy as it was opposed by the monastic orders. To secure the former, the Cortes had decreed the abolition of the onerous pensions which weighed on most of the ecclesiastical benefices; but, convinced that the number of monasteries was injurious to the national prosperity, they had also resolved either greatly to reduce, or entirely to abolish, those religious establishments. No wonder, then, that the church should range itself under the banners of both parties—that it should be divided by the opposition of interest. But to proceed—

"In the meantime Francisca, filled with joy and affection, hastened to meet her father. The general kissed his daughter's forehead, gently touched the tresses of her dark hair which fell to the ground, and said, with emotion:—'Thou hast thy mother's beauty, her very figure, her hair;' but, raising his head at this moment, and discovering that the constitutional stone no longer occupied its accustomed place, he hastily disengaged himself from his daughter's embrace, and severely reprimanded the inhabitants for neglecting to re-erect the sign of the public regeneration. They attempted to excuse themselves for the omission, alleging their fear of the alcalde, the monastery, and the intendant: but all now hastened to collect the fragments of the constitutional table, which had been thrown down in 1814. Most of the pieces had been preserved in the presbytery, the remainder by the peasants; soon there arose before the escutcheon of Don Geronimo, amidst the applause of the crowd, and the stifled curses of Dona Urraca, the restored monument, which bore this inscription, in letters of gold—'*Constitution of the Spanish Monarchy, sanctioned March 19th, 1812.*'

"The general entered his sister's house: she had been praying ever since his arrival. He had a savage appearance; he was tall and stout; his scarf trailed on the ground; he had a fierce dignity of mien; a menacing look shot from behind his long eyelashes; his eyes were half concealed by his bushy brows; his enormous whiskers, his disordered hair, and several deep scars covered the remainder of his face. He received almost unnoticed the obsequious attentions of his brother-in-law the alcalde:—'Fewer compliments and bows,' said he, as he sat down on the long bench by the wall; '*my excellency*, if you will call me so, wants only one thing—obedience to the laws to which Don Ferdinand has sworn. You are not greater than he: imitate him, that this hut may bless you, as all Spain blesses her magnanimous prince.'

* The Constitution for ever! Long live the Constitutional King!

The alcalde bowed his head to the ground to answer—‘Certainly;’ but the word appeared to stick in his throat; and Dona Urraca, shaking her rosary, observed, with indignation, the humbled air of her husband.—‘Sister,’ said the general, ‘thou dost not look on me with the eyes of a Christian—what is the matter?’—‘No concern of yours; if I wanted a confidant, he should not be selected from those who are given to innovation.’—‘Sister, thou dost not speak like one of Arragon; if the wine of Navarre had not turned thy head, thou wouldst know that the Cortes are not an innovation. The states of the crown of Arragon were always free, and would remain so, were it not for the *Camarillas*,* whom God and his saints curse! Sister, I am in earnest! the king has sworn to the system, and it was high time he should; the nation and he went on badly enough. They are now reconciled; and may the foul fiends seize on the man who would attempt to interrupt the concord which exists between them! Were it brother, sister, or nephew, I would hang the culprit on the highest oak in the country—not even our Lady of the Pillar should protect the wretch!’ Here an officer whispered in his ear, that, by the terms of the constitution, the military authority could not hang citizens. ‘Simpleton,’ replied he, ‘your articles are not designed for the d—d scoundrels who trample on the sacred code. They stand aloof: so much the worse for them. Let them complain at the day of judgment if they like.’

“During this discussion, Francisca was serving the numerous aides-de-camp of her father with wine and chocolate. They were for the most part very young, and superior in birth to their chief; to their red cockade was attached the famous green ribbon worn by the soldiers of the Isle of Leon, on which was inscribed, *Constitucion o Muerte!*† At first they regarded the daughter of their general with great respect; but her condition and beauty soon emboldened them; so much so, that one among them threw his arms around her waist, and attempted to snatch a kiss. She gave him so hearty a box on the ear, that the whole house rang with it. ‘Well done,’ exclaimed the general, lighting his cigar: ‘her mother could not have done better.’ This recollection brought an emotion into his countenance which nothing had seemed able to effect.”

We shall not dwell on the noisy acclamations which were afterwards raised in favour of the new order of things; nor on the applause lavished on the general, for his late glorious efforts in support of freedom. We continue the personal narrative of our author:—

“I had remained two whole hours in the house, but no one had time to serve me. I therefore resolved to return to a French village, where a repast might be procured with less difficulty. I called for the reckoning. Dona Urraca asked little for corn and hay; and I was surprised at her moderation when she demanded a *real* more for the stable. My poor horse had remained all the time in the street—the only place I could procure for him. I ventured to remind her of this, and, in return, I had to sustain a deluge of furious curses; I satisfied the noble lady, and was glad to be so easily quit of her abuse, and of the battle of Roncevaux. But this was not all: three reals more were required for the *noise* that had been made (*para el ruido*). I thought it hard that I should be compelled to pay for the noise which I had heard; she indignantly told me it was for that which I had made myself. ‘One may see,’ continued she, ‘that you have never travelled in the dominions of his Catholic Majesty; otherwise, you would bless your stars for guiding you among us: any where else, you must have paid much more.’ I gave her the reals, and prepared to leave. For the first time Don Francisco de Paula,

* *Camarilla* is applied, without distinction of rank or birth, to all who enjoy the privilege of being continually with the king. They are his intimate friends, or favourites, among whom he passes his evenings. In an absolute government their influence must be all-powerful.

† The constitution or death!

touching his hat, and advancing from the post at which he had continued immoveable, descended so far from his future dignity as to ask, first humbly, then more loudly, for *his* perquisite as ostler. On my refusal, his mother followed me with imprecations: she took care to call me *cursed Frenchman!* in the hope of exciting the mob against me. Some dragoons then hastened to hold my stirrup as I mounted. A brigadier offered me an escort through the mountains, infested, he said, with banditti and wolves. The ornaments on their helmets were broken; and their clothes were ragged. The diversity of materials, colours, and fashion, increased their uncouthness; some wore old tattered French uniforms, stripped from the dead ten years before. These miserable defenders of a great nation, when they saw that I did not accept their proposal of escorting me, informed me that they had received no pay during the eighteen months preceding. The constitution, said they, was about to discharge the debts of the country, but hitherto it had not had time to do so; and the Holy Virgin would reward me for what I might give them. I blushed as I relieved each modern Belisarius; and I set out compassionating Spanish liberty for the melancholy inheritance which absolute power had left it."

The colouring in the preceding descriptions is doubtless overcharged; but not so much as might be supposed. No man who has travelled in Spain will soon forget the inns at which he has called. Not only are the inmates too idle or too proud to serve him, but his accommodations are of such a description that he envies the poorest peasant in the bog huts of Ireland. Yet he is obliged to pay as much for his sorry cheer, as he would were he in the comparatively comfortable inns in the southern provinces of France.

The zeal with which a great portion of the regular clergy promoted the constitutional cause, and inculcated the most violent hatred against the French invaders, would really surpass belief, did not the very catechism exist that was put into the hands of almost every child in the Peninsula. We have not, indeed, been able to see a copy of it; but, from what we have heard of its contents, we do not think the questions which our author professes to have extracted from it, in the least degree exaggerated.* We are much mistaken if the following specimen do not both surprise and divert the reader. A curate, in one of the wildest parts of Spain, is examining some rustics in this national catechism. He first addresses a little boy:—

"Q. Tell me, my dear, what art thou?—A. A Spaniard, by the grace of God.—Q. How many duties has a Spaniard?—A. Three To be a Roman Catholic; to defend his holy religion, country, and king; to die rather than be defeated.—Q. How many natures has the emperor?"

"Here Zacharias looked confused; he had forgotten his answer, and none around him could prompt him. 'Two,' said the curate: 'the devil's and man's.' All the Castilians present devoutly repeated what most of them had forgotten.

"The curate then addressed himself to a young man who was playing on a musical instrument.

"Q. Angel, who is the enemy of our happiness?—A. The French Emperor,' replied the musician, without raising his eyes, or ceasing to beat the measure with his hands and feet.—Q. Who are the French?—A. Anciently, Christians, but now, heretics.—Q. How many emperors are there?—A. One in three perfidious persons.—Q. Who are they?—A. Napoleon, Murat, and Godoy.—Q. Is one more wicked than another?—A. No, father, they are all equally so.—Q. From whom does Napoleon proceed?—A. From

* See the Memoir of M. de Naylies on the Spanish War.

sin.—‘ Q. Murat ?’—‘ A. From Napoleon.’—‘ Q. Godoy ?’—‘ A. From both together.’—‘ Q. What characterises Napoleon ?’—‘ A. Pride and despotism.’—‘ Q. Murat ?’—‘ A. Robbery and bloodshed.’—‘ Q. Godoy ?’—‘ A. Covetousness, treason, and ignorance.’”

The curate turned again to little Zachary, and put another string of questions ; but we can only afford room for the last :—

“ ‘ Q. Is it a sin to kill a Frenchman ?’—‘ A. No ; it is meritorious to deliver our country from her hateful oppressors.’ ”

Stern as is the last maxim, it was continually put in practice during the war of independence. If a French soldier strayed from his companions to implore the hospitality of the cottage, he seldom found mercy : from some unperceived quarter, a musket-ball reached his heart :—

“ I was about to turn into the highway leading to Bribiezca, when a French lancer appeared, and took his stand on an eminence near me : he looked to see if any enemies were in the valley : a gun sounded, and he lay without life. I sought for the hand which had killed him ; but there was not a rush which could conceal the assassin, and the plain was uninhabited ; nothing was to be seen but a labourer who was peacefully ploughing with his oxen at some distance from this sad scene. I walked on ; another lancer appeared on the height, who was surprised at the sight of his dead comrade. The labourer, towards whom I was advancing, took up a musket from the ground, pointed it from behind his oxen, brought down the horsemen, threw the weapon into a furrow, and went on with his plough as if nothing were the matter. I spoke to him with indignation of his cold-blooded cruelty. ‘ I do not understand you,’ replied he ; ‘ I am doing a soldier’s duty, and attending to my labour at the same time.’ ”

We fear that not only the French invaders, but the English allies, occasionally, fell victims to the political hatred or religious bigotry of the Spanish peasantry. Whatever was the reason, we have but too much cause to know that our gallant countrymen were often found dead in places far remote from the common enemy :—

“ One day, as a military friend was halting in the environs of a town which had not witnessed an engagement during the whole continuance of the war, he perceived some mounds of earth ; ‘ What are these ?’ inquired he of a peasant.—‘ The graves of Frenchmen whom we surprised and slew,’ was the reply. ‘ And those farther on ?’—‘ Oh, they contain a few of our allies.’ ‘ Whom you served in the same manner ?’ An intelligent look was the only answer.”

The work before us contains many other good descriptions of Spanish manners and opinions ; but they are so mixed up with the political events of the period, that we should not translate them if even our limits would permit their insertion. In attentively perusing four rather thick volumes, we have been often pained to perceive that a writer of some powers should bear so strong an antipathy to our countrymen. He cannot forgive us for the humiliating reverses which attended the French arms before the genius of Wellington. But, in denying bravery to our troops, and attributing the splendid successes of the war to Spanish valour alone, he seems to forget that he is passing a severe censure on those of his own country—that vast, well-disciplined armies were dispossessed of the strongest forts in the kingdom, and pursued into France, by a few thousand ill-clothed, ill-fed, and undisciplined peasants. Perhaps some French author will be sagacious enough to discover that the triumph at Waterloo was achieved by Dutchmen alone !

HAROLD HARRUNG.

"HENCE, then, proud scorner of the power of Urfred! hence to unknown seas, where thy pennon shall droop idly on the mast, and thy sail hang loose and quivering; where the dauntless riders of the ocean shall sink, powerless and unresisting, before an unseen enemy! Hence, and learn how swiftly comes the vengeance of the gods on those who mock their favoured servants!"

Such were the accents which pursued the young and valiant Harold Harrung, as he launched his gallant ship, in those far-distant days when the children of Norway were rulers and dwellers on the deep. The betrothed husband of the beauteous Ulla, the favourite leader of a bold and numerous crew, he had vowed to undertake a distant voyage, and to return with spoils sufficient to render his bridal splendid, as became that of Odin's lineal offspring. But the imprudence of Harold was, alas! as pre-eminent as his valour; and, in his recklessness of danger, he neglected to propitiate, by gifts or flattery, the favour of the sorceress, Urfred—the most powerful of those who were then universally believed to direct the elements at will. He made no prayer to her for prosperous winds; he even treated with scorn her prophetic warnings, and thus drew upon himself those maledictions which filled the bravest of his followers with dread, and caused Harold himself to wish in secret that the hour of his return to the embraces of Ulla were now come, notwithstanding his ardent anticipation of a successful descent upon the shores of Spain. But he carefully concealed such feelings as he cheered his drooping warriors to spread their broad canvass to the wind; and a favourable breeze from the north-east soon bore them far away from the Norwegian coast, till the cloudlike hills melted into air, and the sinking sun gleamed only on a world of waters.

It was high morning, and the young hero still rested half-slumbering on his couch of reindeer-skins, when the aged pilot roused him to point out the tokens of an impending storm, which his experience warned him would be violent. But the bold sea-kings of those days were too much accustomed to brave the utmost fury of the elements, in their small and fragile barks, to tremble at the coming of the tempest; and the delay of a few days, which might result from driving out of their course, was all that Harold feared. But there were some among that crew, who, while they remembered the threatenings of the sorceress, could not, without some sinking of the heart, mark cloud upon cloud piling in awful accumulation toward the south, or watch the rapidly-increasing swell that came from that quarter, though the vessel now lay rolling heavily, without a breath to fill her flapping canvass. Suddenly, the cry of the steersman was heard to take in every sail; and, ere this could be more than partially accomplished, a blast, that swept off the whole surface of the sea into a mist of foam, snapt the stout mast in twain, and the vessel was in a moment driving northward with portentous swiftness. Four days and nights did that resolute crew in vain expect the lulling of the gale; though its violence abated, it still drove them powerless before it, unable to use oar or sail. On the sixth morning, it grew calm; and all snatched a brief space of delicious slumber, before they gathered round their leader, to consult on their perilous situation. The land was not in sight, and in what direction any lay, the most experienced of the crew were ignorant; but the intense cold which benumbed their hardy limbs, and

the vast fragments of ice that floated on all sides round the ship, both proved that the power of the tempest had driven them farther to the north than any, perhaps, of their countrymen had ever ventured to penetrate before. What was their horror and astonishment, when, after wasting the dubious twilight of those arctic nights in troubled slumber, they woke to find themselves encompassed on all sides by rough fields of ice, to which the swell from the south, yet unsubsidied, was each minute adding in extent. Hour after hour, as it passed, only increased the dangers of their position; yet the bolder still talked hopefully of escape, and their chieftain went from man to man to cheer, by exhortation and example, their fast drooping spirits. But when a discoloured fog gathered round the ship, and the thick-falling snows reminded them too surely that autumn was advancing—when their provision, though scantily doled out, began to fail—then dismay and despair fell on all but the firm soul of Harold Harrung.—“Warriors and friends!” he exclaimed, as they stood with stern and anxious looks around him, “fear not for yourselves; curse me not, that I disdained to purchase the favour of a loathsome witch! Can ye believe that the mighty Odin would permit his descendant, hitherto so favoured, to die the death of a dog in a wreath of snow? No, friends! if it had seemed fitting to the gods to bid me thus, in early youth, to the banquets of Valhalla—the battlefield, the deck running deep with foemen’s blood, would have been my appointed place of summons. The gods, who only can, will aid us yet.” They answered not; for they loved their chief too well to curse him, even in such extremity of misery. Meanwhile, the snow gave place to a frost of the bitterest intensity; the last morsel of food was gone; and, one by one, yet without a reproachful glance or word, Harold beheld his gallant followers expire around him, till he was left the only living thing in that dark and icy desert. It was, in truth, a dreadful doom to linger thus alone among the dead—to gaze upon their glassy eyeballs and withered lips, that seemed to glare and smile in scorn!—many, too, still standing, as the frost had fixed them in their death-pangs, with the air and attitude of life!—and Harold, racked almost to madness by the horror of the scene, cast himself over the vessel’s side, and fled across those pathless wastes he knew not whither. The pangs of memory returned not to the hero, till he found his headlong flight arrested suddenly by a rocky precipice that rose high into the clouds before him. In its front, not far above his head, there yawned a spacious cave; and, still seeking to escape from his own thoughts, he sprang up and entered. He passed a long and winding way in utter darkness; but, at length, a faint light glimmered in the distance. The passage through which he moved spread wider and higher as he approached, till it expanded into a vast illuminated hall. To a mind less torn with anguish than the hero’s, the spectacle of that cavern might have compensated years of toil. Far as the eye could reach, the soil was overspread with structures of magnificence and beauty. All that the inventive genius of man has, in ancient or modern times, devised—the massy pyramid—the graceful column—the arch, in each variety of form and ornament;—all these were there carved out of solid ice, tinted with all the hues of the rainbow; and above floated a transparent cloud, athwart which the ever-changing forms of the aurora borealis played in perpetual flashes. But Harold wandered through this labyrinth of beauty, half-unconscious of the wonders that surrounded him. At length, the sound of gushing waters, so long

unheard in these regions of frost, fell sweetly on his ear ; and, in pursuit of it, he entered another passage, dark and tedious as the first ; but when he emerged again, it was to behold a scene of wondrous change. Before him, in the rich soft light of evening, was spread a vast and verdant plain, chequered with lakes and groves ; the turf beneath his feet was enamelled with sweet flowers, and watered by fresh-springing fountains ; the delicious green of the prospect refreshed his aching eyeballs, and the mild warmth of the air revived his frozen limbs. " Surely," cried the warrior, " I have reached Valhalla by this strange approach ; and these are the ever-blooming meads prepared for the repose of heroes." Scarcely had he given utterance to the thought, when the voice of one unseen sang sweetly :—

Oh ! welcome, warrior ! welcome to our land,
From the rude perils of the unkind sea :
Lord of the dauntless heart and matchless hand !
Long have we watched, long have we wished for thee.

Unconsciously Harold wandered on until he reached a pleasant bower, where the trees grew in a circle around a flowery sward, and amidst them the vine twined its exuberant trellice-work. Here, to his amazement, he beheld a luxurious banquet spread ; rich wine and smoking venison seemed to invite the wayworn wanderer to taste ; and again the same sweet voice breathed out :—

Harold, for thee the feast is spread ;
The deer scents high, the wine glows red :
Taste, and famine's pangs allay ;
Drink, and cast all cares away.

No longer doubting that he had reached the blissful abodes of those departed spirits who had found favour in the eyes of Odin, the young hero obeyed the injunctions of his unseen guardian, though he marvelled that no sharers of the banquet should appear. When he had sufficiently gratified the wants of long-restricted nature, he felt that a delightful languor stole gradually on his weary frame : the softness of his fragrant couch, the gentle waving of the boughs, invited to repose ; and again the friendly voice was heard to sing :—

Rest, wanderer, rest ! All nature now lies dreaming ;
The small bird settles in its downy nest ;
Hushed lies the deer beneath the mild moon's beaming :
Then rest—oh ! rest.

Rest, wanderer, rest ! The flowers are gently closing,
As the sun sinks beyond the rosy west ;
The groves scarce tremble in their mute reposing :
Then rest—oh ! rest.

Rest, wanderer, rest ! Old Ocean, steeped in slumbers,
Heaves slow and regular his tranquil breast ;
The winds chaunt lullabies in softest numbers :
Then rest—oh ! rest.

Long ere this strain had ceased, the delighted Harold Harrung lay buried in profound repose ; and the duration of his slumber was such as nature needed after sufferings like his. But when he roused himself at length, new prodigies burst upon his view. His resting-place was no

longer on the verdant sward, but on a soft and stately couch, strewn with the richest skins and sables. The apartment in which he lay far exceeded in magnificence aught that he before had looked on, though he had ere now led his daring band to spoil the fairest palaces of the south. Yet his eye scarcely glanced for a moment over the various splendours of the scene; for before him stood at length revealed the queen of all those fair delights which had surrounded him within the last few hours. Of the loftiest stature among women, but formed in the most exquisite proportions—beautiful as Freya herself, yet with more of majesty and command in her air than would become the deity of love—the mighty Druda was beheld by Harold with those sentiments of admiration and reverence, unmingled with fear, which the sea-kings of old ever felt toward those goddesses who deigned to cross their mortal path. Humbly, yet not timidly, he told his tale, and gave his thanks. But when he learned, from her reply, which was uttered with a dignity that scorned concealment, and felt no shame at such a revelation, that she—the mighty mistress of the northern realms, sprung from the union of the awful Balder with an earth-born maid—had stooped to love a mortal—that she had rescued him from destruction, and led him to this paradise of sweets, to share her love and throne—what marvel if the warrior, in the triumph of the moment, forgot his country, his fame, and Ulla herself?

Months rolled away; and the brave sea-king, who had once deemed each moment wasted that was not spent in the foray or on the wave, still lingered in the thrall of the enchantress. Yet, though the beauty and the wisdom of Druda could well beguile the hours, he felt at length how irksome a life of indolence and solitude must ever be. The flowers grew less fragrant; the lovely prospects lost their charms; and Harold sighed in secret for his bleak Norwegian hills—for the galley and the sword, with which his forefathers had never failed to win the pleasures denied by their inclement climate;—nay, at times, when he contrasted her gentle smiles with the frowns of his imperious mistress, his memory would revert to Ulla. Yet gratitude compelled him to bury these feelings in his inmost heart; and, perchance, he might have wasted years in uncomplaining durance, had not the keen eye of Druda soon marked the change in his demeanour. One morning, as he wandered forth alone, chance led him to the bower which he had first entered on his arrival in that enchanted land; and in secret he gave vent to the despondency that long had weighed upon his soul.—“Why—oh! why,” exclaimed the young hero, “was my life preserved for this? Better it were to have died that inglorious death among my brave companions, than thus to linger out dull years of dishonourable ease, whilst my banner shall never more be dreaded on the sea, and the bold Norsemen have even now almost forgotten the name of him who was once their foremost leader, where danger was to be braved, or glory won!” He ceased—for a bitter laugh rang loudly in his ear—and, turning, he beheld the sorceress, Druda. Her countenance was calm, though pale; for those distortions of passion which betray the anguish of mortals, when affliction falls heavily upon them, were unworthy the daughter of Balder; yet was there something in her painful smile that caused the blood of the hitherto undaunted Harold to curdle within him.—“Son of the sea!” exclaimed the sorceress, in a slow and solemn tone, “I have tried thee, with all thy boasted merit; but I find thou art but as other men. Like them, the idle recompence of fame or

power is dearer to thee than a woman's constant love. When, first, for you she sacrifices all beside, ye vow eternal gratitude and love ; but the prize grows palling on the appetite ere long ; and then, for the merest trifle—nay, in the mere thirst of variety itself—ye leave her to pine without a sigh. But this is weakness. Let others lament their lovers' treachery : my part is to revenge. Go, then—I will aid thy flight : go to thy native land. Be again the leader of a robber-band—the boasted lord of the untamed elements. Thy friends, no doubt, will greet thee well, and marvel when they hear thy tale, and scoff at Druda's weakness. Nay, perhaps, some maid, proud of her blue eyes and flaxen ringlets, will hail thy coming with ready smile—will scoff at the enchantress, whose magic arts could not, for a few brief days, retain the heart she rules and moulds at will. Yet tremble, Harold !—for thou returnest not alone. In the battle—on the deep—at the festal meeting—in the bridal hour, if such shall come—I will be near thee. Hence, then, wretched ingrate ! Lo ! with this wand I dissipate the illusions my senseless love had raised for thee." She waved the figured staff that she held in her right hand ; and, in a moment, forests, plains, and rivers faded from the eyes of the astonished hero. They stood upon the pathless fields of ice ; the bitter air benumbed his limbs ; and, in the expectation that she had borne him there to perish, he turned towards her, to speak his defiance of the utmost her power could effect.

She saw his intention, and interrupted him.—" No, Harold—no ! To kill thee here were poor revenge ! Begone to thy home, and her thou pinest for ; be again great and glorious as before ;—but, in thy hour of greatest bliss, expect my coming. Yet, ere thou goest, take with thee one gift—one token of Druda's inextinguishable love !" She grasped his hand violently, and a mortal coldness thrilled through every vein.—" There !" she exclaimed, as she slowly loosed her hold,—" it is done ! And now, for a season, fare thee well ! But, remember, that no mortal may henceforth touch that frozen hand, and live. Stretch it not forth when thy friends in rapture come to greet thee ; when thy love hangs on the neck of her long lost one, twine it not in her soft flowing hair—for all shall die who feel its pressure.—Harold of the frozen hand ! once more farewell !" Once more she waved her wand ; and, in a moment, the young hero stood again on the threshold of his long-abandoned home.

When the friends of Harold Harrung learned his sudden reappearance, and came in throngs to welcome home their long-lost leader, they found a changed and moody man. His right hand ever buried in the folds of his mantle, his brow furrowed with an expression of settled grief, they saw that he no longer heard with envy the triumphs and conquests of his rivals, or felt disposed to embark in those daring enterprises by which he formerly eclipsed the fame of the boldest of his compeers. Alone in his desolate halls, to which he no longer bade his well-pleased guests, Harold Harrung dwelt from day to day, till men began to deem him mad. Nothing less than distraction, they said, could make so brave a hero alike forget his glory and his love ; and they knew not what most to marvel at—his refusal to lead their expeditions, or his indifference to his betrothed bride, whom he had not visited, nor even inquired for, since his return. Others thought that the loss of his brave crew, who had all perished, as he told them, by shipwreck, preyed keenly on his heart, and made him unwilling any more to risk the lives of gallant

men under the guidance of so unfortunate a chief. But many days passed by, and still no change was observable in the demeanour of the hero.

At length there came an aged man over the hills from the south, the father of Ulla. He had learned at last, in his distant halls, the tidings of Harold's unexpected return; and never did more welcome tidings reach the old man's ear; for the giant Gruthioff, a formerly rejected suitor of the lovely Ulla, presuming on her lover's lengthened absence and supposed death, had threatened to destroy her father's hall, and seize her person, unless she instantly consented to requite his passion. The hoary Sweno told his tale to the silent Harold, and urged him to hasten and deliver his love from the violence of a detested rival. In the eagerness of his recital, he neglected to remark the cold and gloomy air of the young hero; but, when all was told, he looked in vain for the glance of anger and resolved revenge which become a lover, when he hears that any one has dared to offer insult to his mistress. The old man's blood boiled high, and he broke out into bitter reproaches,—“What!” he exclaimed, “has the bold Harold no reply to my request? Has his heart grown cold, or his arm weak? Is his love too little, or his fear too much, that he dares not brave the wrath of Gruthioff? Thanks, generous warrior! high-souled lover, thanks! The despised Sweno will return to his halls—will lift alone his feeble arm, in defence of his wronged child. Weak though it be, it will be stronger than that of a traitor to his friend and love. But how—oh! how will my poor Ulla endure to hear that he, whom she had mourned as dead, so fondly and so long, lives to desert, to prove unworthy of her!”

The unhappy warrior could restrain himself no longer. In uncontrollable emotion, he cast himself at the old man's feet.—“Father!” he cried, “you have conquered. Harold cannot bear the name of coward. He cannot suffer her he so fondly loves to deem her affections are bestowed on an undeserving caitiff. Father, I will summon all my band; I will away this night, and rescue her, or die. Yet, oh! if you should live to curse the hour when Harold came to aid your child, remember by what powers you enforced his coming, and hate him not, though he bring desolation on thy house, and rouse the ire of a far more fearful enemy than Gruthioff.”

The old man smiled through his tears, at the disastrous anticipations of the chief. Once delivered from the dread of Gruthioff, he saw not how calamity could reach him. Yet the cloud of settled grief still rested on the soul of Harold, as he summoned his devoted followers to prepare for an immediate expedition. In delight, that their brave chief had at length awakened from his slothful lethargy, all were soon prepared; and the little band set forward at a rapid pace toward the abode of Sweno, which lay some score of miles toward the south. The morning was dawning when they reached it; yet they came almost too late. The troops of Gruthioff had surrounded the castle on all sides, and were on the point of breaking in; they had already fired the adjacent buildings. Like the lightning, Harold and his band dashed from the eminence on which they stood. The gigantic Gruthioff called his followers to draw off from the attack, and form themselves into a compact body to repel the coming enemy. They thus afforded the new defenders of the castle an opportunity of entering it; but Harold, fired by the sight of his audacious rival, thought only of an immediate conflict. He marshalled

his brave band in line, and prepared to give the order to set on. But the giant at this moment stepped forth before his troops.—“Harold Harrung!” he shouted, at the full pitch of his sonorous voice, “this is our quarrel; let us try it alone. I defy thee here to mortal combat. Be Ulla his who conquers.”

Burning with passion, the undaunted hero promptly acquiesced in the challenge of his gigantic foe. In vain Sweno and his other friends reminded him of the prodigious size and strength of Gruthioff, so far exceeding all men beside. Their remonstrances were unheard or unheeded; and he rushed forward to encounter the challenger, midway between the hostile forces. The combat was furious and long. The activity of Harold enabled him to avoid the deadly blows of Gruthioff, and the giant grew almost exhausted by his unavailing efforts. Then the bold sea-king ceased to act wholly on the defensive; he began in turn to press hard upon his foe, and at last succeeded in wounding him severely. Then it was that the armour-bearer of Gruthioff, seeing the danger of his master, drew an arrow from his bow, and pierced Harold Harrung through the side. He fell instantly; and his followers, shouting treachery, pressed forward to avenge him. But, ere they could reach the spot where he lay, Harold beheld his giant foe wave high his sword, and prepare to plunge it into his prostrate body. At that moment, the remembrance of the fatal gift of Druda flashed on his mind. Then, collecting his remaining strength, and baring his right hand, he sprang up, and arrested the arm of Gruthioff, in mid-descent, with a strong grasp. The giant stood for an instant motionless, as if struck by lightning, or changed to stone, and then fell dead without a groan—so suddenly had the spirit passed away. Harold beheld his fall, but nothing more; for then all perception failed him, and, when his senses returned, the fond arm of Ulla was supporting his neck, and he rested on a couch spread in her father’s hall.

The events of the day were soon narrated. The heroic band had well revenged the treachery practised against their master; scarce one of the troops of Gruthioff had escaped alive; and his death, as Harold found, was solely attributed to the severe wound he received during the combat. But these tidings were scarcely uttered, ere the young hero felt his weakness again return, and, for some hours more, he lay insensible to all around him. The wound of Harold was so dangerous as seemingly to baffle for a time the few remedies of those simple times; but the unceasing cares of Ulla were at length crowned with the desired result, and the warrior’s health and strength rapidly returned. But he could not, day after day, view the lovely form of the maid bending over his couch, or see her anxious eye resting in eloquent tenderness on his countenance, to trace if any expression of pain still lingered there; and that form, too, somewhat wasted of its graceful roundness; and that eye, too, somewhat dimmed, from the effects of ceaseless watching;—he could not mark all this, and not fondly, passionately love her, who had rescued him from death. The threats of the enchantress, though not forgotten, he forced to bear a less terrible interpretation; and, with returning health, he craved of her father the precious gift of Ulla’s hand, and but for the deadly power with which Druda had endowed him, Harold had been perfectly happy.

It was in the centre of his hall, amid a crowd of friends and vassals, that Sweno prepared the simple marriage-ceremony of those times. The

noble Harold, with all a bridegroom's exultation, and the trembling yet pleased Ulla, stood before him.

"Son!" cried the old man, in a glad though interrupted voice, "stretch forth thy right hand, and take her's, whom, all priceless as she is, thou well deservest. Why dost thou bury it thus in the folds of thy vest?"

"Father, pardon me!" replied the youth; "this morning, as I donned my marriage-garment, my blade slipped from its sheath, and cut deeply into my hand: the blood as yet is hardly staunch'd.—Nay, Ulla!" as he saw her countenance grow paler, "it is but a slight wound, and not worth thy care. Meanwhile, thou wilt not scorn to clasp this other hand."

He knelt before her as he spoke, and pressed her's laughingly to his lips; but, as again he raised his head, he saw distinctly, at the back of Ulla, the enchantress Druda, standing, and pointing to her with a mocking smile. With a loud cry, he sank senseless on the ground.

All was consternation among the crowd. They raised him, and strove to bare his wounded hand, deeming that loss of blood had caused his swoon: but it was folded in his breast with a firmness that rendered all their endeavours useless. The struggle, however, recalled Harold to life. He threw an anxious and terrified glance around him; but nothing now appeared to confirm his fears. Half believing that the dreadful appearance was an illusion created by his fancy, he advanced to console the weeping Ulla. Weakness, he feigned, resulting from his long confinement, had caused this sudden faintness—overpowered, as he had been, with excess of joy, on finding that his dear Ulla was at length his bride. But his still startled eye and quivering lip belied the explanation as he gave it; and Sweno would willingly have deferred the celebration of the nuptials till a more fitting season, but that he feared the assembled guests might deem such delay an inhospitable pretext for avoiding the evening banquet. He gave command, therefore, that the festival should proceed. But Harold strove in vain to nerve himself as became his part in the ceremonies; and he, who had risen that morning all ecstasy and hope, now stood the saddest and most silent man in all that thronged assemblage.

Ulla, scarcely less melancholy, and agitated by a thousand undefined fears, shrank from his side, when she found that her fond words and looks seemed only to augment his despondency. Meanwhile, the banquet was set forth; the wine flowed high in a thousand goblets; and Sweno strove, by anxious attention to his guests, to veil the strangeness of his son-in-law's deportment. By degrees, the strong wine began to do its office. The merriment of the revellers grew loud and violent; and they crowned their full cups with oft-repeated healths to the bold Harold and his beauteous bride. In the midst of the loud din, Herda, his most favoured follower and friend, stole to the side of his chief.

"Why droops my lord," whispered the faithful attendant, "thus on his nuptial night? Oh! rouse thyself, bold Harold! for the eyes of many are upon thee in wonder and in scorn; and jests are muttered round the board such as become not thy honour, nor the purity of her whom thou hast wedded."

"Herda," exclaimed the chief, as if unconscious that aught had been addressed to him—"Herda, look out towards the north, and tell me what thou seest there."

He went, and soon returned.—“Nothing, my lord, but the red and purple meteors chasing each other athwart the cope of heaven. The night is still and fair. Oh! shame on this unmanly sadness! Awake! awake—ere your name becomes a by-word.”

The eye of Harold flashed fiercely on his friend; but it was only for a moment.—“Thou art right,” my faithful Herda—“thou art right; I will be a man, and defy fate.—Ulla, dearest, to your chamber.—Come, friends,” he cried, advancing to the board, “who will pledge highest to my toast?—‘To him who shall sail his galley farthest, and bring back the richest spoil from distant lands, when spring shall again smile upon our northern shores.’—Call Eric—Eric the bard,” he added, as with loud acclamations all drained their goblets to the bottom—“he who made the song of triumph what time I ravaged the wide seas of Britain.”

The bard—an old, grey-headed man, but with an eye of fire—came forward at the call, and, in a deep, melodious voice, chaunted forth the following strains:—

O'er the deep, o'er the deep,
As our dragon-standards sweep,
And our bark springs the wild waves through,
Let the coward merchants quail,
As in misty wreaths our sail,
Flying on before the gale,
Meets their view.

Far away, far away
Lies each guardian port or bay,
Yet landward the breeze fairly blows;
And they flee; till on their track
Fleeter comes our fierce attack;
Then, like hunted wolves, turn back
On their foes.

We have met, we have met!
But each gallant Northman yet
For a moment must scarce draw breath:
Hark! bold Harold gives the word—
Lo! he leaps the first on board,
Waving wide his fatal sword,
Dealing death!

We have won, we have won!
Soon the desperate strife is done;
O'er the wreck the dark waters close;
The hoarse tumult of the fray
Into silence melts away;
And, like lions gorged with prey,
We repose.

Then around—come around!
Let each wine-cup high be crowned;
Chaunt the praise of the bold sea-king;
Or, in gentler accents, tell
Of the fame of those who fell,
While the dirge the wild waves swell,
As we sing.

The last notes of the song, and the applauding shouts that followed it, had died away, and Harold sought the bridal-chamber. There, pure and lovely as the moonbeams that streamed through the rude windows of the apartment, he found his beloved Ulla. He advanced to fold her in his embrace; but, suddenly, a fearful cry rang in his ear—a shadow darkened in the flood of moonlight—and Druda stood before him.

"Child of Odin!" she exclaimed, "behold, I break no promises."—It was the same bitter voice and smile with which she had bid him farewell on the frozen deserts of the north; and Harold felt that all was lost.—"Child of Odin!" she went on, "I swore to be with you in your marriage-hour. Lo! I am here to add to its delights! But, methinks,"—and she seized the half-lifeless Ulla as she spoke,—"*methinks* your faith this morning was not fairly plighted." With irresistible force, she dragged the right hand of the hero from his breast, and folded it in that of Ulla.—"Thus—thus, fond lovers! I unite ye!"

At the touch of his fatal hand, Ulla sank dead at her husband's feet. He stood, with fixed and stony eye, incapable of speech or motion, gazing on that form, so beautiful in death! But the fell enchantress did not long permit him to remain.

"Away! away!" she cried; "thou canst not choose but follow me!"

Unconscious and unresisting, he went forth with her from that chamber, and followed her quick footsteps to the shore. There a tall ship appeared waiting their approach; the crew stood ready at each oar and sail—and strange, indeed, that crew!—for the chief beheld the eyes of those, whom he had deemed long dead amid the arctic frosts, gleaming on him with supernatural light.

"Aboard! aboard!" shouted the fiendish enchantress. A wild laugh arose from those fearful mariners, as Harold, in desperate madness, leaped upon the deck. He was seen no more in Norway.

OLD PICTURES.

THE noble and wealthy projectors and supporters of the British Institution fancy, in the simplicity of their hearts, that, by opening every year a mart for the sale of a few paltry modern pictures (or pretty ones, as the case may be) they are promoting the interests of art to such a pitch, that, ere long, "your Raphaels, Corregios, and stuff," will become a dead letter. In the mean time, however, they take good care to confine their active patronage, for the most part, to the *promoting* of the sale of modern pictures: for as to *purchasing* them, that is quite another matter, they leave that for those patrons of art, who have amassed their wealth east of Temple Bar. And the reason they would probably give is, that, to say nothing of the various other channels into which a man of rank is compelled to divert his income, they already possess collections by the "old masters;" and that to mix the modern and the ancient together, would be an act of injustice to both parties. The truth is, the instinct of the privileged persons in question is very considerably more shrewd and well-informed than their tastes; and, in consequence, though they *admire* modern pictures, they *buy* only ancient ones. They will lay you out their five or ten thousand pounds in a year

on works by the old masters; and then, in order to preserve, at the same time, their assumed characters, as patrons and protectors of living artists, they pay, almost without a murmur, their ten guineas a year, to provide a place for the exhibition and sale of the said artists' productions!

Let it not be supposed that we are uttering the language of complaint. We have too deep a reverence for art, and too firm a belief in the irrepressible vitality of the principles out of which it springs, and upon which it rests, to suppose that it requires any thing in the shape of *private* support to keep it where it is, or to lift it to where it might and ought to be. No private patron ever yet made a first-rate artist, or even helped to make one: though kings, princes, popes, and even ministers of state, wielding the resources, and acting in the name of a whole people, may have done so, and undoubtedly have. In fact, to speak an ungracious truth, for any private person to set himself up, or permit others to set him up, as a *patron* of the arts, is altogether an impertinence; because it is altogether a pretence, which neither springs from, nor can lead to good. But for kings, princes, and ministers of state to patronize art, in their public capacities, is a different case. It cannot perhaps be ranked among their *duties*; but it is one of the very few *privileges* of their class and calling, which they can exercise with honour to themselves, and with benefit to those over whom they rule. In fact, art is the offspring of a national call for and craving after it. Where that is not, art can never exist in a very high degree: and where that is, nothing can long repress or keep it back.

To arrive at once at the subject which has induced us to touch upon this matter, the British Institution has, since its establishment, produced no positive effect whatever on the progress or the prospects of art in this country: for what no one man can stir a step towards producing, no association of men can arrive at—we mean where the case relates to a moral result. A company of private individuals may build a bridge, or found an hospital: because any one of them can lay down a stone towards the one, or a guinea towards the other. But a hundred or a thousand private patrons of art, collected into a body, and calling themselves by any name they please, cannot produce a single artist, or lift art a single step above the level on which it has for these last hundred years been grovelling. A patron may make the fortune of a painter; and an association of patrons may produce an exhibition of a hundred, or a thousand, or ten thousand pictures. But “a crowd is not company;” and an exhibition of pictures is not art, and no more leads to it than proceeds from it.

Do we hold, then, that the British Institution has done no good, and that we (the British public) had been better, or as well, without it? Not at all. If it had produced no other result than the exhibition of old pictures, now open to public inspection at its rooms in Pall Mall; all the money that it has cost its aristocratic promoters, and all the jealousies, and envies, and heart burnings, and intrigues, and what not, that it has, from time to time, cherished and called forth in those breasts (wherever they are to be found) in which there is room for nothing better, we should look upon as well laid out. In a word, it has, by means of these annual exhibitions of the *élite* of the works of old masters in the private collections of England, done more good than—than what, shall we say?—why, than even the Royal Academy itself has done

harm by its exhibitions ; for we are willing to admit, that all the amount of mingled shame, pity, and disgust, which these last-named displays of pictorial pretensions have called forth year after year for the last half century, added to the weight of moral misery which has sprung from the creation of the herd of "artists" necessary to produce these displays, does not perhaps equal in magnitude the permanent delight and instruction, and the prolific results of these, which have arisen from that admiring contemplation of old pictures, which the general public could have accomplished by no other means, and of which pictures, for the most part, they were not even aware of the existence.

We propose, chiefly for the sake of those of our distant readers who may not be able to inspect these admirable productions for themselves, to take a hasty glance at a few of the *most* choice (for they are *all* choice) among those which have been selected for the exhibition just opened. And be it expressly understood, that we do this in the character of *lovers* of art, merely—not as connoisseurs of it, for we profess to *know* little or nothing about it, still less as *artists*—for we practise it not at all. So that in whatever terms we may, in conformity with the critical customs of the day, express ourselves in regard to any object of our notice, all that we seek and hope to do is, to convey to those at a distance from these objects, what we ourselves feel or think when present before them.

Here is a collection of a hundred and ninety pictures ; every one of which has been placed here solely on account of its *merit*. Now this, we take it, is more than can be said with truth of any other existing collection, public or private. The thing never before happened, except in the previous collections of a similar kind at this place. And the consequence has been, that, taking the same number of pictures, no other collection that at present exists, is at once so perfect and so interesting, looking at them as a general collection, comprising *all* the schools. We shall notice the most striking, in the numerical order in which they are arranged.

No. 1. *The Duchess of St. Croix*. VANDYKE.—No. 2. *The Spanish Courtesan*. MURILLO.—The first-named of these pictures is one of the most refined, elegant, and characteristic productions of the most refined and elegant person, in his way, that ever lived. It is a whole-length portrait, the size of life. The courtly lady whom it represents, is in the act of retiring from the open air into an apartment, which is concealed from the vulgar gaze by a rich drapery—which latter she is pressing aside with her exquisite hand, as she places her foot on the rising step by which it is approached. Her robe, which envelopes her whole person, excepting only her face and hands, is one great dead mass of black velvet, which, however, in no respect impairs the lightness of the whole picture, but only gives it that solidity and dignity which (in the eyes of this most courtly of artists) become the subject: for with him a court, and its privileged denizens, were no more to be approached or comprehended by the vulgar, than a fortified city is by its avowed enemies. These latter may stand outside the fortifications if they please, and gaze upon the outworks ; but, so far from entering, they must not be permitted even to understand the nature of that which keeps them out. The whole air of this exquisite portrait is the very *acmé* of that conventional refinement which never prevailed, either before or since, in such perfection as during the period of this great painter of artificial

life. Perhaps the finest practical contrast that was ever presented in reference to matters of this kind, is to be found (by pure accident, we imagine) in the above-named picture, and that which hangs in immediate contact with it—"The Spanish Courtesan"—as it is somewhat pompously and affectedly styled in the catalogue. It is a picture (a portrait it *must* be, for nothing so absolutely true to life was ever yet created by the pencil) of a young woman, leaning (*lolling* is the word, but it is a vulgar one, like the thing) out of window, and smiling, with a sort of modest impudence, at some (supposed) passer by, in the street below; while another female, much older, is half-retiring behind the half-open shutter, and laughing outright, but trying to stifle the sound of her laugh with her handkerchief. The contrast (as we have hinted above) between these two "ladies of easy virtue;" and she above them, whose "virtue," we may be sure, whatever else it might be, was anything but "easy"—between the Courtesan and the court beauty—is, beyond expression, interesting and instructive; for the truth of delineation is equal in the artists—Murillo being to uncourtly nature precisely what Vandyke was to that of the court. This exceedingly fine specimen of one of Murillo's styles—and his finest—is probably a new importation from Spain, as it belongs to Lord Heytesbury. It is an admirable work, having that look and sentiment of nature about it which, we will venture to say, was never achieved in absolute perfection, in connexion with this class of subject, by any artist whatever, except Murillo.

No. 5. *Innocent the Tenth*. VELASQUEZ.—This is another most wonderful portrait. Those who would see embodied in one form the united spirits of popery and witchcraft, may go and gaze upon this portrait. We wonder how "some persons" dare to sit for their pictures: but the reason is, that they are as shallow and short-sighted as they think themselves sagacious and profound. Above all, they are believers in maxims, which are as often "the foolishness of nations" as they are its "wisdom;" and there are among all nations maxims which indicate that "there is no trusting to appearances." Now the truth is, there is no trusting to any thing else. He is a shrewd hand who said, that "language was given to man to conceal his thoughts." And truly we have need of some such instrument, seeing that that dumb orator, the face, unlike all other orators, always speaks the truth, whether asked or not, and never speaks any thing else. But let us turn our thoughts to "metal more attractive."

No. 6. *Hippomanes and Atalanta*. GUIDO.—No. 7. *Landscape, with Cattle and Figures*. CLAUDE.—The first of these is one of the most exquisite little gems we have ever seen. It is of miniature size, and is all made up of "airs and graces;" but they are the airs and graces of nature, or at least of that divine mythology which grew out of a profound love for nature. What is still more remarkable in this picture is the grandeur of effect which results from a steady contemplation of it. In this respect, it differs scarcely at all from one of gallery size. And the reason in a great measure is, that grace and expression (which the essences of which this picture is composed) have nothing whatever to do with size. They are things which address themselves to the mind alone—which knows nothing of size except through the medium of the touch. To a person born without the faculty of touch, the sight of a mountain and a mole-hill would produce much the same impression.

The other picture, we have named above, is nature itself: but still refined up to that exquisite pitch of perfection which, of its sole self, nature could never attain: like the "white wonder" of a court lady's hand.

No. 18. *The Death of Regulus*; No. 19. *Landscape, with Travellers*; No. 25. *Landscape, with Mercury and the Woodman*. SALVATOR ROSA.—It would be difficult to meet with, in any one collection, three so fine and characteristic productions of this artist, as the above-named. We greatly prefer either of them to the one which is better known, and which is also in this collection—*The Job* (No. 61)—The first displays, in a scene of many figures, that moral energy with which the soul of Salvator was ripe; the second shews the uncompromising truth with which he loved to delineate what he actually saw; and the last presents us with a fine example of that wild grandeur of imagination with which (when the mood was on him) he could work up a scene of external nature into one bearing all the air of romance, without materially departing from its actual truth.

No. 32 and 36. *Landscape, and Sea Port*. CLAUDE.—This is a lovely pair of pictures, small and simple, but beaming and glowing with all the exquisite characteristics of this most refined and natural of sentimentalists. They are as true as they are ideal: for, paradoxical as it may sound, Claude combined in his works these seemingly opposite but really identical attributes. That which is ideal must necessarily be true—or it is nothing. The creations of Mr. Martin's pencil—fine, and, in many respects, extraordinary and unrivalled as they are—are not ideal; because they are not true. This is their great and crying sin. They appeal to and delight the *imagination*, just as the Arabian Nights do, and on the same principle; but they touch not the sensibilities and the heart, as the last-named works do—because they have less of that which is true mixed up with them. The works of Claude touch us at once more nearly and more vividly than any, or than all these; because they are truth itself. Nay, we will not shrink from saying, that, for the most part, they touch us more nearly and vividly than the actual scenes of external nature itself do, because they consist of the *details* of those scenes, arranged and selected merely, but in no other way changed, by the hand of perfect taste and consummate art. In short, they affect us on the same principle that the Venus de Medici does, which is the most ideal work in existence, simply because it is the most true.

No. 33 and 35. *St. Rufina and St. Justin*. MURILLO.—It is a pity to call two such charming realities as these by the name of saints. They are among the most brilliant single figures that we have any where seen of this, in some respects, most exquisite of all painters. Indeed they combine, so far as a single figure can, more of the two characteristic beauties of his manner than any we remember; namely, the touching truth of his intellectual expressions, and the airy grace, lightness, and elegance of his handling. In colouring, too, they are exquisitely sweet and tender—but somewhat cold. If the student of art would learn what the *ideal* in intellectual expression is *not*, and what the same quality in colouring and handling is, he may look at the best specimens of this class of Murillo's works, who probably never painted a face that was not a copy from nature, or a cloud, a drapery that *was*.

No. 39. *The Madonna*. SASSO FERRATO.—This may be pointed out as one of the most unaffected and natural productions of a school that,

with all its merits, included but little of these two rarest and most valuable of all qualities in painting. The effeminate style of Carlo Dolce and Sasso Ferrato has been thought to be well adapted at least to those particular subjects which they so almost invariably chose, namely, the Magdalens and Madonnas of holy writ. But it was not so. To delineate the true characteristics of female form and expression, under whatever circumstances, requires a feeling for them any thing but feminine. No female hand ever painted, or ever will paint, the true character of a finely-endowed female face—because she cannot, in the nature of things, feel that character.

At this point of the catalogue, fine things so crowd upon us, that we are at a loss how either to notice them or to pass them by. No. 40, is a Virgin and Child, by Gentio Romano, which is exquisite; 42, a noble Portrait by Titian, of his own daughter; 46, a most curious and admirable piece called the Water Seller, by Velasquez; 47, a grand and striking piece of Paul Veronese's splendid colouring—Mars and Venus; 49, a most lovely gem, by Garafolo, full of mingled sweetness and dignity; 52, a fine Portrait of Anthony Trieste, by Vandyke; and 59, a curious design of Raphael's, carried into execution by Spagnoletto, called an Incantation.—All these fine works we can merely commend to the spectator's best attention, and pass on to one which has long been held forth as among the most extraordinary productions of one of the most extraordinary of Painters: we allude to 60, *Vanity and Modesty*; LEONARDO DA VINCI.—This artist is one who excites more of our love than admiration. There is a sweetness about his best things, which, if it redeems them from insipidity, keeps them from ascending into the regions of grandeur or passion. This celebrated production is known to all the world by the engravings from it; and there is no denying that the picture is precisely answerable to the notion of it received through the medium of the *burin*. But it is no more than answerable. We are no better acquainted with it now, than we were when we had only seen it at second-hand: which shews that its merit consists in one thing merely—expression; and this one neither very intelligible, nor that portion of it which is so, very appropriate. Nevertheless, it is an exquisite work in its way; and being so, it is idle to complain of it for not being something else.

No. 63. *Assumption of the Virgin*. MURILLO.—Small as this is—amere miniature—we cannot help dwelling upon it for a moment, on account of its rare and touching beauty. It is remarkable that the freedom, breadth, and lightness of this lovely little gem are in no degree impaired by the smallness of its size. It is a miniature, with all the effect of a gallery picture. And what is perhaps more remarkable still, that effect is but little injured by the total absence of any thing like refinement, elegance, or even passion, in the face of the Virgin—which is that of a perfectly plain, and even coarse English woman. Notwithstanding this (which is often a fault, as far as it goes, in Murillo's pictures of poetical subjects of this nature), the whole comes upon you like a seraphic vision, on account of the exquisitely ideal nature of the colouring and the handling.

No. 66 and 69. *Beggar Boys*. MURILLO.—These are the two wonderful pictures which form part of the Dulwich gallery. One of them (that in which one of the boys is *munching* a piece of bread) is, perhaps, finer than any thing of the kind in existence. Though these pictures

are better known than most of the celebrated ones in this country, they are such extraordinary productions, that we shall make no apology for describing them to our readers. We shall do so, however, in the words of a little volume, entitled "*British Galleries of Art*,"—not having better at hand to put in their place. "The picture upright, and not large, and it represents two boys,—one half-lying on the ground, and looking up at his companion with an intense and yet vacant expression of pleasure in his countenance; while the other is standing "munching" a great piece of bread that he can scarcely hold in his mouth, and looking sulkily down at him on the ground, as if displeased at the other's pleasure. The merit of these two faces consists in the absolute, the undisguised and unadorned truth of their expression, and its wonderful force and richness; and also in the curious characteristicness of it. By the *truth* of expression, I mean the fidelity with which the painter *has* represented what he *intended* to represent; and by its characteristicness I mean the adaptation of that expression to the circumstances. The persons represented are in that class and condition of life in which the *human* qualities of man scarcely develop themselves at all; in which he can scarcely be regarded in any other light than the most sagacious of the *animal* tribe. Accordingly, the expression of these boys respectively—rich, vivid, and distinct as they are—are almost entirely animal. There is nothing in the least degree *vulgar* about them; for vulgarity is a quality dependent on society; and these have no share in society, and consequently are without any of its results, good or bad. In fact, their wants and feelings are merely animal, and the expressions to which these give rise are correspondent. The delight of the one is that of the happy colt sporting on its native common; and the sulkiness of the other is that of the ill-conditioned cub growling over its food. At the feet of the boy who is eating, stands a dog, looking up expectantly; and there is nearly as much expression in his countenance as in either of the others. I would not lay much stress on this;—but does it not seem to have been introduced purposely, that we might compare the expression of this *third* animal with that of the two others, and see that there is, and is intended to be, little difference between the expressions, except in degree, and that they are all alike animal?—I conceive this picture to be in its way entirely faultless, and to have required as rare a faculty to produce it (as *rare*, but not as *valuable*) as perhaps any thing else in art. The companion picture, on nearly a similar subject, is excellent, but not to be compared with this."

74. *Landscape, &c.* PAUL POTTER.—This is the only specimen in the collection of Paul Potter's rare and exquisite works; but it is a very charming one. The whole fore-ground is occupied by a group of various cattle—cows, sheep, goats, &c.; the expressions of which are so exquisitely true, that, with the exception of those of Cuyp, you cannot safely turn to any other pictures on similar subjects after them. It is like turning from the face of a living beauty to look upon a *portrait* of her;—which never answers. There is something almost affecting in the look of the two heifers, one of which is leaning over the shoulder of the other,—as you may sometimes see two sweet sisters. The still life of this delightful work is no less exquisite than the rest. On the left, there is a cottage beyond some trees; and, on the right, a distance, such as no one but Paul Potter ever painted.

76. *A Cavalier on Horseback.* WOUVERMANS.—There is something quite extraordinary in the effect of this little picture. At a little distance you can see nothing but the cavalier and his bonny boy, passing (for they actually seem to pass) along the extreme edge of the picture in front, against the light grey sky. But, on looking closely, you find a distance that changes the whole, from a mere figure, into a perfect scene. Nothing can be more striking than the effect of this—especially when we observe the slightness and simplicity of the means which produce it.

80. *A Village Feast.* TENIERS.—Notwithstanding the infinite variety of the “Village Feasts” of this artist, they are all (like their originals) so much alike—“each being another, yet the same”—that they will not bear describing now-a-days. The present is one of the most delightful and characteristic that can any where be seen. In lightness and elegance of truth, and sweetness of colouring, it is equal to Murillo; and in tone it is clear as a bell.

83. *Cattle in a Landscape.* CUYP.—The effect of light in this admirable picture is perfect. It is not one of those exquisite effusions (so to speak) of this artist's, where every thing—the clouds, the sky, the trees, the figures, the ground, even the stones themselves—seem saturated with sunshine; but one of those in which the light seems to lie upon the surface of every thing, ready to disappear in a moment, on some cloud passing over the source of it.

The ten pictures, from 98 to 108, will bear and repay the most minute examination. We have seldom, if ever, seen, within the same space, so many exquisite little gems. Passing them over with a mere glance, we hasten to that work which strikes us as being, beyond any comparison, the finest in this collection. Indeed, for our own parts, we are disposed to look upon it as the very finest production of its kind that we have ever beheld; and finer in various particulars, no less than as a consistent whole;—finer in conception, in design, in colouring, and, above all, in the intense poetical power and beauty of its general effect.—We allude to

112. *The Nursing of Hercules.* TINTORET.—We had previously seen some things by this master which indicated a very extraordinary degree of what may be called the poetical power of painting, but none which led us to look for so noble an effort of that power as the one before us. The fable is no doubt well known to our readers; and we will venture to say, that even the imaginations which created that fable, and the host of others which make up the beautiful mythology of those times, never formed a more triumphant conception of the subject in question than the one which is here embodied into a visible form, answering in all respects to that conception. We must not venture even to begin a description of this picture, as it would lead us far beyond our limits. Indeed, if there were no other reasons for our silence as to its details, we should remain so, in despair of doing any thing like justice to our feelings respecting them, without incurring the charge of extravagance. We will, however, not shrink from saying that we think the female figure a more triumphant specimen of art (as a single figure) than any thing else that we are acquainted with—not excepting Titian's very best of a similar kind, which form portions of the Blenheim Gallery.

120. *The Return from the Chase.* WOUVERMANS.—This is a work combining, with all the ordinary qualities of Wouvermans' style, others

which we scarcely thought it possessed. We now refer chiefly to the landscape portion of the picture. The figures are full of delicacy and beauty, and, in several instances, include a very extraordinary truth of individual expression; a quality not always paramount in Wouvermans' figures—at least the human ones. The two that are conspicuous in this respect are, the *blind* beggar, on the right, and the boy sitting on the ground, on the left, and making active war on certain troublesome companions, who seem to have established colonies on various parts of his person. But our chief reason for noticing this picture is, the character of the landscape portion of it, which is of a higher class than any we remember to have seen in this artist's works. There is at once a grandeur and a lightness about it which remind us of Claude. There is, however, a coldness—a want of vitality—which is injurious to the truth, no less than the beauty of the general effect. It is by crowding his canvass with figures, that Wouvermans usually contrives to hide or get over this defect; and it is probable that, in the present instance, he refrained from doing so expressly with the view of making the landscape part the principal point of attraction—perceiving, no doubt, that he had succeeded in giving to *that* a character not common with him. His picture would have been finer, in all respects, if he had avoided this, and had filled it with his usual proportion of active and human interest. It would then have presented the rare case of a picture in which the landscape and the figures act mutually upon each other and upon the spectators; and the effect to the latter would have been increased in much more than the mere arithmetical proportion: for if the lover of pictures will call to mind his experience in these matters, he will find that, in almost every case where a strong impression has been produced upon him, it has resulted either from the landscape *or* the figures—scarcely ever from both united. The Peter Martyr of Titian—and, indeed, all Titian's landscapes—are exceptions to this; and all Paul Potter's, too, so far as relates to the cattle. But with these exceptions, the rule is almost universally true of the old masters.

127. *A Woody Scene, with Sportsmen.* HACKERT and VANDEVELDE. —This is, in its way, a most capital production. It represents one of those spots of absolute seclusion which are only to be met with in the heart of a "forest old;"—lofty trees, spiring up like columns high above and out of the limits of the picture, and carrying the imagination with them, till they seem to reach a supernatural elevation: while, between their stems, you catch glimpses into an interminable distance, which answers to the imaginary height, both in extent and in vagueness. On the other hand, when the attention is confined to the mere literal extent of the scene, a directly contrary effect is produced. You feel yourself, for the time being, shut in from all communion but with your own thoughts and fancies; and are only reminded that there *is* a world of life and light elsewhere, by the gleams of sunshine that penetrate through one small opening, and by the human figures that seem to have *lost* (not found) their way into this "temple of the woods." It may be asked, perhaps, whether we suppose that the painters *intended* to produce all these effects upon the spectator. Of this we can know nothing, and need care as little. It is the privilege of genius, and one of its surest characteristics, to produce more and other effects than it seeks to produce; and that the above picture is calculated to produce those which we have described, can scarcely be questioned, when, in point of fact, it *has* now produced them.

141. *The Gallery of Teniers.* TENIERS.—This is one of those works which are worth notice more on account of their curiosity than their merit. There is little or no talent displayed in this picture; but it is highly curious and interesting to see the mode in which an artist like Teniers (who, with all his wonderful merits, is as much of a mannerist as it is possible for a man of genius to be) has mixed up the characteristic qualities of his own style with that of the various other artists respectively whose productions he has here copied on a miniature scale.

158. *Holy Family, in a Landscape.* TITIAN.—This is a noble exception to what we have said in connexion with No. 120, relative to the almost universal practice of artists endeavouring to concentrate the spectator's attention on one department or the other of their works of this class, instead of fairly dividing it between both. It was, generally speaking, a most judicious fear which made them adopt this course; but it was one which Titian did not entertain, because he did not need to do so. He was a rare instance of the attainment of supreme excellence in these two almost opposite departments of arts: if, indeed, any one department of it can be said to oppose itself to any other, and if (as we believe) it does not require the very same kind of powers to succeed in each and in all; application and practice alone determining the quantity of success as proportioned to the natural endowment. Rubens was the only other instance, among the old masters, of an artist, in the highest class of historical composition, producing, when he chose to attempt it, landscapes of a corresponding character. But even he did not unite the highest excellencies of the two classes of composition on one canvass—as Titian has done in this and many other of his works. The picture before us reaches to the very height of historical grandeur. The Virgin is seated in the centre of the fore-ground, with an air of maternal dignity that is sweetly tempered by the grave tenderness of her mien; Saint John is approaching her playfully, on the right; while Joseph seems to fill and inform the whole left department of the front with the fine air of contemplative wisdom which his look and attitude indicate. In the middle distance are seen shepherds with their flocks, winding away among the broken ground, of which all this portion of the scene is composed; and the whole is shut in by a majestic distance of dark rocks, and rising points of ground, that reach almost to the very top of the picture, leaving scarcely any space for sky or clouds. The production is a truly fine one, and may vie with almost any of its class for majesty of general effect, blended with and growing out of individual truth of detail.

Our limits remind us that we must close this notice without indulging ourselves in any farther descriptive detail. We must not conclude, however, without running through the catalogue again, with the view of merely naming a few more of the works which merit the most particular attention in this exquisite collection. No. 14 is a triple portrait, by Titian, which is quite extraordinary for the manner in which a sort of *type* is furnished to each head, in the shape of an animal, the physiognomical features of which correspond with those of the human head above it. The three heads are those of Charles the Fifth, the Pope Paul, and Alphonso, Duke of Ferrara; and the types of them respectively are a lion, a wolf, and a dog. It is impossible for any portraits to be more perfectly individualized than each of these are respectively; and yet, in each case, the resemblance between the human and the animal is wonderful. No. 16 is a noble piece of chiaro-scuro, by Guercino; and the design

and expression are quite correspondent. Among the mere landscapes, there are several of exquisite truth and beauty, and others of wonderful force and spirit. All those of Ruysdael are of the first class of his works; there are two by Hobbema (122 and 135) that are perfect in their way; Vanderneer has four night-scenes (91, 132, 150, 169) of rare merit; and there is one large piece by Cuyp (145), which, if our limits would permit, we should offer a detailed description. Then here are several admirable sea-pieces by Vandervelde and Backhuysen; and a set of five most astonishing sketches by Rubens (159 to 163); and, finally, some of those singular specimens of Da Hooze, which produce an effect of *reality*, by means of light and shade, that no other artist has surpassed.

Let us conclude our notice of these exquisite works by repeating, that, while the Directors of the British Institution continue to furnish us annually with a collection of old pictures equal in merit and value to these, they will have a claim upon our gratitude, which may fairly set at nought all the carpings of all the critics and academicians extant, on all their other proceedings. They may even go the length of giving an annual prize to Popkins, or withholding one from Hopkins, with perfect impunity: for we shall always be ready to insist, on their behalf, that nothing they *can* do, in reference to living artists, will be capable of counteracting the benefit and delight they will thus afford us, through the medium of dead ones.

A LEAF FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

AN accident that happened to me some little time ago deserves to be recorded in these pages. To begin with my own portrait.—It is well known what age is attributed to me by the Register-book; and though, perhaps, I may be delicate on that point, yet I will stand out against many good friends of mine, and declare that such an age is very manly and appropriate, not one whit too advanced. I have been married, and indeed am or may be still so. Marriage is an odd conventional treaty, and the less said of it the better. My wife and I went on for a short time in an uneasy manner; for her temper (as I thought) was ricketty, and she had strange notions about living in London, and such things. It seems to me that I was a very compliant man in those days, and, without doubt, behaved very kindly to her. But it would not answer. She asked for a separate maintenance, and I granted it her.

Whoever has once been a family man is sure to be full of crotchets as a bachelor. The first independence leads him into puerilities. 'Gad! how he travels the country, and spends money without accounting for it! What clubs he enters! what parti-coloured clothes he wears!—My first act was to become a mason; then, as an energetic man, I was elevated to the office of secretary to two glee, one beef-steak, three debating, and seven benefit societies. I chuckled through life, and believed myself one of the jolliest dogs in creation. But these were the freaks of a season. The reaction had a marvellous effect. From a gay, devil-may-care fellow, I fell into a stupid moroseness, attended by paroxysms of hysterical whims. My joviality was not cut short by gradual retrenchments, but at "one fell swoop." Off went my claret surtout. Many were the retirements read by my successors in office, when poor Joshua was elected an

honorary member. My diminution in all matters was great, and my condition was soon accounted little better than civil death. Aye! and what despondency followed! what strange notions of abandonment and solitude! As a recluse, I wandered through some years of my prime, and have only of late mixed myself with the herd of my fellow-creatures. Now am I constantly possessed with longings and eager wishes—I know not what about, but sufficiently marked to tell me that I am not a contented man. A parcel of barren tenets and foolish theories makes up the round of my contemplations; and I frankly confess, that a more unreasonable reasonable being is not easily to be found. The want of a steady friend and helpmate is now as clearly felt by me as it was formerly the subject of my scorn. But the word “wife” is a hedgehog of a thousand bristly terrors. I cannot turn it any way, but it still continues horrible; and yet, conscious of my necessity, I deem the world’s arrangement a bad one that provides no fit substitute for the ecclesiastical remedy. *Wife!*—that usurper of your thoughts, as of right; dabbling in the little mysteries of your mind; and diminishing the stock of your own ideas, by sharing some, and appropriating others.—*Wife!*—with all the attendant increase of household linen and women servants!—*Wife!* that makes herself the substantive, while you are drawn in as a paltry adjective, to give her respectability and a name—fortunate if you do not sink down to a mere expletive!—No, no; I could not endure the delights of uxoriousness again. How provoking, and yet how pleasant, to think of the vast mass of population scattered over this green earth, with their different passions, tendencies, and faculties! Of all these, how many must there be so closely adapted to one’s-self, by so near a resemblance, so happy a sympathy, as to stir up every energy in one’s system, if by chance one or more of such brothers could be discovered. There are, I know, some of my fellow-men, whom, could I but meet, I should love for ever. My heart is attracted to an invisible corner of the globe—where, perhaps, in a barbarous land, lives the partner of my individual nature, subject to my frailties, breathing my hopes, and unkindly separated from me by nothing but the space between the places of our birth. This has been my favourite belief; and to seek from amongst the creatures by whom I am surrounded some one thus allied to me by coincidence of character, is, and long has been, the endeavour in which my best pleasures are centred.—Now to my story.

It was in the Holyhead Mail that I was travelling up to town, when one evening, shortly after dusk, the door was opened by the guard, for the admission of a female passenger. The coach had been pulled up by the side of a respectable gateway, and two ladies, as it might be, or a lady and her maid, stood in consultation close by. “You had better come in, Hannah,” said one of them, “you’ll find it very cold outside.”

“If you please, Ma’am,” returned the other, “I am afraid of being unwell, if I do not sit in the open air; I’d rather go outside, indeed, Ma’am.”

“Very well, then,” replied the mistress, “do as you please.” Upon which she called the guard, and, in answer to a question which I could not hear, something about “an elderly gentleman,” reached my ear, with a very unpleasant accent. The lady got into the coach, immersed, for some time, in the midst of shawls and cloaks, from which having at last extricated herself, she quietly subsided into a seat opposite my own. What devil possessed me, I can never say, but the important hour

seemed to have arrived. I had been for a long while ruminating alone in the coach, and, between sleeping and waking, had collected, in greater abundance and fancifulness than usual, those romantic visions which were become a natural part of my mind; and, without any other prompter than instinct, it seemed to me that this stranger was the ideal being I had feigned to myself, as representing in another person, the attributes and marks of my own character. Awkwardly at first, but tumultuously, and with much eloquence, as our conversation advanced, did I throw open the recesses of my spirit, to be recognised and reflected by my dear companion. She had to contend with the restrictions imposed by the modesty of her sex, but I forgave them all, and saw through the transparent veil thus thrown over her real character. I assured, and I believe, convinced her, that we were made for each other; the few monosyllables she uttered were perfect indexes of the truth of my statement; and she listened to my fervid protestations with a generous silence that flattered my vanity. I was a happy man, I forgot the whole series of my past afflictions, and wrapt in the pleasure of my discovery, foresaw a conclusion to my life full of sentimental bliss, and real contentment.—What plans I formed, and what I communicated, need not now be told: the tender-hearted will imagine all I would divulge. The lady listened, and gently sighed, and suffered me to change my seat, so as to approach her more nearly; and thus passed away some hours of most exquisite delight, of pleasure so intense as to overpower and fatigue me.—I fell presently asleep, with the lady by my side, perhaps overcome, like myself, with a gentle weariness.

The coach stopped with a sudden jerk, and I started from my repose. I looked towards the window, and could discover that we had arrived at the town of Henley. Day had dawned, and thrifty folks were opening their shutters, as the town itself seemed yawning for its last time before the commencement of its daily occupations. Several idlers were loitering at the inn-door, unwashed, and stretching themselves. The guard passed the window, wrapped up in a night-kerchief, and blinking, with eyes scarce opened from their late dozing. All looked sleepy, head-achy, and uncleanly. Turning from this wretched prospect, I saw, for the first time, the lady's hand still lodged in my own; but—oh, horror! what had never before occurred to me—it was the ominous hand, and the third finger, on which I observed the seal of all misery—a marriage ring! She was still asleep; and, without disturbing her, I so changed my position as to catch a view of her features. Years had done something; but I could not be deceived; the imperious expression still remained;—it was my own wife!

I jumped from the coach, hurried into a chaise, and, during the continuance of my journey, made oaths of eternal solitude.

CALAMITIES OF A CLERK :

COMMUNICATED BY HIMSELF.

" By the world, I recount no fable!"—SHAKESPEARE.

UNACCUSTOMED as I am to public writing, and to any other arts of composition than those by which the phraseology of a day-book or a ledger is got up, I still cannot refrain from trying my pen at a piece of description which ought long ago to have been furnished by some of my equally-distressed and more gifted fellow-sufferers, the extensive class of persons distinguished by the name (itself, alas, most undistinguished!) of clerks. It is my object to recount, in my own individual, but far from peculiar case, some of the hardships and annoyances to which we prisoners of the counting-house are constantly exposed. I would exhibit to the public a bill of lading, as it were, of our heavy grievances, and an invoice of the amount of our complaint—such an invoice too, as shall not be liable to *discount* from being *overcharged*. I am encouraged in this task, by the hope that "principals" may be urged to soften, in some degree, the rigours of employment; though I am duly sensible that this hope may be fated to prove as vain as that which I once entertained, for six years together, of a trifling advance of salary.

By way of being sufficiently methodical, I will go so far back as to state that I was born in London, of respectable parents, and a feeble constitution. My education, received at a well-frequented, though cheap academy, was rather limited in quantity, and not so well directed as it might have been. My father, a substantial small tradesman in the grocery line, and a very plain sort of man in most matters, had the mistaken, but not uncommon notion, that his children should have "a finished education." Mine was very soon finished, in one sense, for I was taken away from school at thirteen, crammed, as I was, with a chaotic mass of Latin accidence and syntax (which my memory and inclination speedily got rid of), and tolerably conversant with cyphering up to the rule of three inverse, besides being possessed of a smattering of bad French. Beyond this amount, I knew nothing: in truth, the Latin and French, as is usual, had absorbed by far the greater portion of the time. But these, if they were little understood at home, were very much admired; and my father, in particular, thought me as refined as his own best lump sugar. The paleness of my face, and that proneness to a sitting posture, that I shewed in common with other boys of weak health, had often occasioned him jocularly to say, "that I was cut out for a clerk;" and he now seriously proceeded, but no doubt with the best intentions, to make me a partaker in that deplorable destiny.

My father, among other things which he had no idea of, had none of "boys being idle;" and I was therefore hardly permitted to taste the *sweets* of that liberty, which consisted in what was called the *run of the shop*. Here I was fated to make, not a figure, but figures, in the capacity of junior clerk. The nature and limits of my office were no further defined than by the vague understanding that I was "to make myself useful." The first week convinced me abundantly that those were not wanting who would make me so, whether I did it myself, or not. It will,

perhaps, convey no unlively idea of the multifarious nature of my daily engagements at that time, if I say that I positively cannot reckon up their number, in spite of the force of annoyance with which many of them severally impressed me. Among those which dwell most pertinaciously in my remembrance, is the process of copying. It was part of my business to transcribe nearly all that of the house. Letters, invoices, accounts current, accounts of sales, *pro-formâ* statements, and many matters else, were all to be copied, and Jones (for I was familiarly distinguished by my surname) was alone expected to do them. I was thus, alternately, either a "copying-machine" myself, or the animal that worked the machine. It should be observed also, that part of the correspondence to be copied (for our firm had an extensive foreign business as agents) consisted of illegible Dutch and German letters. Mr. Gladwin, the senior partner, wrote a hand past all understanding, but was not a whit the less astonished at the blunders in my conjectural transcriptions. He could not at all bring himself to imagine how so plain a thing as a letter of business could be mistaken. Then, as for the engagement of mind promoted by such a use of the pen, take the following as a sample:—"Molasses are heavy; but rums are looking up. In ashes, little has been done: pot are stationary, and pearl are of small value. Very considerable sales both of Irish and India pork are reported. In beef, some transactions have transpired, and bacon is much sought after. Butters are nominal." The checking of calculations, as it was called, was another labour, that contributed materially to check my own growth. Every clerk in the office required his arithmetical processes to be gone into over again, and Jones was of course to work them out. Many a column of figures was my jaded eye obliged to ascend and descend half-a-dozen times, owing to my having made the amount greater by my own head-ache—and in many a subtraction did I fail, from being unable to take away from the operation the dizziness of my feelings.

Such were, in part, my tribulations as an in-door clerk—but I was likewise at the same time an out-of-door one—because I was called neither. Among other perambulating pursuits of a like interest, I was invited to make myself the "circulating medium" for distributing letters of routine among dealers and middle-men, and in general, all those matters which might be called the "unclaimed dividends" of employment, fell to my share. Was an errand to be run upon? Was a broker to be gone after? Was the price given for a lot of indigo, or a parcel of tobacco to be got at? Was a circular to be distributed over the metropolis? Jones was in requisition, and Jones was expected to be always at hand.

It happened to be the season of winter when I commenced my official martyrdom at Messrs. Gladwin and Co.'s, and my arrival there was marked by that of a cargo of Virginia tobacco in the London Docks, consigned to their house. I was despatched accordingly to deliver the manifest, as it is termed, at the Excise Office and Custom House, and to check the weights of the several hogsheads taken at the king's scales in the tobacco warehouse at the docks. In the performance of this latter duty, I had to stand, during every day of a tedious frosty week, from ten o'clock till four, on the benumbing stones, among an assemblage of blackguards, under the divers names of tide-surveyors, scale-men, foremen, and labourers, whose conversation was far too low and ribaldrous to be fitted for the ears of any youth decently brought up, and whose callous

jest, during their intervals of beer and cheese, were occasionally directed against my parchment face, or ink-tipped fingers.

Whilst alluding to the London Docks, I cannot resist making a little digression, which may beguile for a moment both the reader's tedium and my own pains of memory. Some years after the time of which I speak, many and loud complaints were made by commercial people of the exorbitant shipping charges, or dues, extorted by the company owning those docks. One of our clerks, during a few minutes of unaccountable leisure, produced a scrap of counting-house wit in the following

EPIGRAM

ON THE LONDON DOCK COMPANY.

—
 "Oh! how that name befits my composition."—SHAKSPEARE.
 —

"Dock Company!" choice name! and best
 Of characteristic off-hits!
 For merchants, by its dues opprest,
 Are *dock'd* of half their profits.

But to return to my sad story. Harassing as were the details of my employment during the other four days of the commercial six, they were actually light in comparison with what I had to struggle and perspire through on the two foreign post-days, Tuesday and Friday. At these times, the Messieurs Gladwin were more than usually surly, and Mr. Makeweight more than usually bustling and directive; while I, after such a merciless fatigue of copying by candle-light, as must have made me look like a false copy, as it were, of myself, was posted off to the Post Office, frequently at the hour of midnight, *minus* three minutes, which three minutes were to suffice for the transit from our counting-house in Crutched Friars, to Lombard Street. I was thus required to unite the qualification of running legs to that of a running hand; and if sometimes I failed to buffet through the opposing crowd before the fatal exclusive chime of the official dial, my return with the heap of letters was sure to be met with a still greater heap of reproofs.

In this manner did I drudge through the first three months of my clerkship, being the period during which it had been arranged that I should remain "upon trial." I had experienced it to be not only trial, but punishment at the same time. I had discovered that a counting-house *fag* was far worse than a being of that syllable at school; and, under my persuasion of this, added to a feeling of indignation not yet quelled by the effects of office, I had well nigh resolved that my labours should terminate with the above stipulated probation, and that, in going away, I would take care to tell Messrs. Gladwin and Co. "my mind," by writing them a special letter.

"In ignominious terms, though *clerkly* couched."

But my father was of another way of thinking, and nullified this intention. He had, perhaps, the largest share ever known of that persuasion entertained, unchangeably, by some tradespeople, that the state of a merchant's clerk is something of a superior order, something to be regarded with an upward eye, as being at once important and *genteel*. He had acted upon this prejudice, and was not likely to see through it

by any light afforded by the complaints of one who had lived so few years in the world as myself. He was sure I should begin to taste the sweets of my employment by and by. He thought that "lads should expect to meet with a spice of difficulty, and ought not to care a fig for it." Above all, he had no notion of boys being idle. I was made over, in continuity, to Messrs. Gladwin and Co.

The first two years of my service were rated at nothing, though I was myself continually *rated* at a great deal. There had been a verbal understanding between the house and my father, to the indefinite purport, that I should receive, after the lapse of that time, a *genteel* salary. The event showed, that gentility, with Messrs. Gladwin and Co., commenced at fifteen pounds a year. At least, a check for this amount (and I thought it a *check* in a double sense) was put into my hands, as a twelvemonth's stipend—though I should observe that my liberal employers had the grace, or the policy, to call it a *present*, rather than a salary. This species of encouragement was admitted, even by paternal consent, to be somewhat in the small way: but a special arrangement, thereupon made, ensured to my exertions of the following year the compliment of twice the above sum; and the firm itself, of its own generous accord, proposed, subsequently, that my remuneration should take an annual ascent of ten pounds: by which example of arithmetical progression, I should have actually come to be in the receipt, when twenty-two years of age, of eighty pounds per annum.

After an ample discharge of all the lowest functions of junior clerk, I was at length permitted to mount up into the situation of under book-keeper. In this new department, if there was less fatigue of body, there was far more labour of head. Those only who have practically known the dejection of spirit, and the general forfeiture of all healthful feeling, which are produced by long hours of confinement to a desk, with the chest narrowed forwards, and the throbbing head stooping down over a mass of white paper, and a labyrinth of black figures, while a dim and melancholy light half excludes the consciousness of day, and seems scarce willing to lend itself to the office it looks so sadly upon; those only who have been forced to know this, can fully conceive what I now endured. I became a perfect martyr to the dizzying torments of day-book and ledger. The very habits of my occupation became a kind of disease. The mystical tyranny of arithmetic pursued me through every action and circumstance. If I sought the relief of variety and motion by undertaking some matter of business out of doors, the numerical process haunted me along the streets, and I found myself for ever making vain calculations, and fretting my brain with false additions, or multiplications without result! If I lay down at night, and my head exhausted itself into sleep, the phantoms of figures, preternaturally enlarged, and endowed with powers of movement and speech, danced in combinations horribly grotesque around me, and mocked me with threats quaint but dreary, for the presumption of endeavouring to overcome, singly, the *force of numbers*! The feebleness of my health was thus made worse by the strength of hypochondria, while the wonted paleness of my countenance was only qualified by a mixture with the saffron hue that is incidental to a bilious habit, and is always aggravated by a sedentary course of life.

To such a thing as this was I reduced—with enough left of vitality to go on, but not enough of spirit to complain. To those who are

blessed with inexperience in these matters, it may seem extraordinary that "the firm" should have shewn no feeling for my infirmity. But, in a counting-house, health is a commodity of which the fluctuations are very little regarded, seeing they have no reference to a commercial value, and that no amount of the article admits of being carried out into a money column. At least this is the case wherever commerce is pursued with the gambling excitement and sharkish avidity that stimulated these my principals, whom I do not accuse of wanting common humanity, when they overlooked my wretched condition, but rather of forgetting that virtue in the hurry of business.

In fact, with our house (as with others too numerous to mention), the sole aim, intention, worth, object, nay, excuse of life, was business. The most ordinary requirements of nature—eating, drinking, sleeping—were rather connived at than recognised. For myself, my daily escape to an eating-house dinner appeared to be sometimes regarded as partaking of the idleness of a holiday; and, when business was pressing (which it nearly always was) the *hour's* absence, which custom accords to the demands of the stomach, though passed amid the din and clatter, and vulgar vociferations of a chop-house, was grudged to me as much as if it had been an act of embezzlement. On such occasions, I was sure to hear direct observations that had been made, during the non-occupation of my desk, to the other clerks—such as that "Jones was of a tardiness that could not be endured"—or to receive myself the indirect reproof of remarks about the importance of business, and the value of time. The proverb says, "Time was made for slaves"—but I, though abundantly a slave, could never find time for half the things expected of me.

If the ordinary necessities of repose and food were thus hardly conceded to us by our principals, it will be easily believed that the article of *amusement* was not to be found in their code. The bare mention of the word would have chained their tongues with wonder, and riveted their eyes in fearful ecstasy. For me, the ever-soliciting round of London diversions was as the forbidden circle of the magician: or if I might be said to approach the *border* of it, this was but in so far as a few widely-distant visits to the play went—at half-price, and once, by way of extremity, under the fearfully-snatched excitement of half a pint of Cape wine. On this last occasion, I well remember that my resort to the theatre was for the purpose of seeing Shakspeare's *Othello*, or rather half of it—and that I had been persuaded into the indulgence by two or three young men, clerks like myself, who had a sort of notion of Shakspeare, and used to speak of him with the respectful appellation of "our immortal bard." The next day came an extra head-ache, and all that unsettled feeling which the unhappy are sure to experience when they have mixed, by accident, in a scene of splendour remote from their own condition.

After this manner I slaved through the lingering bustle and dreamy activity of my vocation, till I had reached the possession of seventy pounds per annum in salary, and nothing in thanks. The continuance of my engagement with Messrs. Gladwin, Brothers, Son, and Make-weight, seemed as fixed as the desks in their office, or even as the multiplication table in their souls. But though my spirit had been broken down into the smallest fractional part, that little remnant of man did at length rise against the constant application of the *divisor*. One evening, after my day had been one of more than usual plodding and pen-driving,

a trifling error in a balance (the result of hurry and exhaustion), produced remarks of "This will never do"—"D'ye call this doing business?"—and the like short sentences, ending with a murmured hint about "diligence, or dismissal." My injured spirit for once rose superior. I addressed to my task-masters the language of indignation, and took up the hat of departure.

"Treason," it is said, "never prospers." Rebellion does sometimes. This one act of defiance did more for me than seven years of service and submission.—Two days afterwards, I was re-engaged by Messrs. Gladwin and Co., at an advance in salary of fifty pounds a year.

This incident, however, was one bright spot—one solitary ray of sunshine, falling on a dark sea of general calamity. The fault was in my trade more than in the people that I met with. The vein that I had selected in the mine of fortune was a bad one.

Suffice it to say, that I went on, but did not get forward. The same desolate drudgery, the same heart-sickening routine, the same tedious bustle, the same mechanical handicraft, as it were, of the mind, still wrought their former effects, and made me as stupid as a chimney-sweeper, and dull as a November fog; or as that inert mass of animal, worshipped in the city under the inexplicable name of "a lively turtle." The dependant name and office of clerk were become doubly odious to me, from their very necessity; for I had now no other resource. My father, much against my own good-will, had sold that of his business, and with the produce had purchased an annuity for the support of himself and my mother; for, with regard to me, he held provision to be unnecessary, thinking that a clerk grew into a merchant as naturally as a plant into a tree, or a child into a man! At all events, as he observed, I "had not been *idle*;" and a person that is not idle *must* be doing something for himself. To the last, he never could see the mistake he had committed in making me "the thing I am."

Forty years have now passed, and left me in the same forlorn condition—at least the only change I have experienced has consisted in "variety of misery;" for I have acquired, I scarce know how, the painful superfluity of a wife and five small children. This last circumstance has hammered the final rivet upon my chains, and I must die in them, as I have lived—with this utmost hope, that my name may then be utterly forgotten by the few that have ever heard of it, rather than that it should be recorded on my tomb that I died at a certain date, and lived many years in the confidential service of Messrs. Griper and Mullins—or other firm, as per future contingency.

In conclusion, let those who would not scorn the advice of an experienced wretch, take my assurance that they cannot doom a child (however arithmetical) to a worse life than that of a clerk. Let not a father, who has a business to give his son, force him to *seek* one, for the sake of a prejudice about superior gentility. Let every tradesman, in directing the pursuits of his child, prefer *trade* to *commerce*—the counter to the counting-house. If this recommendation be followed, the condition of a "large and interesting class of sufferers" will be amended by their diminution: their utility will then be more fully recognized by those who profit by it, and their claims to a living recompence established. Nothing is more certain, than that the number of our devoted tribe requires thinning down; and that to promote the subtraction of clerks will be to stop the multiplication of misery.

G. D.

A NIGHT AT SEMPIONE.

"CAPITAL! and did he believe it?"

"To be sure he did," answered the French captain; "he loaded both pistols, and sate by his daughter's bed during the whole night."

Nothing could exceed the merriment of the jolly little fellow, as he sat listening to the narrative of this excellent trick, played upon the Englishman. For convenience of laughter, he eased his waistcoat, put aside his plate of chamois, and rolling backward and forward in his chair, roared long and lustily.

"Did he stay at Tourtemain, Captain?"

"I can't say;—he was making for Sempione, and had arranged to be here to-night; but, by the lateness of the hour, I suppose he has given up his plan; and, probably, has advanced no further than Brieg."

—Crack! crack!—The postillions whips sounded cheerily at a little distance, and wheels were heard quickly descending the hill. Almost immediately afterwards, a carriage drew up in front of the little hotel, and a loud parley was heard between the travellers and host.

"Here, quick! Signor Benedetto!" cried the captain, whose national curiosity had taken him to the window.—"Ma foi! how droll!"

The little fat man waddled to his companion, and their sagacious heads were to be seen for some minutes close together. Mysterious words were evidently passing between them, and when they returned to their posts by the cheerful stove, the elder repressed the funny fellow's disposition to giggle by no other sign than a single "hush!" and an imperiously raised fore-finger.

Then in came a tall thin Englishman, well enveloped in handkerchiefs and comforters, and with him a fine looking girl, who might be his daughter. He was in loud conversation with the landlord.

"No beds?—Then what the devil shall we do?—Can't you knock up something for the young lady, think ye? I don't care what you do with me."

"Why, Sir, every room is occupied, and unless the lady is content to share one with a stranger——"

"No, no,"—interrupted the gentleman,—"*is there no spare room with a sofa, now, or some such substitute?*"

"Our only one is this chamber, Sir, and I should scarcely like to give it up."

"Well, then, my love, we must go on to the next post-town——"

"You'll scarcely be able to do that, Sir, begging your pardon," here observed mine host, "for Domo d'Odola is full twenty miles away, and it is a woful dark night."

"Then we must sleep in the carriage," replied the Englishman, with a wobegone expression, and the bearing of one about to be martyred.

"If you'll allow me to suggest an amendment of that plan," here interrupted the captain, "it appears to me very natural and easy for your companion to take possession of our bed-room, and you yourself to be satisfied with barrack quarters with us here by the fire. My friend joins with me in the hope that this offer may be accepted."

And the little man chuckled, as though the loss of his bed had been an approved good joke.

"Sir," answered the gentleman, "if I mistake not, I am familiar with that face; and, upon a nearer view, I cannot be deceived in supposing you to be the kind counsellor of last night, by whose advice I was happily rescued from a serious peril. If this be so, I am already your

debtor, and I should feel loth to increase the obligation by incurring a new favour of such magnitude."

"You honour me by your recognition of me," retorted the other; "but with respect to my proposal for to-night, really it were no favour to grant you that which I had no wish to keep; my comrade and myself are determined to relinquish our claim to the room, and if the lady does not accept it, I believe it will go without an occupant."

What more was to be said?—All preparations were made; the fair girl retired to her rest, and the three travellers remained in jolly carousal over some curious and well-selected wines.

The captain was in his element. He went through most of Napoleon's battles, in each of which, as it would seem by his account, he had received a wound. He rejoiced in the amity of the two great powers;—complimented the bravery of the English,—(whereupon the fat fellow at his elbow broke out into a convulsive giggle)—then spoke philosophically respecting the divers countries he had visited, more especially the neighbouring parts, their productions, inhabitants, and traditions, and so on to a complete series of ghost stories, fables, and romantic horrors,—The great dog, of the true St. Bernard breed, was introduced to corroborate some tale wherein he had been the deputy hero. The jolly little fellow always bore testimony to each strange narrative, buttoning up his waistcoat whenever he wished to look authoritative, but undoing it again, and indulging in a quiet grin when his evidence had been received.

The poor listener to these marvels grew more and more bewildered. He was a nervous man, never before so far from his native land, and painfully credulous of all the rumours, authenticate or not, which reached his ear. His long visage grew rueful, and his cups were tossed off with a violence that seemed half crazy. But what evidently irritated him beyond endurance, was the *mal-à-propos* chorus of the little fat man, who wound up every recital with an inhuman grin, as if the terrors and disasters related were of the very kind to render him facetious. This was the unkindest cut of all;—and he looked at the Signor Benedetto's goodly paunch, distended jaws, and sleek visage, as manifestations of the Evil One.

* * * * *

I cannot say how long this continued, nor what the exact hour was when mine host suddenly entered, and with a miserable countenance faltered out, that the gentleman's daughter had left the inn.

"Left the inn!—How?—Where?"—ejaculated he, and with the word darted from the apartment, and hurried to the chamber allotted to his daughter. There—woful man!—there lay some of her garments as put aside by her hours ago;—the bed was ruffled and indented, as if by the sleeper,—but the lady was assuredly flown, and no man could say whither. The distracted parent rushed from the lonely room, and in an instant had returned to that in which he had been previously sitting. There, as before, appeared the jolly fat man, and his cheeks seemed rounder than ever, as with his old diabolical grin he pointed to a vacant chair which had been so lately occupied by the loquacious captain. He too had decamped! What a train of surmises arose in the father's mind at that moment! In vain did he inquire and entreat his jocund enemy that he would assist him in his search, and satisfy him in his suspicions.—No answer, but a horse laugh!—Seizing his hat, he hurried from the inn, and gaining a comparatively high post, called loudly for

his daughter. Again and again her name was echoed from a thousand crags, as, in a state of almost distraction, he wandered from one height to another in idle pursuit. At last, something like a response was audible at a distance;—he listened, and a strong gust brought the sound more distinctly to his ear!—it was the hated laugh of the jester.

The snow lay thickly on the ground, and as he went onward, he knew not whither, his way was suddenly crossed by the huge St. Bernard dog, dragging by the mouth some undistinguished object. He stopped, and with the sagacity peculiar to his species, let fall at the Englishman's feet the burthen, that proved, on inspection, to be a shawl worn in travelling by his beloved child!—The animal then ran off, followed by the distracted father, until, at a short distance above the road-way, it stopped at a gap in the snow. There lay a human creature, and the parent's hopes and fears seemed about to have a common realization.—But no!—it was his unwearied persecutor with that eternal laughter,—ensconced in his cold bed, but apparently well satisfied with it, so that he might torture his victim by a new occasion for merriment. No word uttered he, no natural sound; but deliberately raising himself from his resting place, all whitened with snow, and shivering with Alpine frost,—he pointed to a particular spot on the line of road,—still grinning with unabated zeal, and relaxing not one whit, until the thin tall Englishman, obeying his mute command, looked in the direction of his out-stretched finger.—Good saints!—What saw he there?—His sweet daughter, like a maniac, running at full speed down the descent hand in hand with the instructive captain, now too clearly the source of this so great calamity. Quickly sped the agonized father;—though the guilty couple passed on with the speed of the roebuck, he failed not in his hot pursuit. It seemed that no mortal might keep up that rapid course, so fleetly did he follow where they led the way. And all the while, with a rapidity incredible in one so roundly shaped, did the little fat man hang on the skirts of the pursuer, the last, indeed, in this awful chase, but not a jot the least capable of sustaining it: for, ever and anon, he cheered himself with loud and dissonant laughter, and his lungs had lost no tittle of their strength or endurance.—And down they went, over the bridges of Lowibach and Kronbach; they heeded not the roar of the Trissinone, nor the foaming waters of the Diverio. They flew through the deep grottoes excavated in the overhanging rock;—paused not at Gonos, at St. Marco, or Irella. Onward, still onward, till they reached the bridge of Crevola, at the farther side of which stood the objects of pursuit; who, as if at length over-wearied, seemed there to await the approach of the agonized old man. He was now on the centre of the bridge, and beside him was the fat fellow, still laughing with might and main.—Now will he overtake the abandoned girl,—now will his fatigues be recompenced!—But no!—his foot slipped, he fell prone to the earth, and the jolly round man, halloing with ecstatic glee, pushed him over the verge of the bridge. He was borne downward by the cataract, and, as he was whirled along, he kicked the spray above and around him in a million showers. Still he heard the merry laugh of his evil genius, and it seemed a funeral dirge, for death was now at hand. A projecting branch bent over the cataract in its course;—with a last violent effort he grasped at it;—and in the act jerked off the red cotton night-cap of his neighbour in the arm-chair!

Surely he must have taken too heavy a supper, that he had such fearful dreams!

AFFLICTION: A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

" Le premier sentiment qui m'a fait vivre, est concentré dans mon cœur. Il s'y réveille au moment qu'il n'est plus à craindre; il me soutient quand mes forces m'abandonnent: il me ranime quand je me meurs."—ROUSSEAU.

SHE looked a being of unearthly mould,
A thing superior to the frowns of fate;
But never did my wondering eyes behold
A maid so fair, so wholly desolate;
Yet was she once a child of high estate,
Untouched of sorrow, till its stormy water
Swept o'er her with annihilating weight,
And 'mid surrounding cloud and tempest brought her
A wreck to ruin's shore—earth's sweetest, loveliest daughter!

Dark was her eye, as heaven, when gathering thunder
Comes slowly travelling up the muffled sky,
And pitying strangers viewed with awe and wonder
Its glance of still expressive misery:
Her cheek was pale, her brow serene and high,
Her look distraught, and in her liveliest tone
Breathed the low, pensive music of a sigh:—
Oh! woman's fond and breaking heart alone,
That holiest shrine of love, can breathe such plaintive moan.

Oft when the spirit of departed light
Waned in eve's shadowy chambers, she would lean
Upon the pulseless bosom of the night,
Sorrow's meek image; or at morn be seen
Pacing with leaden steps the fresh cool green
Of mead and dell; or when, at midnight hour,
The eyes of heaven looked forth with glance serene—
Or when the storm swept by on wing of power—
Mute—mindless—would she view star flash and thunder lower.

She was the child of nature: earth, sea, sky,
Mountain and cataract, thymy hill and dale,
Possessed (when thought returned) in her young eye
A nameless magic; for in Elle's low vale
Her heart first listened to a lover's tale:
'Twas there—ere yet in May's capricious eve
Her wanderer had unfurled his fatal sail—
Love taught her fond, unpractised heart to grieve,
And with boon nature's charms his wildest spells to weave.

But she is gone: unknown from life she passed,
Like a poor exile from his native home;
No mother mourned her loss, when downward cast
The chill dust rattled on her virgin tomb:
Alone she lived—alone within the gloom
Of death she slumbers—never more to prove
How Fate's sure canker dims the rising bloom
Of young Affection, never more to rove
A wanderer through the bleak and stormy world of love.

But oft at eve, when day is in the west,
And lingering winds o'er mead and moorland die,
Strange sounds come stealing from her place of rest,
And sink into the heart, like woman's sigh:
The twittering thrush, the cuckoo wild and shy,
The matin lark, the music-laden rill,
Pour on the night their funeral minstrelsy
O'er her who sleeps, while all around is still—
Her last, long, dreamless sleep, beside Llansaddon hill.

THE MYSTERIOUS TAILOR :

A ROMANCE OF HIGH HOLBORN.

IN the composition of fictitious narrative, no matter whether the incidents referred to, be historical or purely legendary, the novelist has an almost infinite latitude of character and circumstance allowed him. His events need only be possible to enable them to pass muster ; their probability, as a matter of course, may be departed from, or adhered to, just as it may happen to suit the whim of the moment. With real life it is different : the writer is there hemmed in within the pale of a limited truth ; and if he wander but one inch either beside or beyond it, he does so to the peril of his reputation. Nor is this his only difficulty. His circumstances must not merely be probable, but natural—not those which might by a remote contingency occur, but those which actually have occurred ; otherwise, he is designated a romancer, and refused his credentials as an illustrator of life and manners. In fact, in nine cases out of ten, readers will only believe just so much as they themselves can know, feel, and satisfactorily swear to. Your untraveller citizen, with whom a trip to Manchester or Glasgow is a matter for serious meditation, will not hesitate an instant to impeach the veracity of a Bruce or a Belzoni : he has seen some little of the world himself (this is a common phrase with such sceptics)—why then should he swallow, unanalyzed, the impossibilities of a mere traveller ? On the same liberal principle, the phlegmatic and common-minded will take upon them to dispute feelings and incidents recorded by the susceptible and the imaginative : such casuists never once deign to look into the metaphysics of the question : it seems altogether to have escaped their sagacity, that the varieties of human nature, its ramifications of character and sentiment, are endless ; that what is poetry and feeling with one person, is nonsense and puerility with another ; and that the very two individuals whom a fancied congeniality of mind and manner have bound together in strictest friendship, are yet wide as the poles asunder, with a thousand petty points of difference, each daily and hourly coming into unpleasant, though scarcely perhaps perceptible, collision with the other. At the hazard of being tried, and of course convicted, by the ordeal of such readers as I have just described, yet, at the same time, with a proud reliance on the fact that “ truth is strange, stranger than fiction,” I presume to relate the following real occurrence : events, infinitely more probable, have yet not had the same truth to recommend them, the same solid basis on which to build up their statements, the same——But enough of this : it is time, without farther exordium, to commence my narrative.

It came to pass that, towards the close of 1826, I found occasion to change my tailor, and by chance, or the recommendation of friends—I cannot now remember which—applied to one who vegetated in that particular region of the metropolis where the rivers of Museum Street and Drury Lane (to adopt the language of metaphor) flow into and form the capacious estuary of High Holborn. Whoever has sailed along, or cast anchor in this confluence, must have seen the individual I allude to. He sits—I should perhaps say sate, inasmuch as he is since defunct—bolt upright, with a pen behind his ear, in the centre of a dingy, spectral-looking shop, quaintly hung round with cloths, of divers forms and pat-

terns, in every stage of existence—from the first crude conception of the incipient surtout or pantaloons, down to the last glorious touch that immortalizes the artist. His figure is slim and undersized ; his cheeks sallow, with two furrows on each side his nose, filled not unfrequently with snuff ; his eyes project like lobsters', and cast their shifting glances about with a vague sort of mysterious intelligence ; and his voice—his startling, solemn, unearthly voice—seems hoarse with sepulchral vapours, and puts forth its tones like the sighing of the wind among tombs. With regard to his dress, it is in admirable keeping with his countenance. He wears a black coat, fashioned in the mould of other times, with large cloth buttons and flowing skirts ; drab inexpressibles, fastened at the knee with brass buckles ; gaiters, which, reaching no higher than the calf of the leg, set up independent claims to eccentricity and exact consideration on their own account ; creaking, square-toed shoes ; and a hat, broad in front, pinched up at the sides, verging to an angle behind, and worn close over the forehead, with the lower part resting on the nose. His manner is equally peculiar : it cannot be called vulgar, nor yet genteel—for it is too passive for the one, and too pompous for the other ; it forms, say, a sort of compromise between the two, with a slight infusion of pedantry that greatly adds to its effect. Altogether, the being I describe is one who, under any circumstances, would stand a fair chance of attracting notice ; but this not so much from any one prominent peculiarity, as from a general uniformity in face, figure, and dress : in short, from that harmonious compound of quiet reserve, and pertinacity, which forms the finished original.

On reaching this oddity's abode, I at once proceeded to business ; and was promised, in reply, the execution of my order on the customary terms of credit. Thus far is strictly natural. The clothes came home, and so, with admirable punctuality, did the bill ; but the death of a valued friend having withdrawn me, soon afterwards, from London, six months elapsed ; at the expiration of which time I was refreshed, as agreed on, by a pecuniary application from my tailor. Perhaps I should here mention, to the better understanding of my tale, that I am a medical practitioner, of somewhat nervous temperament, derived partly from inheritance, and partly from an inveterate indulgence of the imagination. My income, too—which seldom or never, encumbers a surgeon who has not yet done walking the hospitals—is limited, like the range of my Lord Londonderry's eloquence, and, at this present period, was so far contracted as to keep me in continual suspense. In this predicament, my tailor's memorandum was any thing but satisfactory. I wrote accordingly to entreat his forbearance for six months longer, and, as I received no reply, concluded that all was satisfactorily arranged. Unluckily, however, as I was strolling, about a month afterwards, along the Strand, I chanced to stumble up against him. The shock seemed equally unexpected on both sides ; but my tailor (as being a dun) was the first to recover self-possession ; and, with a long preliminary hem !—a mute but expressive compound of remonstrance, apology, and resolution—opened his fire as follows :—

" I believe, Sir, you name is D—— ?"

" I believe it is, Sir."

" Well, then, Mr. D——, touching that little account between us, I have to request, Sir, that——"

"Very good; nothing can be more reasonable; wait the appointed time, and you shall have all."

This answer served, in some degree, to appease him: no, not exactly to appease him, because that would imply previous excitement, and he was invariably imperturbable in manner; it satisfied him, however, for the present, and he forthwith walked away, casting on me that equivocal sort of look with which Ajax turned from Ulysses, or Dido from Æneas, in the Shades. When a man, says some sage, is laden with severe afflictions, he has at least the satisfaction of reflecting that inferior ones are all forgotten: so that, viewed in this light, one first-rate grievance may be looked on as the luckiest thing in the world; for not only does it annihilate a score of petty annoyances, but, by affording the mind a dignified pretence for grumbling, vastly elevates it in its own esteem, and improves its powers of endurance. With regard to myself, I am what Terence would call a *Heautontimorumenos*; i. e. a self-tormentor. When nothing of moment oppresses me, I ingeniously find food for vexation in trifles, and could no more exist without a grievance than others without hope. It will, therefore, be conceded that my tailor, in the absence of some graver misery, now began to grow upon my affections as an annoyance. My debt, indeed, with him was a positive affliction—one that could only be settled by as positive a remedy; but this, from one cause or another, I was at present unable to perform.

A lapse of a few weeks ensued, during which I heard nothing farther from my persecutor; when, one dark November evening—one of those peculiarly English evenings, full of fog and gloom, when the half-frozen sleet, joined in its descent by gutters from the house-tops, comes driving full in your face, blinding you to all external objects—on one of these blessed evenings, on my road to Camden Town, I chanced to miss my way, and was compelled, notwithstanding a certain shyness towards strangers, to ask my direction of the first respectable person I should meet. Many passed me by, but none sufficiently prepossessing; when, on turning down some nameless street that leads to Tottenham Court Road, I chanced to come behind a staid-looking gentleman, accoutred in a dark brown coat, with an umbrella—the cotton of which had shrunk half-way up the whalebone—held obliquely over his head. Hastily stepping up to him,—“Pray, Sir,” said I, “could you be kind enough to direct me to — Place, Camden Town?”

The unknown thus addressed made the slightest possible inclination towards me; and then, in an under tone,—“I believe, Sir, your name is D——?”

I paused: a vague sort of recollection came over me. Could it be?—no, surely not! And yet the voice—the manner—the—the——

My suspicions were soon converted into certainty, when the stranger, with his own peculiar expression, quietly broke forth a second time with—“Touching that little account——”

This was enough: it was more than enough—it was vexatiously superfluous. To be dunned for a debt, at the very time when the nerves could best dispense with the application; to be recalled back to the vulgarities of existence, at that precise moment when the imagination was most abstracted from all commercial common-places; to be stopped by a tailor (and such a tailor!), when the mind was dreaming of a mistress—the bare idea was intolerable! So I thought; and, without farther explanation, hurried precipitately from the spot, nor ever once paused

till far removed from the husky tones of that sepulchral voice which had once before so highly excited my annoyance.

It was somewhere about this time that my friend C——, of Covent Garden—pitying my generally secluded mode of life—offered me tickets for one of Mr. Champaigne Wright's masquerades. As this is a species of amusement totally foreign to what has been usually considered the staple of English character—an amusement wherein extremes meet; where the melancholy Jaques jostles the merry Falstaff; where patricians league with plebeians; where *roués* consort on equal terms with their own tradesmen; where pimps and parasites, authors and actors, play the fool, each to the best of his ability; where the flashing countenance, rounded bust, and full undulating form of some entrancing beauty, decked out in all the witcheries of art, breathe a hot scorching spirit into the veins, that literally sets the blood on fire; where the very air itself is love, a wandering, subtle, searching, and invisible love, whose voice speaks in music, and melts in the heart silently and sunnily, as eave-drops in the day-beam; where wit, fancy, passion, and ostentation, mobility in robes, nobility in rags, pursue the novice at each step:—as this is a species of amusement wherein all such quaint contrarieties are sure to be combined, I resolved for once to mingle with the motley herd; so forthwith set out, disguised as a domino, for the scene of entertainment. A few minutes after my arrival, the stage began to fill; and what with the lights and the dresses—the music—the heated atmosphere—and the heterogeneous variety of characters, who flitted past me like dreams—my fancy expanded, my shyness wore away, and was succeeded by insufferable impudence. While thus excited, my eyes were suddenly directed towards the figure of a Nun, shrouded from head to foot in a long black veil, who, as C—— assured me, had been staring at me attentively for some time. What could this import? Admiration, doubtless, on the part of the fair gazer. So I thought; and, fired with champagne and sentiment, hastened towards the spot where she stood. Alas! it was too late. The unknown had gone—eloped—evaporated! Here was a situation for a gentleman! Luckily, my disappointment was not of long duration; for, on turning my eyes towards the stage-door, I caught a second glimpse of the Nun, wedged fast between two apoplectic Ariels. In an instant I was by her side; my eyes rivetted on her mask with that expression of peculiar intensity which is said to characterize the lover. We were at this time alone, in a remote quarter of the stage. I seized the opportunity, and, grasping my companion's hand vigorously, but with perfect gentility, whispered in her ear a few brief sentences, which I cannot here repeat, but which I distinctly remember were amorous, touching, and persuasive. An awful pause ensued, at the expiration of which time I resumed my pleadings. I painted in the most feeling terms my anxiety to behold a countenance, which I felt convinced must be lovely—or at least to hear a voice, which fancy persuaded me must breathe the spirit of sensibility itself. Strange to tell, I received not the slightest answer! A third time I renewed my supplications. I besought—I adjured—I prayed—but for one word, one little word, if it merely meant nothing; adding (and I think with singular felicity), that even nothing was something to a lover. Still no reply! My feelings now began to be wrought to desperation—my lip quivered—the devil was fast rising within me. The unknown evidently saw my agitation: her

gentle heart was touched ; and, after fumbling about for some time, as if feeling for some precious document, she thrust a paper confusedly, yet significantly, into my hands, and disappeared in the thick of the assembly. For an instant—so unexpected was this act—I stood like one bewildered ; but, soon recovering my self-possession, moved direct towards the chandelier, with a view to peruse an epistle expressive of woman's fondest love. As with glistening eyes I proceeded to tear open the billet, a flood of transporting thoughts swept over me. I fancied that I was on the eve of acquaintance with ——— ; but, judge my astonishment, when, instead of the expected document, the key to such transporting bliss, I read, engraved in large German text, on a dirty square card, embossed at the edge with flowers, the revolting, business-like address of

Mr. Thomas M——r,
Tailor,
116, High Holborn.

The reader, if he possess sensibility, will naturally enough conclude that I did not remain long in the scene of this extraordinary adventure. I retired, in fact, the very first opportunity, cogitating deeply on my road home, and not without certain superstitious misgivings on the more than singularity that had thus a third time thrown me into the arms of this most accursed creditor. It so happened that, the next day, I dined with C——. Of course the masquerade, and with that the tailor, were the first topics of conversation between us. Both allowed that the circumstances respecting his late appearance were uncommon ; but there, with my friend, the matter ended : with me it was a more enduring subject for reflection ; and, after a night kept up till a late hour over a bowl of C——'s most faultless punch, I set out, moody and apprehensive, to my humble abode. By this time it was past three o'clock : the streets were nearly all deserted ; the lamps looked dim and disconsolate ; and nothing disturbed the general stillness but now and then the distant rattling of a hackney-coach, the squall of some enamoured cat from the house-tops, or the sleepy growl of the watch-dog, as he shifted from side to side, under the influence of a dyspeptic imagination. While thoughtfully plodding onwards, a sudden noise from the Holborn end of Drury Lane took my attention : it evidently proceeded from a row—a systematic, scientific row ; and, indeed, as I drew near the scene of action, I could distinctly hear the watchman's oaths blending in deep chorus with the treble of some dozen or two valorous exquisites. I have often observed that, when a man is just touched with drink—that is to say, when he is as drunk as any gentleman could reasonably desire to be—he experiences—no matter how orderly when sober—peculiar satisfaction from a fight. A genius for war rises within him—the God of battles inspires his fist ! Such was precisely my case. I felt certain rising abstract ideas of pugnacity, and conceived myself bound to indulge them on the first head and shoulders I should meet. This spirit brought me at once into the thick of the fight, and, before I was well aware of my proximity, I found myself fast anchored alongside a veteran watchman, with a pigtail and half a nose. The conflict now commenced in good earnest : there were few or no attempts at favouritism ; the blows of one friend told equally well on the scull of another ; watchmen assaulted watchmen with a zeal respectable for its sincerity ; and, indeed, had

these last been any thing more than a bundle of old coats and oaths, they would most undoubtedly have drubbed each other into a better world. After a lively and well-sustained affair of about twenty minutes, a squadron of auxiliary watchmen arrived, and, with some difficulty, deposited us all safely in the watch-house. And here the very first person that met my gaze—seated, with due regard to dignity, in an arm-chair, a pair of spectacles on his nose, a glass of brandy-and-water by his side, and a newspaper, redolent of cheese, before him—was the constable of the night—the nun of the masquerade—the Mysterious Tailor of High Holborn! The wretch's eyes gleamed with a savage but subdued joy at the recognition; a low, chuckling laugh escaped him; while his dull countenance, made doubly revolting by the dim light of the watch-house, fell, fixed and scowling, upon me, as he pointed towards the spot where I stood.—“Dobson,” he exclaimed; and, at the word, forth stepped the owner of this melodious appellative, with “this here man.” Luckily, before he could finish his charge, a five-shilling-piece, which I thrust into his unsuspecting palm, created a diversion among the watchmen in my behalf; under favour of which, while my arch enemy was adjusting his books, I contrived to escape from his detested presence.

It happened that about a month subsequent to this last rencontre, circumstances led me to Boulogne, whither I arrived, late in the evening, by the steam-boat. On being directed to the best English hotel in that truly social Anglo-Gallic little town, I chanced to find in the coffee room an old crony, whom I had known years since at Cambridge, and who had just arrived from Switzerland, on a speculation connected with some vineyards. There is nothing that more keenly calls forth the lurking humanities of the heart, than such a sudden rekindling of early sympathies, after time, absence, and continued commerce with the world, have conspired to dim, if not to extinguish, them altogether. It is like a sunny genial morning, bursting forth in the midst of winter: we feel that it is shadowy, evanescent; that it is born and dies with the day, and relish it with proportionate gusto. I had a thousand questions to ask my friend, a thousand memories to disinter from their graves in my heart, past follies to re-enact, past scenes to re-people. We began with our school-days, pursued the subject to Cambridge, carried it back again to Reading, and thence traced it through all its windings, now in sunshine, now in gloom, till the canvass of our recollection was fairly filled with portraits. In this way, time, unperceived, slipped on; noon deepened into evening, evening blackened into midnight, yet nothing but our wine was exhausted. And this last possessed a flavour that I never before experienced; it was a sentiment in itself, a fine mellow sentiment, which fell upon my heart like rain on some parched and stunted meadow. Once or twice—so busily absorbed were we in wine and chit-chat—the waiter came in, apparently to snuff the candles, but in reality, to hasten our retreat: the disappearance too, of the different persons from the coffee-room, who dropped off by twos and threes, told us that we were encroaching on the morning, yet still we stuck to our box “like Teneriffe or Atlas unremoved.” At last, after a long evening spent in the freest and most social converse, my friend quitted the coffee-room, while I—imitating, as I went, the circumlocutory windings of the Meander—proceeded to my allotted chamber. Unfortunately, on reaching the head of the first stair-case, where two opposite

doors presented themselves, I opened (as a matter of course) the wrong one, which led me into a spacious apartment, in which were placed two fat full-grown beds. My lanthorn happening to go out at the moment, I was compelled to forego all further scrutiny, so without more ado, flung off my clothes, and dived, at one dexterous plunge, right into the centre of the nearest vacant bed. In an instant I was fast asleep: my imagination, oppressed with the day's events, had become fairly exhausted, and now lay chained down in that heavy, dreamless sleep, which none but fatigued travellers can appreciate. Towards day-break, I was roused by a peculiar long-drawn snore, proceeding from the next bed. The music, though deep, was gusty, vulgar, and ludicrous, like a west wind whistling through a wash-house. I should know it among a thousand snores. At first I took no notice of this diversified sternutation, but as it deepened every moment in energy, terminating in something like a groan, I was compelled to pay it the homage of my admiration and astonishment. This attention, however, soon flagged: in a few minutes I was a second time asleep, nor did I again awake till the morning was far advanced. At this eventful juncture, while casting my eyes round the room with all the voluptuous indolence of a jaded traveller, they suddenly chanced to fall on a gaunt, spectral figure, undressed, unwashed, unshaved, decked out in a red worsted night-cap, its left cheek swollen, as if with cold or tooth-ache, and seated bolt upright in the very next bed, scarce six inches off my nose. And this figure was—but I need add no more: the reader must by this time have fully anticipated my discovery.

That night I started from Bologne. I could no more have endured to stop there, conscious that the town contained my persecutor, than I could have flown. Accordingly, after a hurried breakfast, I proceeded to arrange what little business I had to transact; and this completed, away I posted to the well-known shop of Monsieur —, dentist, perruquier, and general agent to the steam packet company. Fortunately the little man was at home, and received me with his usual courtesy. He was very, very sorry, that he could not stay to converse with me, but a patient in the inner parlour required his immediate attendance; he must therefore—. I entreated him not to apologize: my business was simple, it was merely to ascertain at what hour the first packet sailed; and having so said, and received a satisfactory reply, I prepared to quit the shop, when just as I was turning round to shut the door, I caught a glimpse through the half-closed curtains that shaded the inner room, of a cheek and one eye. The cheek was swollen, and a solitary patch of snuff rested, like a fly, upon its surface.—It was the Mysterious Tailor: he had come in to have his tooth pulled out.

Notwithstanding my anxiety to quit Bologne, it was evening before I was on board the packet, nor did I feel myself at ease, until the heights had dwindled to a speck, and the loud carols of the fishermen returning home from their day's sport, had sunk into a faint undistinguished whisper. Our vessel's course for the first hour or so was delightful: the sailors laughed and sung, the passengers—most of whom were in the cabin—occupied their leisure with cards, scandal, and bad puns; and I, with one or two others, amused myself with watching the shifting sunset, as it threw its long pensile hues across a sea as glassy as marble. It is pleasant, stretched at one's ease on deck, to see the swell left in the vessel's wake, glittering like studded silver in the twilight; to hear the

lazy flapping to and fro of the undecided sail, and mark the descending shadows as momentarily they vary their aspects, changing, first from a dull grey to a darker brown, thence deepening into a more sombre leaden tint, till at last one uniform pall of frightful raven blackness drops down upon the horizon, blotting out earth, sea, and sky. Towards night, the weather, which had hitherto proved so serene, began to fluctuate; the wind shifted, and gradually a heavy swell came rolling in from the north-east towards us. As the hour advanced, a storm seemed advancing with it: the sea-gull flew lower, and described narrower circles round our vessel; the gale rose and fell, the porpoises—those sea-aldermen—frolicked about in shoals; and a hundred other symptoms appeared, the least of which was fully sufficient to certify the coming on of a tremendous hurricane. Our Captain, however—a bronzed, pinched-up little fellow, whom a series of north-westerns seemed to have dried to a mummy—put a good face on the matter, and our mate whistled bluffly, though I could not help fancying that his whistle had something forced about it. As for the passengers, luckily they were for the most part ill; but those who, like myself, could still keep the deck, seemed labouring with awkward anticipations. Among them was a smart, dapper Undertaker from Tooley-street, whose chief dread arose from an apprehension of being entombed uncoffined in the sea. He could not conceive the idea of being disposed of so summarily, without mutes or mourners, black gloves, or crape hat-bands: it disturbed his sense of “the fitness of things,” and was worse, he said, than being buried in a cross-road. There was a lady too—evidently a citizen’s wife—who just as an enormous wave was sweeping heavily across the deck, rejected the proffered help of a stranger who stood near her, because she had not been properly introduced to him. Alas, for human nature! vain, perplexing, and inconsistent to the last.

We had by this time been tossing about upwards of four hours, yet despite the storm, which increased every moment in energy, our vessel bore up well, labouring and pitching frightfully to be sure, but as yet uninjured in sail, mast, or hull. As for her course, it was—so the mate assured me—“a moral impossible to say which way we were bound, whether for a trip to Spain, Holland, or Van Dieman’s Land; it might be one, it might be t’other.” Scarcely had he uttered these words, when a long rolling sea came sweeping on in hungry grandeur towards us, and at one rush tore open the ship’s gun-wale, which now, completely at the mercy of the wave, went staggering, drunken and blindfold, through the surge. From this fatal moment the sailors were kept constantly at the pumps, although so instantaneous was the rush of water into the hold, that they did little or no good: there seemed, in fact, not the ghost of a chance left us; even the mate had ceased whistling, and the Captain’s oaths began to assume the nature of a compromise between penitence and hardihood. The reader may here wish to know, if at least my narrative have so far interested him, how I bore myself on this trying occasion. Strange to say, instead of apprehension, I experienced the intensest excitement. The sense of danger was swallowed up in a vivid relish of the poetry with which the elements of tempest are replete. I gazed up towards the clouds, between which a red moon now and then looked out, with awe, certainly not dread; they resembled, methought, things of meaning, instinct with life and consciousness; spirits of another world, whose voice was the wind howling its malignant music triumph-

antly amid tempest and ruin. Sometimes, when during partial clearings off, a few faint stars would smilingly peep forth, I gave them credit for their good intentions; they looked mild, pitying, philosophical, and contrasted well with the capricious bluster of that big Irish bully, the hurricane. But even this last had a few redeeming traits of humanity about him. His voice would take at intervals a touching elevated tone, and come sighing and wailing from distance across the water, solemn as an anthem, mournful as a wind-struck harp. And then the clouds—the ever-shifting silver-skirted clouds—the very slightest glance of the moon would suffice wholly to change their aspect. If before they resembled spirits, they would now assume a wilder character. Vast armies would seem deploying, file after file, in all the emblazoned panoply of triumph, with banners streaming and trumpets sounding, along the sky; an instant—and palaces, temples and colonnades, built after the most fantastic patterns of architecture, here broken into jagged ruins, there trim and shapely to the eye, and lit up with glittering transparencies, would rear their stately fronts instead: and these again would be succeeded by volcanos, spouting forth smoke and fire, cataracts sending up on all sides immense volumes of gaudy moonlit spray, together with a hundred similar atmospheric phenomena, so rapid and fertile, yet defineable in their combinations, that an excited fancy might almost believe them real.

It was now midnight, deep, awful midnight; the few remaining passengers had left the deck and retreated into a bed which they shared in common with the salt water. The Captain stood, like one bewildered, beside the helm, while I lay stretched along the forecastle, watching, as well as I could, the tremendous rushing of the waves. It was, indeed, a magnificent sight; one after another hurried by, swelling, gamboling, and interwoven each with each, like immense knotted serpents: at one moment all the water of the world seemed gathered into a single billow; then a pause would ensue—a sudden, mysterious pause—then the wind would call indignantly, as it were, upon the wave, urging it once more to action; then the thunder would crash above our heads like the convulsive groans of some dying giant; and then, to wind up the whole, strange meteoric splendours would flash around us, resolved, that not one single horror should escape unnoticed. It was during a partial hush of the storm, when the wind, as if out of breath, was still, that a shifting light attached to some moving body, came bearing down full upon us.

"This is an ugly night, Sir," said the Captain, who now, for the first time, found words, "yet methinks I see a sail a-head."

"Surely not," I replied, "no earthly vessel but our own can live on such a sea."

Scarcely had the words escaped me, when "helm's a lee!" was roared out in a loud emphatic tone, something between rage and fright.

The Captain strove to turn his helm, but in vain, the rudder had lost all power. At this instant, a rushing sound swept past us, and the two ships came in direct contact with each other. The crash was tremendous: down with a dizzy spinning motion went the strange vessel; one yell—but one shrill piercing yell, which is ever sounding in my ears, ensued—a pause, and all was over.

My heart died within me at that cry; an icy shudder crept through me, every hair of my head seemed endowed with separate vitality. To

go down into the tomb—and such a tomb!—unwept, unknown, the very lights from the English coast still discernible in distance, yet not a friend to hold forth aid; the idea was inexpressibly awful. Just at this crisis, while grasping the bannister with weak hands, I lay faint and hopeless on the deck, I fancied I saw a dark figure crawling up the cabin-steps towards me. I listened; the sound drew near, the form advanced, already it touched that part of the stair-case to which I clung. Was it the phantom of one of those wretches who had just met death? Had it come fresh from eternity, the taint of recent earth yet hanging about it, to warn me of my own departure? A sudden vivid flash enabled me to dispel all doubt; the dull grey eye, and thin furrowed form, were not to be so mistaken; the voice too—but why prolong the mystery? it was my old unforgotten persecutor, the Mysterious Tailor of High Holborn. What followed I know not: overpowered by previous excitement, and the visitation of this infernal phantom, my brain spun round—my heart ticked audibly like a clock—my tongue glued to my mouth—I sank senseless at the cabin door.

On recovering from my stupor, I found myself with a physician and two apothecaries beside me, in bed at the George Inn, Ramsgate. I had been, it seems, for two whole days delirious, during which pregnant interval I had lived over again all the horrors of the preceding hours. The wind sang in my ears, the phantom forms of the unburied flitted pale and ghastly before my eyes. I fancied that I was still on the sea; that the massive copper-coloured clouds which hovered scarcely a yard overhead, were suddenly transformed into uncouth shapes, who glared at me from between saffron chinks, made by the scudding wrack; that the waters teemed with life, cold, slimy, preternatural things of life; that their eyes after assuming a variety of awful expressions, settled down into that dull frozen character, and their voices into that low, sepulchral, indefinable tone, which marked the Mysterious Tailor. This wretch was the Abaddon of my dreamy Pandæmonium. He was ever before me: he lent an added splendour to the day, and deepened the midnight gloom. On the heights of Boulogne I saw him; far away over the foaming waters he floated still and lifeless beside me, his eye never once off my face, his voice never silent in my ear. He was the shadow that threw forward its blighting darap upon my head; the mute, expressive, eternal curse beneath which my mind sickened and died. This, the reader will say, was mere madness, the fever of a distempered fancy. Alas! mad—frantic though I was, dead to all external common places around me, I was sensitively alive to suffering. I was bled, blistered, physicked, reduced almost to a skeleton; yet even this, so far from assuaging, only changed the character of my dreams. Before, I was familiar with horror; my fancy now took a more melancholy cast. I roved on summer evenings beside the still waters of my native Towy, when the sheep-bell was tinkling, and the rich glowing purple light was momentarily fading off the sky. I heard the voices of birds in the woods, the ploughman's whistle, the sweet distant village chimes, and the loud laugh from the thronged ale-house. While mellowed, as it were, into peace, by the witching influence of the hour, a strange shadow thrown suddenly from some gigantic form behind me, would let fall its chill gloom upon my head—a low voice would breathe in my ear—a dull heavy dead eye—*his eye*—would catch my averted glance. Once, in particular, I was

seated on a new-made grave in — church-yard, speculating on the nature of the clay that mouldered beneath—my feelings softened by the sunny gleams that every now and then shot through the old stained church-windows upon the fresh turned-up sod—when suddenly the earth beneath me yawned wide asunder, and disclosed an open coffin, in which, shrouded in its half-rotted grave-clothes, lay the blue sapless festering form of him, my undying, omnipotent, and unearthly Tormentor.

My tale would scarcely have an end, were I to repeat but the one half of what during two brief days (two centuries in suffering) I experienced from this derangement of the nervous system. My readers may fancy that I have exaggerated my state of mind: far from it, I have purposely softened down the more distressing particulars, apprehensive if not of being discredited, at least of incurring ridicule. Towards the close of the third day my fever began to abate, I became more sobered in my turn of thought, could contrive to answer questions, and listen with tolerable composure to my landlord's details of my miraculous preservation. The storm was slowly rolling off my mind, but the swell was still left behind it. The fourth day found me so far recovered, that I was enabled to quit my chamber, sit beside an open window, and derive amusement from the uncouth appearance of a Dutch crew, whose brig was lying at anchor in the harbour. From this time forward, every hour brought fresh accession to my strength, until at the expiration of the tenth day—so sudden is recovery in cases of violent fever when once the crisis is passed—I was sufficiently restored to take my place by a night-coach for London. The first few stages I endured tolerably well, notwithstanding that I had somewhat rashly ventured upon an outside place; but as midnight drew on, the wind became so piercingly keen, accompanied every now and then by a squally shower of sleet, that I was glad to bargain for an inside birth. By good luck, there was just room enough left for one, which I instantly appropriated, in spite of sundry hints *hemmed* forth by a crusty old gentlemen, that the coach was full already. Perhaps there is no situation in which the peculiar surliness of the English character—a surliness not originating in the heart, but simply the result of a certain innate stiffness of manner, which John Bull can no more help than a lobster can help turning red when boiled—perhaps, I repeat, there is no situation in which this national mannerism is so fully developed as in travelling. Every individual is then on the *qui vive*; he calls to mind all the strange stories of swindling and trickery, with which the newspapers, from time to time, have furnished him, and is sure to fancy his nearest neighbour a rogue. The very circumstance of being from home keeps his distrust more keenly on the fret; he feels that he is abroad among strangers, with none to preserve him but himself: and even the ordinary courtesies which travellers instinctively pay to one another, are mixed up in his jaundiced imagination with ideas of imposture and duplicity. It may be inferred from this cursory hint, that I took my place in the coach not a little to the dissatisfaction of those already seated there. Not a word was spoken for miles: for the circumstance of its being dark increased the distrust of all, and, in the firm conviction that I was an adventurer, they had already, I make no doubt, buttoned up their pockets, and diligently adjusted their watch-chains. In a short time, this reserve wore away; an adroit common-place upon

the weather put by one individual to his next neighbour, brought on a doleful history of the latter's recent attack of gout ; this branched off to anecdotes of dyspepsia and indigestion, which in turn gave place to an animated discussion on the nervous system. From this moment the conversation became general. Each individual had some invalid story to relate, and I too so far forgot my usual taciturnity as to indulge my hearers with a detail of my late indisposition—of its origin in the Mysterious Tailor—of the wretch's inconceivable persecution—of the fiendish peculiarities of his appearance—of his astonishing ubiquity, and lastly, of my conviction that he was either more or less than man. Scarcely had the very uncourteous laughter that accompanied this narrative concluded, when a low, intermittent snore, proceeding from a person close at my elbow, challenged my most serious notice. The sound was peculiar—original—unearthly—and reminded me of the same music which had so harrowed my nerves at Bologne. Yet it could not surely be he—he, the very thoughts of whom now sent a thrill through every vein. Oh, no ! it must be some one else—there were other harmonious sternutators beside him, he could not be the only nasal nightingale in the three kingdoms. While I thus argued the matter, silently yet suspiciously, a wandering gleam of day, streaming in at the coach windows, faintly lit up a nose the penultimate peculiarities of which gave a very ominous turn to my reflections. In due time this light became more vivid ; and beneath its encouraging influence, first, a pair of eyes—then two sallow juiceless cheeks, then an upper lip, then a projecting chin ; and lastly, the entire figure of the Mysterious Tailor himself, whose head, it seems, had hitherto been folded, bird-like, upon his breast, grew into atrocious distinctness, while from the depths of the creature's throat came forth the strangely-solemn whisper, “touching that little account.” For this once, indignation got the better of affright. “Go where I will,” I exclaimed, passionately interrupting him, “I find I cannot avoid you, you have a supernatural gift of omnipresence, but be you fiend or mortal I will now grapple with you ;” and accordingly snatching at that obnoxious feature which, like the tail of the rattle-snake, had twice warned me of its master's fatal presence, I grasped it with such zealous good will, that had it been of mortal manufacture it must assuredly have come off in my hands. Aroused by the laughter of my fellow passengers, the coachman—who was just preparing to mount, after having changed horses at Dartford—abruptly opened the door, on which I as abruptly jumped out ; and after paying my fare the whole way to town, and casting on the fiend a look of “inextinguishable hatred,” made an instant retreat into the inn. About the middle of the next day I reached London, and without a moment's pause hurried to the lodgings of my before-mentioned friend C—. Luckily he was at home, but started at the strange forlorn figure that presented itself. And well indeed he might. My eye-balls were glazed and bloody, my cheeks white as a shroud, my mouth a-jar, my lips blue and quivering. “For God's sake, C—,” I began, vouchsafing no further explanation, “lend me—(I have specified the sum)—or I am ruined ; that infernal, inconceivable Tailor has—” C— smilingly interrupted me by an instant compliance with my demand ; on which, without a moment's delay, I bounded off, breathless and semi-frantic, towards my arch fiend's Pandæmonium at

High Holborn. I cannot—cannot say what I felt as I crossed over from Drury Lane towards his den, more particularly when, on entering, I beheld the demon himself behind his counter—calm, moveless, and sepulchral, as if nothing of moment had occurred; as if he were an every day dun, or I an every day debtor. The instant he espied me, a sardonic smile, together with that appalling dissyllable, “touching” (which I never to this day hear, see, or write without a shudder) escaped him; but before he could close his oration, I had approached, trembling with rage and reverence, towards him, and, thrusting forth the exact sum, was rushing from his presence, when he beckoned me back for a receipt. A receipt, and from him too! It was like taking a receipt for one’s soul from Satan!!

The reader will doubtless conclude that, now at least, having satisfactorily settled his demands, I had done with my Tormentor for ever. He will also (and naturally enough) infer, that my mind would resume its former comparative tranquillity, or if still hankering after a grievance, would find some fresher subject; that, in short, I should apply once again to my long neglected medical pursuits, and become, what is biblically termed, “a new man.” These inferences are in part correct. I followed up my vocation with an energy strangely contrasted with my recent indifference, was early and late in the schools, and for three months pursued this course with such ardour, that my adventures with the Mysterious Tailor, though not forgotten, were yet gradually losing their once powerful hold on my imagination. This was precisely the state of my feelings, when early one autumnal morning, just seven months from the date of my last visit to High Holborn, I chanced to be turning down Saint Giles’s Church, on my way to — Hospital. It was one of those still depressing days, clouded, and with a regular and heavily blowing wind, when the mind, taking its tone from the season, feels a load thrown upon its energies, which it in vain attempts to shake off. I had nothing to render me more than usually pensive; no new vexations, no sudden pecuniary embarrassments; yet it so happened, that on this particular morning I felt a weight at my heart, and a cloud on my brain, for which I could in no way account. As I passed along Broad Street, I made one or two bold attempts to rally. I stared inquisitively at the different passers by, endeavouring, by a snatch at the expression of their faces, to speculate on the turn of their minds, and the nature of their occupations; I then began to whistle and hum some lively air, at the same time twirling my glove with affected unconcern; but nothing would do; every exertion I made to appear cheerful, not only found no answering sympathy from within, but even exaggerated by contrast my despondency. In this condition I reached Saint Giles’s Church. A crowd was assembled at the gate opposite its entrance, and presently the long surly toll of the death-bell—that solemn and oracular memento—announced that a funeral was on the eve of taking place. I have often had occasion to admire the extreme business-like regularity with which these ceremonies are conducted in England. Each individual in the procession has his own particular allowance of sorrow assigned him. The first mourning coach is dedicated to overpowering grief, the second to a more qualified tribulation, the third to a decent regret, the fourth, &c., to an amiable indifference. This duly apportioned woe is adhered to with unswerving scrupulosity. The last coach

would scorn to trespass on the province of the first; and it would deeply affront the sensibilities of the second, were it to find its affliction rivalled by the ambitious agonies of the third. The very horses partake abundantly of this distinction. Those attached to the leading vehicle are rendered, through an apt process of starvation, accomplished models of suffering, while the remainder, according to their rank in the procession, may be excused if they trespass a little upon obesity, provided they do not make too ostentatious a display. These ideas suggested themselves to my mind as the funeral halted at the entrance gate, where the coffin was taken from the hearse, and thence borne into the chancel. This ceremony concluded, the procession again set forth towards the home appointed for the departed in a remote quarter of the church-yard. And now the interest began in reality to deepen. As the necessary preparations were making for lowering the coffin into earth, the mourners—even those who had hitherto looked on unmoved—pressed gradually nearer, and with a momentary show of interest, to the grave. Such is the ennobling character of death. It lulls the storm of passion, mellows the roughness of hatred, sweetens the bitterness of scorn, and even hushes the deep mutterings of envy. No bad feeling can thrive within its awful precincts, for it is a charmed and holy atmosphere, a Mausoleum of benevolence, in which every hostile passion is entombed.

The preparations were by this time concluded, and nothing now remained but the last summons of the sexton. At this juncture, while the coffin was being lowered into its resting place, my eyes, accidentally, it may be said, but in reality by some fatal instinct, fell full upon the lid, on which I instantly recognised a name, long and fearfully known to me—the name of the Mysterious Tailor of High Holborn. Oh, how many thrilling recollections did this one name recal? The rencontre in the streets of London—the scene at the masquerade—the meeting at Boulogne—the storm—the shipwreck—the sinking vessel—the appearance at that moment of *the man* himself—the subsequent visions of mingled fever and insanity: all, all now swept across my mind, as for the last time I gazed on the remains of him who was powerless henceforth for ever. In a few minutes one little span of earth would keep down that strange form which seemed once endowed with ubiquity. That wild unearthly voice was mute; that wandering glance was fixed; a seal was set upon those lips which eternity itself could not remove. Yes, my Tormentor—my mysterious—omnipresent Tormentor was indeed gone; and in that one word, how much of vengeance was forgotten! I was roused from this reverie by the hollow sound of the clay as it fell dull and heavy on the coffin-lid. The poor sleeper beneath could not hear it, it is true; his slumber, henceforth, was sound; the full tide of human population pressing fast beside the spot where he lay buried, should never wake him more; no human sorrow should rack his breast, no dream disturb his repose; yet cold, changed, and senseless as he was, the first sound of the falling clods jarred strange and harsh upon my ear, as if it must perforce awake him. In this feverish state of mind I quitted the church-yard, and, on my road home, passed by the shop where I had first met with the deceased. It was altered—strangely altered—to my mind, revoltingly so. Its quaint antique character, its dingy spectral look were gone, and

there was even a studied air of cheerfulness about it, as if the present proprietor were anxious to obliterate every association, however slight, that might possibly remind him of the past. The former owner had but just passed out, his ashes were scarcely cold, and already his name was on the wane. Yet this is human nature. It cannot, and, indeed, it is fit that it should not dwell for ever with the past: events are on the march, and the mind, side by side, must march with them. How confined, how contemptible a space do we, who are every thing in our own eyes, occupy in the mighty universe around us. We die, and self-love persuades us, that the eyes of the world are fixed on our parting moments, when, in truth, even our next door neighbour is indifferent. So trifling, in fact, is the gap caused by our absence in society, that there needs no patriotic Curtius to leap into it; it closes without a miracle the instant it is made, and none but a disinterested Undertaker knows or cares for whom tolls our passing bell.

THE CONVENT OF CATANIA.

"I thought thy bride bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,

" And not have strew'd thy grave."

Hamlet.

THE stranger who, for the first time, visits that district of Sicily, of which Catania is the principal town, will find as much to delight him in the ruins of art, as in the freshness and luxuriance of nature. An Eden in all but its insecurity; the base of Etna is beautified by flowers of every hue, and forest-trees of all climates; the hamlets that peep out from the clusters of rich wood, give to that prospect a liveliness which more populous tracts of level scenery can never attain; and the Arcadian look and dresses of the peasantry, complete the picture, which might have served for the model of a poet's fairy-land. But the fertile beauty of St. Agata, or Tremisteri, moved not my wonder more strongly than an object of a very different nature, which used to greet me on my rambles with the solemnity of a spectre. It was a ruin—not a storied pile, with venerable ivy, and columns of scrupulous architecture—a place of no primæval note or superstition, but a confused mass of fallen walls, and unsightly fragments, which, at no distant period, seemed to have been the prey of a dreadful conflagration. Around me were scattered the blackened stones and crumbling timbers, and here and there, an ornamented frieze or other gorgeous relic that seemed to have belonged to an edifice sacred to some uses of the Catholic Church. I wandered, without knowing why, for hours, amid this desolation, and its image haunted my mind, and would not be driven away from it.

Thou art gone from this world of sorrow, old Carmelo,* my merry

* Carmelo Puglisi, host of the hotel, called the Elephant, at Catania, remembered the ascent of Etna, by Brydone, in 1770. He was a fine old man, and had a budget of anecdotes, historical, and local, that, when opened, rendered his conversation the pleasantest thing in the world. On future occasions, the same source may possibly be used for similar draughts of traditional anecdote. I need not add, that the main event of this little tale is strictly, or rather, historically, true.

host ! I may not hear that garrulous tongue of thine again ; thy customary seat is vacant ; but I remember well the accents and purport of thy voice, and in no matter more faithfully than when our converse was about this tenantless old ruin. How thy lip quivered to tell its history, and the eye not dimmed by seventy winters, lost something of its brightness, when so sad a tale was to be recounted. If an interval of some half dozen years, and the treachery of all human recollections, be not too severely estimated, I may, even now, be able to present a detail of those occurrences, which were so eloquently described by thee, to a listener neither uninterested nor forgetful.

In the vicinity of Catania, where the links of family descent are preserved with such jealous care, there existed no prouder or more noble house than that of the Alessi. The old count, in whom were now vested all the hereditary dignities of his race, felt for his daughter Rosina, a love deeper and more solicitous than might have been expected from the sternness of his general character. But her mother, with a dying injunction, charged him to be gentle as herself to the deserted girl ; and in that hour, when all his manly spirit was broken, these words wound themselves around his heart, beloved as the earthly farewell of his dear companion, and sacred as the counsel of one so soon to be divine.

And for Rosina, did she not merit all the tenderness that the most affectionate parent could bestow ? What eye was brighter, whose smile could return a readier expression of love, than that of his only daughter ? She was the most "gracious creature born ;"—with all the light-hearted innocence and prattle of a mere child—matured by the first dawns of womanhood. Grave, or gay, according to her mood, disguising nothing, affecting nothing, but by her father's side ever to be found, like a ray of sunshine in his path. It was beautiful to see the fair thing with all her gentleness and feminine timidity, contrasted with the rugged old soldier, whose frowns, multiplied by long trials in a world he hated, were scarcely ever softened by aught else around him. He had a son—not such a one as a father's hopes had pourtrayed—and Rosina was the only staff of his declining years.

It happened that a young Neapolitan was at this time a visitor on their island. He came with no passports of admission into the principal families, and was, therefore, held as an adventurer, or one of doubtful blood. He had wandered over the beautiful scenes of Sicily, and by chance encountered, in one of the most lovely of them all, that innocent girl, who had hitherto known nothing of life but its smiles. It were needless to recount by what accidents they met again, and by what expedients they afterwards repeated their interviews ; still more needless would it be to say how the stranger at first amused, then attracted the companion of many concealed meetings, which *were* concealed, not from any fear on her part, but because he so desired it, and the experience of young love soon showed them that these stolen moments were the "sweeter for the theft." The light-hearted girl lost something of her natural deportment ; her mood was not so variable, nor her step so light as formerly. In her solitude, she mused or looked on all things wistfully. With her father she had lost the quick speech, and listening look, of former days, and she, who had been as the shadow of river-trees, thrown upon the water, ever moving, and restless, and uncertain, but still the image and companion of her sturdy sire, was now become solitary, and abstracted, and fixed, as though her young spirit had been already blighted.

The old man watched this decay, and a sigh, or an unusual tremor of voice, was all the counsel he could give. He felt that his own support was gone, but he checked not the strong impulses that led away from him the fond heart of his daughter. It was a severe pang that accompanied the dismissal of his proud plans, and interested hopes. He could not see his child taken from him without a selfish sense of sorrow; but that her love should be given to an unknown foreigner, looked upon with suspicion, and credited as one of gentle birth, only on the faith of his unsupported word, this was the woe that struck hardest on his heart; and when he affianced her to young Montalto, the prejudices of an old patrician lingered long after the regrets of a desolate and lonely father. They were affianced; but one necessary preliminary was yet to be accomplished. The heir of the Conte d'Alessi had not hitherto been acquainted with the occurrences of his own family, and his presence, from a distant part of the island, was required before the ceremony of his sister's nuptials. A messenger was despatched, and the summonses were answered in an uncourteous strain by the dissolute young nobleman: who, while expressing his disapproval of the alliance, intimated that his reasons were more than he could state, otherwise, than, as he intended, by a personal conference. In a few days he arrived, but positively refused to see the stranger to whom he so mysteriously objected. He conversed with his father in an unintelligible manner, but gave glimpses of a serious meaning, in the half-imputations he threw out against Montalto. Still, no entreaty or remonstrance, of the old man could gain from him an explicit accusation. The charge, incoherent and left to his conjecture, conjured up a thousand phantoms before his eyes; he feared he knew not what; his dear daughter might be the prey of a criminal or a dishonoured outcast;—there might be the brand of public guilt, or personal shame, on this young foreigner. He appealed, he implored his son, to reveal what he had to disclose; but no answer came, but in dark looks and equivocal hints.

It was during one of these conferences that the object of suspicion, by accident, found his way into the apartment of the count. He entered, ignorant of the purpose and parties of the conversation; but his eyes no sooner fell on the countenance of *one* of these, than a change, violent and terrible, convulsed his features. The placid expression of the young lover was agitated with all the passions of astonishment and rage: his eye beamed with fury, and as the colour deserted his cheek, it was with an emphasis of deadly purpose that he uttered his first words.

"Villain," he exclaimed, "thou tremendous villain! art thou come at last to satisfy me? Thank God for this!"

He paused—but the eye of the young count fell, and no answer came from him, as his father, with vain earnestness, sought for an explanation this strange address.

"Wretch!" continued Montalto, "would you ask him to confess his villainy—to convict himself? No, no: he has not that honesty; one thing only I entreat to know, by what base acts he wormed himself here. Oh! Sir, trust him not with the confidence of a moment. I know too horribly how he will betray it. Yet, once again, I ask, how came the monster here?"

"Are you mad, Montalto?" answered the old count. "Would you, by this paroxysm, attempt to change my whole nature? would you, by your wild speech, strive to overcome the warm feelings of a father?"

"A father!" shrieked the other; "Gracious Heaven! forbid it!—It cannot be that one so vile has sprung from that noble root.—Oh! no, I have mistaken your words—say not you are his father."

"And, wherefore not, Montalto?—What madness urges you to these excesses?" The voice of the other was checked; he softened the violence of his look, and after a pause, proceeded in a milder tone.

"Sir, you have known me long enough to be assured that I am not wantonly disturbing your quiet; it was not with any foresight of this catastrophe that I came hither;—I could not guess that this man called you by the honored title of Parent.—I can hardly now believe it:—but my words have awakened your fears, and I cannot rest without satisfying them." He stopped, and for a moment appeared to undergo a conflict of various emotions; then directing his gaze fixedly to the quailing countenance of the young Alessi, he continued in these solemn words—

"Eurico, your own conscience written on that cheek, will tell father better than my words, that I have not been raving.—As I look at you now, I cannot recognize the courtly and accomplished noblemen, to whom a seat at my paternal table was offered with all the frankness of unsuspecting hearts, and disgraced by ingratitude, blacker than malice could have painted. The result of our hospitality is known in the country which I left despairing, and the infamy which you threw on the fair sister of my heart, has been followed by the dispersion and wretchedness of our whole house. You left her in the hour of seduction, afraid to meet the resentment you had earned. But the remembrance of the hateful time is strongly enough perpetuated by the tears of an undone family; and your escape from retribution is not now effected. You will understand me."

These words, uttered in a deep tone of subdued emotion, will indicate sufficiently some of those circumstances that were the forerunners of this tale. The young Alessi had betrayed the daughter of a Neapolitan noble; and, to the baseness of a seducer, united also the meanness of a coward. He fled from the scene of his guilty pleasure, and was overtaken in Sicily by Montalto; who, partly from a desire to wipe away the local associations of personal and family sorrows, partly in the faint hope of meeting with the author of them, had wandered from his home, without a companion, without a plan.—These words may also lead to a surmise of many consequent events. The distraction of the old count, the hesitation and subterfuges of his son, were but natural issues of so unexpected a disclosure. By the latter, no species of vindication could be urged; and he stood before his father as a man guilty of all that he would have imputed to the injured Montalto, had his boldness been equal to his deceit.

And, for Rosina, what was the sorrow which this event entailed?—Her young heart still beat high with the expanding hopes of her betrothal; her brow was not overcast with any new care—she heard not the history of her brother's disgrace; and when he departed from his home, sufficient was the slight pretext used to account for his untimely disappearance. With a burning heart, Montalto let him go, doubting, in pain and perplexity, whether the revenge he had so long coveted was not too precious to be lost, though he thereby remained master of another jewel, and respected, as his duty bade him, the parental intercession of the Conte d'Alessi.

Four days had elapsed, and Rosina was attending one of the ceremonies of her religion, in the principal church of Catania. Her eyes were bent on the ground during the holy service of Vespers, and the obscure light scarcely marked out a little roll of paper that had fallen, she knew not how, at her feet. She was on the point of rising from her devotions, when the object first caught her attention. She gently took it up, and, to her surprise, found it directed to herself. It was opened and perused without loss of a moment; the contents were these: "If you are wise, warn Montalto against disaster; let him be wary, and act in nothing without foresight and preparation;—there is some one at his elbow." The girl started, and reperused the paper; her senses almost forsook her, as the apprehension of an unknown danger floated before her,—she looked fearfully about her, and hurried homewards with a wildness of step and look, that were strange to her graceful demeanour. That night she slept, not as she had done, but her dreams were disturbed and fantastic; and she arose from her feverish couch, not the airy and happy creature who had always blest her father's eye with a brightness more cheerful than that of the sunny morn. The morning came, and the customary hour of meeting Montalto; but he tarried longer than usual. Time passes heavily in the solitude of young lovers; but Rosina started as the mid-day bells rang out their peal, and an apprehension of some mischance flashed upon her mind at the instant. She connected his delay with the warning of the little note,—and with an anxious voice, she begged her father that some messenger might be dispatched to see what hindered the young Montalto, that he came not, as was his custom. The old man smiled and comforted her fears, which yet he thought not utterly groundless, and lost no time in complying with her wishes. Alas! what was the result!—The messenger returned, but no answer could he give to their inquiries. Montalto had been absent from his lodging during the night, and had not since been heard of. His apartment was left in disorder, and no clothing or other part of its furniture removed. He had been expected, and watched for from the hour of midnight, but no tidings of him had reached them. Who shall describe the agony of the young girl, who became now too well convinced of the truth of the secret counsel? What cries of anguish, what natural laments fell from her in that moment of suspense, deepened almost into the horror of certainty.

In vain were the sympathy of the father and admonition of friends applied to mitigate her grief. Each hour, as it brought a sort of confirmation of her fears, left her more determined in her conviction—more complete in her despair. Montalto came not again, and all his virtue, and beauty, and manly attractions had passed away, none could tell where; and only were recorded in the gossip of busy bodies, and in the heart of a fond girl, where they were embalmed as in a faithful sepulchre.

Yet the course of her pious tears was destined to be checked. It was about a month after this occurrence that a letter was put into her hands, whose superscription seemed to be written in familiar characters, which only her fears would have distrusted. It was from the beloved Montalto,—he was yet alive! She hurried through the contents, with a heaving bosom, and brightened countenance; and with an inarticulate burst of joy, fell into her father's arms, exhausted and senseless. The happy communication was to the following effect:—

On the last night of their meeting, which her forebodings had protracted beyond the usual hour, Montalto had returned by the customary road to the house of his lodging. In a solitary place, he was suddenly surprised by the appearance of disguised men, who, rushing from their concealment, deprived him of the means of defence, pinioned, and blindfolded him. He was raised into a sort of litter, to which he was fastened, and thus conveyed along until he heard the roar of the sea waves, and found himself deposited in an open boat. Here one of the party, after giving some orders, left his companions, and, in the feigned tones, he could recognize the hated voice of his enemy—the young Alessi. They presently made sail, and having restored to him the use of his limbs and relieved him from the bandage thrown over his eyes, he was enabled to discover that they were coasting in a northerly direction, though for what purpose he could not gather. The crew consisted of six men, rough and hard-featured mariners, who replied to his interrogations with sullen brevity, and seemed to be acting under the orders of one whose mien might, indeed, be distinguished from that of his companions; but was, nevertheless, such as could only belong to a person of subordinate rank. During the night they kept close into shore; but with the first beams of morning, pushed farther out to sea without materially verging from their former course. The next night they glided through the straits of Messina, and made for the island of Stromboli. It was a placid and delicious scene; the wind just verging onward the little bark without motion or irregularity: Montalto lay on the deck, but uncertainty of his fate prevented slumber; around him were grouped the forms of the lusty mariners, perfecting the allotted sleep which yet remained to them before the more active season of daylight;—only the helmsman continued at his ordinary work, and the *one* seamen, to whom the direction of the vessel was entrusted. The deep meditations of Montalto were arrested by the approach of this officer. He came near, and without noise, requested him to move to the fore part of the deck, as he had something of importance to communicate. His injunction was obeyed. In a moment they were to be seen in the glorious light of that Southern Morn, side by side, as if in conversation. The sea-captain, in a quick low tone, might be heard recounting his secrets, and the breathless interest of his hearer might prove that it was no common subject of confidence. Ever and anon the eyes of the narrator turned anxiously around to catch the first movements of a disturbed sleeper, or prevent the curiosity of the steersman at his post. The tale he told was strange. He had been the chosen servant of the young Alessi for some years; he had aided him in his enterprizes, he had shared in his counsels. At Catania, he had learnt the story of Montalto, and—he knew not why, his pity had been moved. From the first threat of danger, whispered by his master, he had resolved to befriend the destined victim. His intimation to Rosina, at her prayers, had failed; and the evil which could not be prevented, he had now determined to remedy. To him was entrusted the guidance of the present scheme. None else knew the object or system of his measures. His orders were to despatch or get rid of their prisoner in any way that might be most convenient; but he defied the wicked command, and was resolved to save him. They could not return to Sicily, for his reappearance would be the signal for the most atrocious acts of barbarous revenge. Neither could they long be absent, for already had sufficient

time elapsed for the execution of his master's orders, and suspicion would be excited by their long continuance at sea. All he could do would be to land his prisoner on some point of the continent, and leave him with a recommendation to make the best of his way to Naples. His only condition was, that an immediate return to Catania would not for a moment be contemplated by him, as he valued the life of his benefactor.

This was the substance of his disclosure. Montalto, in mute gratitude, heard the extraordinary tale, and without evincing any change of deportment, watched with impatience the progress of the vessel as it changed once more its course in an easterly direction, and favoured by the wind, at last safely reached the headland on which rises the town of Argentina. In the interval between the above conversation and their arrival in the harbour, all his efforts had been applied to liberate Antonio, the servant of Alessi, from the thralldom of his villany. His endeavours proved successful. When he quitted the boat, he went not alone, but was accompanied by his preserver. The next in command was charged with the safe conduct of the vessel to Catania, as though this had been part of a premeditated plan. And as they took their leave of Argentina, on the road to Naples, they could discern the white sail of their bark filling with the side wind and pursuing its silent way towards the south. Montalto's letter was despatched from his father's palace. He had entreated for permission and means to return immediately to his love, but the old nobleman doubtfully listened, and required that his son should serve one campaign in the wars of his country before his benediction could be gained for the nuptials. To this parental wish he had reluctantly acceded. He should for a short time, in obedience to his father, deviate from the path of his inclination; but he owed something as an equivalent for the heart which she had given to him, and his laurels, could he win any, might in some sort be a compensation.

This was the substance of that letter which gave a revival to the hopes and animation to the fading beauty of Rosina. We will leave her for a while, and observe the proceedings of young Alessi after the night when he carried off Montalto. In concealment he still lurked about the neighbourhood of his father's house, anxiously awaiting the return of his boat, and the announcement of his enemy's destruction. The boat came—Antonio's place was filled by another—and to their master's almost delirious questions, the unwelcome answer was given, which assured him of all that he now for the first time forboded. His wicked mind was instantly agitated with schemes of fresh revenge. He despatched confidential agents to track the movements and communicate all the actions of Montalto; he learnt his present occupation, and in a spite that seemed to have no premeditated plan, he circulated, through various channels, a rumour that Montalto, upon the first collision with the foe, had fallen in the field. This, corroborated by the assent of many hired witnesses, did not fail to reach the ears of Rosina. Disbelief, shadowed sometimes with a fear of its authenticity, caused in her mind a conflict of the most opposite and terrible emotions. But conviction was at length urged upon her, by the receipt of a despatch purporting to be from the father of Montalto, in which all particulars of his son's death were painfully detailed. For a time the poor girl's agony broke forth in paroxysms which seemed to convulse her whole system. She was wild, tumultuous, and wayward in her grief. She refused the solace of friends, she listened

to no alleviation of her calamity. She was "like sweet bells jingled harsh and out of tune," and never did it appear that their order and beauty could come again. Oh! how dreadful was the violence of her sorrow, which seemed a thing strange to one of such gentleness. Her songs which she had sung to him were forgotten, or only remembered in fragments to add intensity to her suffering. The ringlets of which the fairest lay, as she supposed, upon his clay-cold heart, now fell unarrayed upon her shoulders. Weeping, and recounting the valour and attraction of him whom she could see no more, up and down the lonely corridors she wandered like a ghost—in vain appealed to, in vain hindered.

But this season passed away; and when the voice of the thunder-clap no longer rang in her ears, but was remembered only in a serener moment, the sorrow which had been almost frenzy, was tempered to an honourable regret. Her eye had lost its brilliancy, and she cared not for the world;—for it was a desert to her, though all its sweetness, and grandeur, and eternal beauty were there, and only *one* of the countless creatures gone from its surface.

But her dejection was equable and rational; and it was from a settled purpose, rather than at the impulse of an uncertain fancy, that she resolved to abandon her home and kindred, and in perpetual seclusion give to her God that broken heart which might have been too much given to a mortal being. She took the veil, and in the convent of which I spoke at the opening of this paper, was enrolled a member of the holy sisterhood.

Time passed on; the Neapolitan warfare suffered a pause, and in the interval Montalto lost no time in returning to Catania. Upon his arrival, what was his dismay and astonishment, when informed of his supposed death, and the effect it had produced in the life of poor Rosina?

Uncertain what steps to pursue eventually, it was his first natural impulse to inform her of his safety, and still enduring attachment. In an evil hour the announcement of this unexpected news visited her in her solitude. In an evil hour the chords of her mind were once more unstrung, and the harmonies newly heard were turned into dissonance. The sorrows of the past came upon her afresh, but under another aspect. For she had estranged herself from her love, and by her own act had effected that sad reverse, that horrible privation, which had been more tolerable, whatever else had been the cause.—What remedy now remained? With all its original force the tide of her love rolled in its former channels; and the infirmity of human resolution could not now withstand the strength of the current. Her spirit was weaned from her holy occupations. Sickened with her garb, her daily duties, her associates, her very thoughts, she longed to cast off the self-imposed thralldom. Never to the eye of enthusiastic childhood, did the distant hill-tops gleam with such a beauty as now that she contemplated them—a love-sick prisoner. The hopeless schemes of relief, which such a condition suggested, were all that now remained for her meditation and her solace. To abandon her rigid profession was impossible: to desert it and escape, seemed more practicable. By day, as she gazed through the grated windows at the fair prospect before and around her, this was the vision which came with every object and beautified the whole. By night, it filled the long interval between her faint slumbers;—and as she slept, the more obscure

and rude conceptions, still occupied her fancy with the same theme, the same never varied purpose. It was, perhaps, in a midnight hour that the dreadful project was formed, which surely must have been the last resource of the despairing maid, when, by constant agitation, the turbulence of her spirit had become a sort of phrenzy. Then it was that her reckless and determined love found itself a way; and by an effort more appalling, perhaps, than any that history can furnish, grasped at the attainment of its coveted end. Without admitting into her counsel one of all those on whose fidelity she might have reposed, the measures for this awful expedient were deliberately concerted. She planned, she determined, she prepared it in secrecy and alone.

It was in the mid-watches of the night, that the sisters were aroused from their rest by the cry of "Fire!" from some one hurrying along the dormitories. It was Rosina who urged them to fly—it was Rosina who discovered the danger—it was Rosina who plotted the conflagration! The flames were rushing wildly and high up the outer walls of the building, but she would not yet retire. From cell to cell, she went quickly along, calling on all to escape, yet not daring to think of her own safety until assured that no living creature could be left in peril. She went like a beneficent being, amid the havoc and ruin that she had achieved. Not yet would she desert the dangerous place, for she shuddered to think there might still be some one whose blood, if shed, would fall so surely on herself. At last the huge edifice was deserted and voiceless, and secure of the preservation of her innocent associates, she passed along the passages and apartments, now almost undistinguishable. As she went, the sheets of fire flashed hotly and fiercely around her. The heat became more intense, the hideous enemy approached her, and half enveloped in flame she fled precipitately, but too late, from the tottering ruin. Overtaken in her flight, she yet had strength and surviving consciousness to move in the predetermined track, and when the morning dawned it showed her lying a disfigured corpse under the doorway of her beloved Montalto.

The fragments of that ruin are thy epitaph, poor maiden. And the story which I have here recounted, better told to many a group of islanders, not by gossip mothers, but by the general voice of tradition, fails not, upon each recital, to honour thy memory with the tears of the tender and the compassionate.

ÆVAH.

THE KING OF ARRAGON'S LAMENT FOR HIS BROTHER.*

" If I could see him, it were well with me!"—Coleridge's *Wallenstein*.

THERE were lights and sounds of revelling in the vanquished city's halls,
As by night the feast of victory was held within its walls;
And the conquerors filled the wine-cup high, after years of bright blood shed:
But their Lord, the King of Arragon, 'midst the triumph, wailed the dead.

He looked down from the fortress won, on the tents and towers below,
The moon-lit sea, the torch-lit streets—and a gloom came o'er his brow:
The voice of thousands floated up, with the horn and cymbals' tone;
But his heart, 'midst that proud music, felt more utterly alone.

And he cried, "Thou art mine, fair city! thou city of the sea!
But, oh! what portion of delight is mine at last in thee?
—I am lonely 'midst thy palaces, while the glad waves past them-roll,
And the soft breath of thine orange-bowers is mournful to my soul.

"My brother! oh! my brother! thou art gone, the true and brave,
And the haughty joy of victory hath died upon thy grave:
There are many round my throne to stand, and to march where I lead on;
There was *one* to love me in the world—my brother! thou art gone!

"In the desert, in the battle, in the ocean-tempest's wrath,
We stood together, side by side; one hope was our's—one path:
Thou hast wrapt me in thy soldier's cloak, thou hast fenced me with thy breast;
Thou hast watched beside my couch of pain—oh! bravest heart, and best!

"I see the festive lights around—o'er a dull sad world they shine;
I hear the voice of victory,—my Pedro! where is *thine*?
The only voice in whose kind tone my spirit found reply!—
Oh! brother! I have bought too dear this hollow pageantry!

"I have hosts, and gallant fleets, to spread my glory and my sway,
And chiefs to lead them fearlessly—my *friend* hath passed away!
For the kindly look, the word of cheer, my heart may thirst in vain,
And the face that was as light to mine—it cannot come again!

"I have made thy blood, thy faithful blood, the offering for a crown;
With love, which earth bestows not twice, I have purchased cold renown:
How often will my weary heart 'midst the sounds of triumph die,
When I think of thee, my brother! thou flower of chivalry!

"I am lonely—I am lonely! this rest is ev'n as death!
Let me hear again the ringing spears, and the battle-trumpet's breath;
Let me see the fiery charger's foam, and the royal banner wave—
But where art thou, my brother?—where?—in thy low and early grave!"

And louder swelled the songs of joy through that victorious night,
And faster flowed the red wine forth, by the stars' and torches' light;
But low and deep, amidst the mirth, was heard the conqueror's moan—
"My brother! oh! my brother! best and bravest! thou art gone!" F. H.

* The grief of Ferdinand, King of Arragon, for the loss of his brother, Don Pedro, who was killed during the siege of Naples, is affectingly described by the historian Mariana. It is also the subject of one of the old Spanish ballads, in Lockhart's beautiful collection.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

A Visit to the Seven Churches of Asia, &c., by the Rev. F. V. J. Arundell, British Chaplain at Smyrna; 1828.—The Seven Churches of Asia—to the angels of which—that is, according to the interpretation which has, we believe, always been admitted, the chiefs or bishops—especial messages were addressed in the Apocalypse—have at all times drawn the attention of ecclesiastical readers, and such as looked in their subsequent history for the completion of what they understood to be prophecies. From the establishments of the Levant Company at Constantinople and Smyrna, the latter the seat of one of the seven churches, opportunities in abundance have been offered to the chaplains and consuls of visiting those places; nor have such opportunities been neglected. The earliest visit, of which we have any account, was Dr. Smith's, the chaplain at Constantinople, in 1671, who mentions that, a few years before, some gentlemen from Smyrna had been the first who made the journey. This Dr. Smith seems to have had the credit of discovering Thyatira and Laodicea. In 1678, Sir Paul Ricaut, a consul, well known by his work on the Greek and Armenian Churches, and his Survey of the Turkish Empire—visited the Seven Churches, if we are still to call them seven, when three of them are no longer in existence—in company with Dr. John Luke; and, like Dr. Smith, lays claim to the discovery of Thyatira and Laodicea. In 1699, Edmund Chishall, the author of *Antiquitates Asiaticæ*, and chaplain at Smyrna, visited Ephesus, Sardis, and Thyatira, but did not publish his observations. In 1702, Sir William Sherard, consul at Smyrna, accompanied by the chaplain and others, made a tour to some or all of them, and his account also is still in MS. In 1740, Pococke visited three of them. In 1775, Dr. Chandler published his travels in Asia Minor, and describes all but Pergamus and Thyatira. Since the days of Chandler, Dr. Dallaway, chaplain and physician to the embassy at Constantinople, has described Smyrna, Ephesus, and Pergamus; and so lately as 1817, the Rev. H. Lindsey examined the whole, and published the results in the *Missionary Register*; and now, finally, Mr. Arundell, the chaplain of Smyrna, has also visited the whole, and, in the volume before us, has, with the aid of very liberal borrowing from his precursors, given us a full account—not very luminous certainly—of the existing state of six of them—for, curiously enough, residing at Smyrna as he did, he has forgotten what was close at hand.

Before we state the present condition of these churches, six of them, we must have a word or two on the messages in the Apocalypse.

In these addresses, which the apostle was

commanded to make, St. John is usually understood to have given utterance to prophecies; and the writer before us, though he does not dwell much upon the matter, takes the same view, and occasionally starts an evidence of fulfilment. Yet, to an unprejudiced reader—to one, we mean, who trusts to the convictions of his own understanding, on what comes fairly within its cognizance—the addresses—distinctly made to the angels—the chiefs, or bishops, as we said—consist of commendations for particular qualities and conduct, and of censures for particular errors and neglects—with corresponding encouragements and warnings. They have not at all the characters of prophecies, but are plainly authoritative messages respecting the official conduct of superintendents, who are addressed as persons responsible for the practices of those who are under their guidance and care. Of the actual history of these conspicuous persons we know nothing; but the absence of such information is of the less importance, as the declarations are all conditional, and so cannot, in the strict sense, be regarded as prophecies, for the fulfilment of which we look with confidence. And to apply these messages to the after ages of the church, seems quite gratuitous; for the offences charged concern the conduct of particular “officers” towards particular persons; and it must be the very extreme of improbability to suppose that a succession of officers, in the same station, should have precisely the same qualities, and act in precisely the same manner towards a succession of individuals entertaining successively the same sentiments. Besides, facts do not correspond; though the chief of Laodicea was the worst of the seven—“neither hot nor cold”—and met with the sharpest reproofs and the severest threats, and Laodicea, it may be said, lies accordingly utterly in ruins—yet so, we may add, does Ephesus, whose chief, though he had fallen from his “first love”—which probably means that he had disregarded the orders of the apostle—the first converter—yet had resisted the seductions of false teachers—had hated the Nicolaitanes—had laboured—and fainted not. And even Thyatira, whose chief, though censured for suffering the woman Jezebel to seduce Christ's servants, is distinctly attested to have had works—charity, faith, and patience—and, moreover, that the last were better than the first—that is, he had been good, and was now better—even Thyatira, though still existing in comparatively considerable numbers, is in a state far too deplorable to correspond with the strong expressions of triumph in the message. The truth apparently is, the addresses apply to the chiefs, and by implication, and, once or twice, expressly, to their

respective congregations; but we have not the necessary history to illustrate the results: and they in reality are entitled to no more particular interest now-a-days than any other of the ruined towns around them—where Christianity was once equally in honour.

To take a glance at these Churches.—What is the state of *EPHESUS*? “I was at Ephesus in January 1824,” says Mr. Arundell, speaking of a previous visit—“the desolation was complete; a Turk, whose shed we occupied, his Arab servant, and a single Greek, composed the entire population—some Turcomans excepted, whose black tents were pitched among the ruins.”—Ephesus experienced the same fortunes with Smyrna, and was seized upon by a Turkish pirate towards the end of the eleventh century, who was in his turn defeated by John Ducas, the commander of the Emperor Alexis. In 1306, it suffered from the Grand Duke Roger’s exactions, and, two years afterwards, surrendered to the Sultan Saisan, who removed most of the inhabitants to Tyriaum, where they were massacred; and its history from that time has merged in that of its neighbour Aiasaluk.

LAODICEA.—This once very extensive place still shews the ruins of three theatres and a circus, in the hollows of which are Turcoman huts and tents—but no Christians. This town was in 1097 in possession of the Turks, and recovered by Ducas; but fell again into their hands; and though, in 1255, it was again given up to the Greeks on the appearance of the Tartars, they could not defend it, and it reverted finally to the Turks. The destruction of Laodicea is partly attributable, probably, to a volcanic eruption—a fact, which the author apparently considers as verifying the language of the Apocalypse—“because thou art lukewarm, and neither hot nor cold, I will spue thee out of my mouth.”

PHILADELPHIA.—This is still a populous place, consisting of 3,000 houses occupied by Turks, and 300 by Greeks. According to the bishop’s account, there are twenty-five churches, but only five have service, once a week. Mr. Arundell attended him to the church service, and “could not help,” he says, “shedding tears, at contrasting the unmeaning mummery with the pure worship of primitive times, which probably had been offered on the very site of the present church.” A single pillar, evidently belonging to a much earlier structure, reminded him of the *prophecy*, and the reward of victory promised to the faithful member of the church of Philadelphia.—“He that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall no more go out,” &c. Philadelphia submitted to Bajazet in 1391; and among the Greek colonies and churches of Asia, in the language of Gibbon, “it is still erect—a column in a scene of ruins.”

SARDIS.—A few mud huts, inhabited by Turkish herdsmen, and a miller or two, contain the whole of the present population. The only members of the Greek church of Sardis are two Greek servants belonging to the Turkish miller—and “how little operative,” adds the author, “the spirit of primitive Christianity is on one, at least, of these men, will be subsequently shewn”—in the refusal of an act of common courtesy, readily performed by a Turk.

THYATIRA.—This is a large place, “and abounds,” says Mr. Arundell, “with shops of every description. The population is estimated at 300 Greek houses (the papas told us 500), 30 Armenian, and 1,000 Turkish, nine mosques, one Armenian and one Greek church.” He visited the latter—it was a wretchedly poor place, and so much under the level of the churchyard, as to require five steps to descend into it. The priest told him, that the bishop of Ephesus was the diocesan of Thyatira. “We intended,” adds Mr. A., “to give him a testament, but he seemed so insensible of its worth, that we reserved it, as it was our only remaining one, and bestowed it afterwards much better.”

PERGAMUS is also a populous place, underrated at 15,000; fifteen hundred of them Greeks, who have one church—a miserable shed, covered with earth. On one side of it a priest kept a little school of thirty scholars. “I gave him a testament,” says Mr. A. “The contrast between the magnificent remains of the church of St. John, which lay beneath, and this its poor representative, is as striking as between the poverty of the present state of religion among the modern Greeks, and the rich abundance of gospel light which once shone within the walls of the Agios Theologus.”

The Croppy, by the O'Hara Family. 3 vols. 12mo.; 1828.—Every body who is acquainted with the productions of the O'Hara family, knows the writer can make a readable book, and knows, moreover, what he has to expect—an illustration of some period of Irish history, by one who thoroughly understands the subject. In this respect the reader will meet with no disappointment. The story belongs to the days of the rebellion of 1798, and embraces the chief events of the short struggle in Wexford; but as to the title, *The Orangeman* would have been as appropriate as the *Croppy*: for, though one of the leading personages joins the Croppies, another, and the principal one, is of the yeomanry; and the interest of the tale depends not at all on the political motives of any of the agents.

Miss Hartley is the heiress of Sir Thomas Hartley, and the object of admiration and pursuit to Mr. Henry Talbot and Sir Wm. Judkin, both of them gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Mr. Henry Talbot had

been a friend of the family, and the companion of Miss Hartley from childhood; Sir William was a new man, succeeding, unexpectedly, to a dilapidated property—who, by the beauty of his person, and the brilliancy of his accomplishments, speedily succeeded in supplanting the old admirer—a man of plainer, though not homely, qualities. Before, however, confessing the soft preference, the lady wishes to consult an early school friend—a correspondent and confidante—on the propriety of this very questionable transfer of her affections. That young lady, after a long delay—which does not, it seems, tempt Miss Hartley to decide for herself—announces her intention to pay a personal visit. To Miss H.'s surprise—she had not seen her since she left school—she comes a perfectly changed being—pale, stern, uncommunicative, and, when opposed, vehement and peremptory. She will tell but little of her own story; but, in general terms, she had been—nay, was still, madly in love—had been duped and deserted; and, railing against the perfidy of men, she warns her young friend to return to her first love; and then takes her leave abruptly, leaving behind her an impression of her being a little cracked. During the young lady's visit, Sir Wm. Judkin is absent, but on her departure he re-appears on the scene—is extremely assiduous in prosecuting his courtship; and in no long time, in spite of all efforts on the part of Mr. Henry Talbot to recover his lost ground, obtains from the reluctant girl a confession of mutual affection. The wedding day is named—though a distant one, for family reasons—and, in the meanwhile, from here and there a hint with respect to Sir William and his motives, and some unaccountable conduct on the part of Mr. Henry Talbot, particularly an obvious connexion with one Rattling Bill, a rogue and a fortune teller, and an active agent through the whole story, the reader becomes a good deal perplexed, which is the honest man of the two, and, of course, which of the parties is finally to be the happy man.

The day of marriage—distant as it was—at last, as even distant days will, approaches; and poor Mr. Henry Talbot, for whom, as somewhat the lowliest, we novel readers are naturally the most interested, becoming desperate, forces an interview, and, when the inflexible, and somewhat unmaidenly hauteur of the young lady refuses to listen, driven suddenly beyond his purpose, announces to her astounded ear, that Sir William is already a married man. Not content with this, he colleagues with the scamp, Rattling Bill, and engages him, with some of his comrades, to seize Sir William Judkin, and carry him that very night, whither we know not. Seized accordingly he is; but, luckily for him, he is released by the appearance of Father Rourke, subsequently

a well-known rebel leader, who lays about him right and left, and routs the captors.

Indignant at these outrages, the young lady's father is resolved to bring Master Talbot to book, and, accordingly, as a magistrate, summons him to appear before himself, and a neighbouring magistrate, Captain Whaley, and make good his charge against Sir Wm. Judkin. The next day the parties assemble; and Mr. Talbot, on being asked for his proofs, alleges that he had been, by circumstances, precipitated into the charge prematurely, and was not at present prepared to substantiate it—but acknowledging that the person from whom he received the intelligence was producible, Mr. T. is compelled to produce him. This personage proves to be Rattling Bill, who impudently and flatly denies having ever made any such communication; and Mr. Talbot, to his great mortification, is made to appear a palpable calumniator. This charge dismissed, Sir William, who recognized Rattling Bill as the aggressor in the attack on his person the previous evening, charges him with the assault; and Bill, without denying it, conducts himself with great insolence—so much so, that Captain Whaley, who is a very loyal man, and a low man withal—and a yeomanry officer as well as a magistrate—orders out the *triangles*, and proposes to give him a touch of the cat to begin with—martial law being just then legal, and very much in fashion with a certain description of magistrates. Things thus growing serious, Rattling Bill requests a private audience from Captain Whaley, and, making him understand that he is a government spy, though notoriously associating with Croppies, he insinuates that Sir Thomas and Sir William are both of them no better themselves than Croppies; and, indeed, Sir Thomas's known popularity was, with Captain Whaley, a confirmation of the charge, though no overt act, nor indeed any act of his, ought justly to have exposed him to suspicions of disloyalty. On Captain Whaley's reappearance in the hall of justice, he announces, very superciliously, his intention to dismiss the case—expressing his conviction that Rattling Bill had committed no offence, and advising Sir Thomas and Sir William to look to themselves.

Rattling Bill, to make good his ground with Captain Whaley, had informed him of a large body of pikes, at a blacksmith's, in Sir Thomas's village; and, accordingly, that very night, with a party of yeomanry, he proceeds to the search; and, in the style of the times, sets fire to the smith's house and forge, seizes the natives, flogs one, and whisks another up a sign-post and then lets him down again, more than half strangled, to undergo interrogatories. The villagers, just in time, had got scent of their coming, and, for the most part, had withdrawn to the neighbouring heights, with their leader,

the smith—who from that position beholds the flames consume his property, and hears the shrieks of a female, and sees the unhappy man run up the sign-post—his own wife and son—and swears to take a bloody revenge—an oath which he fearfully keeps.

The next morning—the wedding day—the miserable and enraged villagers and neighbourhood assemble, and proceed to Sir Thomas's, and insist upon his being their leader—in execution of their revenge; and not without extreme difficulty, after distributing refreshments among them in honour of his daughter's wedding, does he persuade them to desist. From him, however, they march forthwith to Captain Whaley's, and set fire to his house; and, in consequence, within an hour or two, arrives a troop of yeomanry, commanded by Mr. Henry Talbot, to arrest Sir Thomas and his new son-in-law, on a charge of high treason, and, in spite of Miss Hartley's interposal and agonizing entreaties, he carries them both off to Enniscorthy. That very afternoon sits a court-martial, presided by one to whom Sir Thomas had given offence; and circumstances telling decisively against him, he is ordered for immediate execution; and executed he appears to be that very night, and under the Captain Talbot's special superintendence.

As speedily as possible Miss Hartley, or rather Lady Judkin, for the marriage service had passed, pursues her father and husband to Enniscorthy, and is refused admittance to the goal by Talbot himself, the commanding officer. In a few hours, however, at an inn, she is visited by a woman, with great mystery, and receives from her a letter in her father's hand-writing, bidding her confide in the bearer, and accompany her that night to meet himself some miles from the town. To this she consents, joins her supposed father—who seems to be Captain Talbot himself—and with him arrives at a country house, which proves to be Captain Talbot's—where her companion leaves her. From this place, as soon as she discovers its owner, she escapes, and takes refuge in the town of Ross.

In the meanwhile, Sir William Judkin escapes from prison, by the same agency as Sir Thomas; and being led to believe that his bride must be at Wexford, he hurries thither, and arrives just in time to take part with the rebels, and forces Wexford to surrender to the insurgents. Here, however, he finds her not; and Talbot is his next object. He had been captured, and carried to the rebel encampment on Vinegar Hill. Thither, also, flies Sir William, and, on his arrival, finds the old smith in the act of passing sentence on the prisoners, and among the first is Talbot himself. Sir W., as a rebel commander, demands Talbot, to be given up to his own revenge, and, after some demur on the part of the smith, who has "stomach for them all," he is given up

—his hands bound with a rope, and the end of it put into Sir William's. A scene of passion and sternness follows; but just as Sir William is about to inflict the final stroke on his defenceless victim, comes a rescue, and he is himself bound in his turn. Escaping again, after some interval, he rushes down to Ross, and in the street, and under the very eye of his bride, who is looking from a window, is he encountered by the fiery Talbot, and in the encounter is left for dead, trampled upon by horses, and confounded with the dead.

From these heaps of dead he is however extracted, still breathing, by the mysterious woman, who had appeared to Miss Hartley, as her father's messenger, and she directs him to be conveyed to the dripping vaults of the neighbouring abbey. From thence—the town being on fire—she flies to Talbot, and bids him rescue Miss Hartley from the flames. With the ardour and devotion of love he plunges in, and, at the extreme of peril, saves her from destruction. Matters now draw to a conclusion—the strange woman re-appears, and presents herself to Miss Hartley, as her old school acquaintance—as the victim of Sir William's seduction and desertion, who had been the death of her child and her mother, and had thrown herself, senseless, by a blow on the head from him, into the water. Miss Hartley discredits the story, and, in consequence, is by her friend forced to the church-yard, where a scene of horrible conception is exhibited—but which finally convinces her of the depravity of Sir William, whose last breath is drawn in her presence. While still in the church-yard comes Miss Hartley's father, as large as life, who assures her that Talbot has been their common preserver—his from death, and her's from contamination and misery. In due time Talbot is re-introduced, &c.

India; or Facts to Illustrate the Character and Condition of the Natives, by R. Rickards, Esq.; 1828.—Mr. Rickards is an advocate for the extension of free-trade to India, and of course opposed to the principles, if not to the existence, of the Company's government. The Company aver that all is best as it is—that, such are the immovable prejudices, and immutable habits of the country, no government but their own—so steady—so parental—so conciliating and considerate—could produce so many advantages to the natives—and that, in proportion as their own monopoly has been invaded, have the happiness and the prosperity of India deteriorated. "This," says Mr. Rickards, "is all idle and interested talk—the Company encourage misrepresentations for the especial object of maintaining their own usurpings;" and these misrepresentations he accordingly resolves, one by one, and piece-meal, and thus most effectually, to expose.

The country was once prosperous, in a very high degree, under its native governments, and the observance of its own customs—which the Company deny not; but, in the teeth of this implied confession, they quote the irreversible state of castes and customs, as the source of the existing and augmenting poverty of the country. The actual misery is also not denied; “but the cause,” say the Company, “resides not in the want of good management on our part, but in the obstinate inflexibility of the natives in adhering to customs, which check and interfere with the career and progress of improvement.” Mr. Rickards proposes to tear off the mask; and, under the apprehension that he may not be able to make a large book of a readable kind, and rather, perhaps, in the expectation that several little books stand a better chance of being read than one bouncing volume, he undertakes to discuss, separately and successively, the following topics:—

1. The castes of India, and the alleged simplicity and immutability of Hindoo habits.
2. The condition of the natives under former governments.
3. The revenue systems under the Company's government, as tending to perpetuate the degraded condition of the natives.
4. The Company's trade, and its results in a financial point of view.
5. The reform of administration in India, as regards the present system both at home and abroad.

The fasciculus before us embraces the castes of India, and the alleged simplicity and immutability of Hindoo habits, and shews, beyond farther dispute, that the notion of the existence of four exclusive castes is mere imagination—or to be found merely in books—and scarcely there;—that the laws of nature—love—hatred—envy—ambition—power—have every where broken in upon these institutions of art and artifice;—that this matter of castes sits comparatively loose upon Hindoos, and openings are found for passing from one to the other;—and that, at all events, fifteen out of the eighty millions of India are not in the slightest degree influenced by them. Then, again, with respect to the vegetable diet of the Hindoos, Mr. Rickards shews, equally satisfactorily, that their poverty, not their will consents to this diet, and that, with the exception of cow-beef, and that confined to one portion only of one caste, fish, flesh, and fowl are greedily devoured, whenever they can be got at; and that the wealthier classes of society suffer no restraints whatever upon the indulgence of their appetites. And, again, as to European accommodations and European manufactures, so far from Indians opposing their introduction, they eagerly adopt and use them, and would do so more and more, if more were within their reach. This is decisively confirmed

by broad facts, since the relaxation of the Company's monopoly in 1813. The Company then said, “such is the pertinacity with which Hindoos cling to their own productions, that there is positively no room for the importation of more European goods;” but the fact is, that the private trade to India more than doubles the whole of the Company's trade to India, and China to boot—a pretty satisfactory proof of the growing acceptableness of European commodities in India.

Mr. R. has abundantly confirmed his own positions, built on his own long experience, by extracts from Bishop Heber's very valuable work on India, recently published in two quarto volumes.

Ephemerides, or Occasional Poems, by Thomas Pringle; 1828.—Among the multitude of small volumes, of small poems, this at least deserves to be distinguished from the common herd. It is obviously the production of a person of considerable cultivation and taste—presenting, to be sure, no very decisive proofs of original genius or fertile fancy, but indications in abundance of deep and right feelings—warm sympathies for the oppressed, and generous indignation against oppressors. The volume consists of poems written chiefly in Scotland, and published years ago; the principal of which is the Autumnal Excursion, which will remind the reader of some of Scott's most felicitous turns, written too about the time when Sir Walter's poetical energies were in their fullest activity;—not that we are very great admirers of that great man's muse; but many are: and we must think Mr. Pringle's effort entitled to a similar kind of admiration. The rest of the volume is made up with some few pieces, for the most part in the sonnet shape, suggested by circumstances that pressed upon his observation in far different scenes—the settlements of the Cape where the author has resided some years as an agricultural colonist, and, for any thing that appears, may do so still. Following these sonnets are some notes relative to the conduct of the recent government of the Cape towards the Caffers, Bushman, and Hottentot, which will furnish some intelligence not generally known, with a kindling of indignation, that such oppressions have been sanctioned by English authorities. The sound sense and right judgment of the writer—quite free from all cant—entitle the following testimony he bears to the missionaries to a respectful hearing—though unconnected with the poetry:—

Of the missionary settlements in South Africa, generally, I have only room to observe, that, after having repeatedly visited most of these within the Cape Colony, and carefully watched their progress for several years, I have no hesitation in asserting, that it is at those institutions alone that any effectual means have been adopted to improve the condition of the Aboriginal inhabi-

tants—to shelter them from oppression—or to rescue them from debasement. The meritorious exertions of the Moravians are well known; but it is at Bethelsdorp and Theopolis in particular (institutions of the London Missionary Society) that the Hottentot race have, during the last few years, made the most surprising advances; and this, too, while these missions were exposed to the incessant persecution, not merely of the provincial functionaries, but of the colonial government itself. If the native tribes of South Africa are so fortunate as ultimately to escape the fate of the Aborigines of America and of the West Indies, their redemption may be fairly ascribed to the Christian Missionaries.

It is but fair, however, to give a specimen of the writer's versification at the Cape:—

The Bushman sleeps within his black brow'd den
In the lone wilderness: around him lie
His wife and little ones, unfearedly—
For they are far away from "Christian men."
No herds, loud lowing, call him down the glen;
He fears no foe but famine; and may try
To wear away the hot noon slumbering;
Then rise to search for roots—and dance again.
But he shall dance no more! His secret lair,
Surrounded, echoes to the thundering gun,
And the wild shriek of anguish and despair!
Medics—yet, ere life's ebbing sands are run,
Leaves to his sons a curse, should they be friends
With the proud Christian race—"for they are
fiends."

Oppression! I have seen thee, face to face,
And met thy cruel eye and cloudy brow;
But thy soul-withering glance I fear not now,
For dread to prouder feelings doth give place
Of deep abhorrence! Scorning the disgrace
Of slavish knees, that near thy footstool bow,
I also kneel—but with far other vow
Do hail thee and thy herd of hirelings base:
I swear, while life-blood warms my throbbing
veins,

Still to oppose and thwart with heart and hand
Thy brutalizing sway—till Afric's chains
Are burst, and Freedom rules the rescued land—
Trampling Oppression and his iron rod;
Such is the vow I take—So help me, God!

The History of the Church of Christ, by the Rev. I. Scott. Vol. 2. Part I.; 1828.

—This work was taken up by Mr. Scott, of St. Mary's, Hull, a son of the well-known and well-respected Bible Scott, for the purpose of prosecuting what had been originally undertaken by Joseph Milner, of Hull, and continued by his brother, Dean Milner; and a volume before this, which we noticed on its appearance, has already amply proved him to be a very competent collaborateur—influenced by the same spirit—the same industry—the same undeviating pursuit of what appears to him truth in facts and in doctrines. Our readers are aware that the history has the name of evangelical fastened upon it; but the prime object of its originator was to trace the existence of what is termed by him the True Church, through the darkest periods of the Catholic and Papal dominion. The broad distinction

between Catholic and Protestant lies between merit and no merit, in a theological sense, between reliance for salvation upon self, in conjunction with the Saviour and the Saints, and reliance upon the Saviour alone—the virtue of this last reliance consisting in its sincerity, and shewn, so far as it is shewn at all, by moral obedience. A church, professing these Protestant sentiments, under whatever appellations, has always existed—and Milner's object was, as we said, to trace its history.

Mr. Scott's former volume presented the History of the Lutheran Church, to the death of its founder, in 1546; and in this, the first portion of a second volume, the same history is brought down to 1555, the period when Charles, deserted, and duped, and baffled by his best and strongest ally, Maurice of Saxony—and in despair of breaking the resolute spirit of the Protestants in their just struggle for independence of worship—finally gave up the vain attempt to force men's thoughts to run evenly in a mould of his own making—gave up, what he could no longer withhold, free and full toleration to the professors of the Augsburg Confession. As collateral, but by no means unconnected matters, the remainder of the book is occupied with the rest of Melancthon's story to his death, in 1560—including a review of his principal works, the result, obviously, of a careful perusal, and not taken, as has been done a thousand times, on trust and in succession; and this is followed by a survey of the chief points in the progress of the Council of Trent, from 1545 to 1563. The remaining portion of the volume is intended to comprise the History of the Swiss Reformation.

Received implicitly as Dr. Robertson's very graceful narrative every where is, Mr. Scott has justly thought it a matter of importance to correct his misrepresentations. It would be no difficult matter to show that Dr. Robertson's acquaintance with the writings of the main agents of the Reformation was very slight; his researches embraced little of the elements of history; he took them up very much in the lump, where he found them made up to his hand, and into histories; he consulted, for the most part, not the original authorities, but the reporters of such authorities, who had themselves no doubt drawn upon them—but then this was taking things at second hand, and was nothing but a judgment of the judgments of others, who might themselves have been deeply mistaken. Dr. Robertson was, besides, more of an historian than a theologian; the matter with which Luther's and Melancthon's numerous volumes are filled, was, we take it, little to his taste, and, of course, his study of them would be hasty and imperfect—and blunders were thus inevitable.

But his blunders are not confined to mat-

ters of doctrine, or the peculiar sentiments of individuals on particular topics—in matters that, if they come not more within his province, were at least of more congenial pursuit, they not unfrequently occur. To take an instance or two. There exists indisputable evidence to shew that the city of Strasburg co-operated zealously and cordially with the Smalcaldic members—for when the Emperor, insidiously separating their cause from that of the princes of the Smalcaldic League, represented these princes as conspirators against the liberties of Germany, and called upon the city to join him against the traitors as common enemies; the senate boldly defended the loyal character of these princes, and, in the most earnest language of entreaty, implored him to pause before he involved in the horrors of war, &c. Yet Strasburg is represented, by Dr. Robertson, as yielding a *prompt* and *weak* submission—though the contrary fact be indisputable, and findable even in Sleidan, one of his own quoted authorities.

Again, with respect to Maurice of Saxony, Dr. Robertson represents him as not hesitating one moment about establishing in his dominions the form of doctrine and worship commanded by Charles's *Interim*; and assembling the states of Saxony at Leipsic, expressly to lay before them reasons which made conformity necessary, and to make their obedience a voluntary deed of their own. Now the fact appears to be, that Maurice, notwithstanding his general subserviency to Charles, never gave an unconditional assent to the *Interim*, and certainly never established it in Saxony—on the contrary, he stated expressly to the Emperor that he could not enforce it consistently with his engagements to his subjects, and, moreover, pleaded the Emperor's own promises relative to the matter; and though, undoubtedly, in the assembly of the states, a formulary was agreed upon, drawn up in an accommodating spirit, it was very far indeed from going the full length of the *Interim*.

In the same paragraph, Dr. Robertson makes Melancthon concur with this Leipsic formulary; though indeed with a degree of pertinacity, quite unusual with that gentle, but not unfirm, reformer, he refused to keep any terms at all with the *Interim*. Neither Sleidan, nor Mosheim, to both of whom Dr. R. refers as authorities, bear him out in his statement. From the first, Melancthon denounced the formulary as an "infatuated project," which would multiply rather than heal divisions; and such, and so vehement, was his opposition, that the Emperor commanded him to be seized, and delivered up as an enemy of the public peace; and he escaped only by the connivance of Maurice.

Poor Melancthon has been equally unfairly dealt with by Mosheim and his translator. Both of them, taking up with a

notion that Melancthon was of a feeble and yielding spirit, and knowing that certain matters were conceded by him as indifferent, have carelessly represented him as giving up, as such, the great doctrine of Luther, and, indeed, of Protestantism—justification by faith alone—the necessity of good works to eternal salvation—the number of sacraments, &c.;—when the fact is just the contrary, from Melancthon's own repeated declarations, not only before Luther's death, but often to the latest period of his own life. Nor is there any ground for the hasty statement, that no sooner was the restraint of Luther's presence removed, than Melancthon expressed a decided disagreement with his master. Both Mosheim and Maclaine, again, in spite of the plainest facts, represent him as the prime counsellor and agent in every thing relating to the *Interim*.

We have before alluded to Strasburg. The city was compelled to submit to the Emperor's authority, a month before the decisive battle of Muhlburg, which broke up the Smalcaldic Confederacy; but they still resisted, and not wholly without success, the imposition of the *Interim*—entreaty the Emperor, in language worth remembering, "not to compel them to say with their mouths what their hearts did not think." "How infatuated," remarks Mr. Scott upon the occasion—"how infatuated the mind which can pursue so worthless an object at such an immense expense; and how detestably cruel and diabolical to exact this of our fellow men, in despite of all the arguments and entreaties they can use, when, to their own apprehension at least, their everlasting welfare depends upon their refusal, and when no rational being, however strong his own persuasion on the other side, can ever imagine it possible that their salvation should be promoted by, such a constrained and merely external compliance as he can exact."

We must find room for Mr. Scott's defence of Melancthon—concurring as, upon some acquaintance with the subject, we do very heartily.

My impression is, that the fault of Melancthon's character was not, as it is commonly supposed to have been, timidity—at least in the sense of a hesitation to avow his sentiments, or a dread of personal danger—for many facts demonstrate his bold disregard even of life itself in the cause which he had undertaken; but rather a morbid fear of deciding amiss—a fastidiousness which could never satisfy itself—together with such an excessive and, considering in whose hands the direction of the affairs of the church is really placed, such a superfluous anxiety for its peace and unity, as sometimes endangered his making undue sacrifices for this all but invaluable object. Yet, if any imagine that it was at all a part of his plan to compromise disputed points by the use of ambiguous terms, which each party might construe in its own favour, I can only observe,

that there is no practice against which he more frequently and more strongly protests.

Tales of the West, by the Author of "Travels in the East." 2 vols.; 1828.—As tales, there is a singular lack of interest in them—they are mere incidents. Trusting for effect to descriptions of physical and moral nature, the writer seems to have thought any thing would do for the staple of the argument, and, accordingly, any thing is made to do. The stories—such as they are—are framed, for the most part, not on the laws of life, or even of romance, but effects follow causes according to any fanciful concatenation, likely to produce unexpected results. Nor, again, has the style and structure of the language any thing at all natural or effective about it, but quite the contrary—it is all heavy and wearisome—a luckless imitation of Wilson, with little of the professor's depth of feeling glowing through the thick obscure of the wordy covering. Every scene and circumstance is wire-drawn, till the thread of the verbosity will not bear the weight of another hair—giving the promise of circumstantiality, without its reality; and we assure the writer, who is probably capable of better things, that in spite of all the curious and painful labour he has spent upon his tales, two-thirds of the elaborations will never be read by any human being whose sentiments are worth a rush. Readers, though, now-a-days, stories they will have, require energies, not sentiments—skilful combinations of facts, and not bootless broodings upon nothing. The green of the turf, too, and the blue of the sky—the country, with its ups and downs, and turnings and windings—its abundance and its sterilities—its ruins and its relics—scenery, in short, of any kind, however brilliant and true—will not compensate for the absence of life and activity—the want of interests that touch the heart and command the understanding.

The *West* means Cornwall and the Scilly Isles; and miners, smugglers, and wreckers mingle in every story; and descriptions of the country abound—with sufficient accuracy no doubt; but of Cornish peculiarities and customs, ancient or modern, the supply is more scanty than we were led by the preface to expect.

The volumes contain seven tales—the first, called "The Valley of the Lizard," the hero of which is a smuggler, whose vessel was taken by a revenue cutter. He himself escapes, though left for dead, and, flying to American coasts, turns pirate—meets with a beautiful Spanish girl—steals her from her home—grows weary of her—withers her by neglect—roams again a little—tires at last even of roaming—returns to his native village—buys a farm and cultivates it—marries a young woman of the village—begets sons and daughters—and settles, most unaccountably, into a grave personage, with a family about him, and thinks of the past

—his lawless life and ardent love—as a dream.

"The Miner" is simply the tale of two brothers, sons of a Cornish squire, left, by their father's improvidence, to the labour of their own hands. Though brought up to nothing but hunting and sporting, they turn miners, set sedulously to work, and, after a series of ill luck, get into the right "vein," and prosper. One of them falls down a shaft, and is crushed to atoms; the other pursues the steady tenor of his way, grows rich, re-buys the family estate, and dies in the hall of his fathers—the cynosure of his hopes and labours.

"The Exile" is, again, a Cornish miner—who, for some reason or other goes to sea—is taken by an Algerine—sold—works in his master's garden, and is observed by the daughter, who falls forthwith in love with him, and *will* marry him. He is divided between his love of liberty and the sense of his religious obligations—hesitates, but yields—renounces his faith, and marries, and is happy, and rarely visited with the prickings of remorse. After some years, the lady dying, he grows comfortless, and thinks of Cornwall again—till at last he resolves to return to his country and Christianity. He accordingly returns home, with property enough to get his comforts about him, and repents at leisure. It was long, it seems, before his spirit was completely lulled to rest; but his sufferings appear never to have been very acute, or indeed to have given him any serious uneasiness—for he delighted to dwell upon the scenes of prosperity and conjugal felicity he had experienced at Algiers—his penitence, nevertheless, the author tells us, was deep and permanent, and not unavailing.

"The Legend of Pacorra" is a longer story, and, in proportion, wearisome. The period of the tale is the reign of Henry the Eighth; the scene near a monastery, which is broken up by Henry's rapacity. The daughter of one Cornish family, and the son of another, are attached to each other; the son has a leaning to the new doctrines. The mother of the lady is an Italian, whose thoughts, naturally enough, turn devotedly to her native country, and, though kind hearted and accomplished, she is a bigot in her religion, and discourages the connexion. By and by, an Italian, in the garb of a monk, is wrecked on the coast, and carried to the lady's residence. With the hot blood of his native clime, he had murdered a rival, and had taken refuge in an English monastery; and was returning to Italy, after the ruin of the monastery, when the vessel was wrecked. The youth, with no more of the monk than the cowl, quickly falls in love with the young lady, discloses his passion, and is haughtily and resentfully repulsed. He detects the young lady's penchant for the Protestant youth; the rivals meet occasionally, and scowl at each other,

and snap and spar, but all with the tongue—till once, when all three were together, stung by the young Protestant's reproaches, the Italian plucked a dagger from his breast—the very dagger with which he had stabbed his former rival, and which he wore next his heart in token of repentance—and rushing towards him, plunged it deep into the bosom of the lady, who had thrown herself between them.

"Wesley and his Disciple" is well told, and the best of the volumes. The disciple was a Cornish miner, of a fervid temperament and enthusiastic spirit. Under Wesley's guidance, he becomes a powerful preacher, and itinerates the country, till, meeting with a wealthy widow, he marries; and in the enjoyment of his wealth, notwithstanding the reminders and reproofs of Wesley, he relaxes in his profession and his preaching. The wife dies. Though never attached to her while living, he dwells fondly on her memory; and, to dissipate his sorrows, and find employment, he goes, not a preaching again, but, of all places in the world, to the West Indies; and after wandering two or three years over the blue mountains of Jamaica, and roaming among the huts of the negroes, he takes a passage in a merchantman for Ireland. There he meets with a lady, whose attractions fairly fascinate him; she was a Catholic—the fact startles him—but obstacles vanish before his ardour, and his passion must be indulged. She was young and gay, and married obviously for an establishment; she was extravagant, and he gives way to her wishes, to the serious dilapidation of his property; she finally elopes with an admirer, and the husband's ruin quickly follows. Daped in his fondest affections, and broken in fortune, he grew daily more careless—was drawn into dissipation—gambled—drank, till he was left without a shilling, and then his thoughts turned to Wesley and his native village. Before he reached it, he sank on the ground—fatigued, exhausted, care-worn—when Wesley passed in his carriage. "My father, my father," exclaimed the unhappy man, "the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof." Wesley recognised him, sprang from the carriage, threw his arms round him, uttered no reproaches—and, soothing him, promised to take care of him. But too late—disappointment had broken his heart, and his death soon followed.

"St. Martin's Isle"—one of the Scilly Islands. Here a colonel and his daughter settle and farm, why or wherefore appears not. The only acquaintance they form is the curate—fresh caught from the Welsh hills, who knows of course little of the living world, but capable, nevertheless, of preaching about vices and virtues, as he finds them in books. He, of course, loves the young lady, but she returns not the favour; he rescues her also from drowning, but she is

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still only grateful. By and by comes a gay and accomplished person, who was a merchant, it seems, and had brought his ship into the harbour for repairs; he forms an acquaintance with the lady—mutual attachment follows, and marriage is to take place on his return from the voyage. The ship's repairs are at length finished, and he sets sail: but scarcely out of the harbour, and he is overtaken by a French privateer, fights bravely, and the last shot of the enemy sweeps away both his thighs. He is brought back to the Isle; the lady's affection is *proof*—she nurses—cures—we do not mean she replaces the lost limbs—marries; and the curate—he, too, triumphs, for, tortured by jealousy, he struggles with the fiend—combats, and conquers.

"The Power of Affection" shews a sailor, who, being slighted by the girl he dearly loves, resolves to throw himself from a precipice—makes a bad leap, falls on the rough points of a rock, and breaks almost every limb—but survives. At first the fond and repentant girl testifies the warmest attachment, but the despairing hero mends slowly—and is a cripple for ever;—she finds another and a sounder lover, and he dies to prove the strength and pertinacity of affection—or the severity of his fall.

Notions of the Americans, picked up by a Travelling Bachelor. 2 vols. 8vo.; 1828.

—We have read these volumes with the most unmingled satisfaction, and earnestly recommend them to all who have been gathering their "Notions of the Americans," without opportunities of correcting them by more competent authorities, from the tours and travels that have for the last ten or dozen years been floating in our literary atmosphere. Generally, the authors of these publications have themselves been uneducated and unlicked persons, and mixing, as they must have done, with men of their own class and habits—their introductions could of course be to no others—and filled with strange fancies of American equality, they have given of the Americans an impression of pervading, and intolerable and irreclaimable coarseness and vulgarity. The distinctions of political and social relations were beyond their detection. The same political rights seem to them to establish the same social intercourse—as if in such a combination of circumstances, the educated and uneducated, the refined and unrefined, the rich and the poor, must, necessarily, mingle pell-mell in blissful confusion. The very able and effective volumes before us will leave a far different impression upon the reader, accompanied with a conviction of the writer's superior information, and superior title to confidence, and confirmed, too, in the long run, by the eternal principles of human feelings, and human motives. The writer, with a want of sound discretion, which was little to be expected from him—

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though done, no doubt, to obviate a natural prejudice—assumes the character of an European; but he is himself American, and no other indeed than Cooper, the well-known national novelist of America—a man, whose reputation, in his particular department, is, or ought to be second only to Sir Walter Scott's—able both to see, combine, and describe.

The work partakes but little of the form of a tour. The author lands at New York, as an European, as we have said—in fact, he was returning to his country after a long residence on the continent of Europe—and from New York, as a central point, he makes excursions into the states, north and east, south and west, and communicates the results, not the details of his observations. The facts are all, no doubt, of the most accurate character, and will go far to remove misconceptions. The book is, upon the whole, too discursive—the common Charybdis to the Scylla, on which the journalist is apt to wreck his vessel; but he is full, with something to say always to the purpose. The author reached New York on the very day of La Fayette's arrival, and numerous particulars are scattered over the volumes of the reception which the veteran soldier and statesman met with from all classes, in the general and deep but quiet enthusiasm, which became the gravity of the occasion, and the good sense of the people—all the theatrical was on the side of the old Frenchman. The whole affair was left to the spontaneous feelings of the country—the government did nothing but despatch a frigate for him—but every where—and he visited almost every state—he was received with a respect at once so fervid, so impressive, and so patriarchal, as nothing in modern times can parallel. The accommodations afforded him were of the completest kind, and neither himself nor his suite were suffered to be at the smallest expense. The states finally voted him a grant of land and 200,000 dollars.

The peculiarities of the American character are to be sought for mainly in the eastern and middle states, and evidently the author is better acquainted with these than with the southern and western ones. The state of society is very different, as might be anticipated, in the slave and non-slave states. In the northern states it is that intelligence, religion, order, frugality, and even liberty, have taken the deepest root; nor will the southern states, Mr. Cooper assures us, deny these distinctions, though they may think them balanced by their own superior taste and manners. The reader must expect—though the south is not neglected—to find the estimate of the American character, built chiefly in the north and east states, precisely those parts with which Europeans are likely to have most intercourse—and to which the observation of our own tourists have been mainly confined.

The notions of equality, which, in our

ignorance, we suppose to originate in democratic institutions—the tendency of which is very decidedly to elevate the whole, rather than to level any—is very deservedly ridiculed. There are “grades” in American society in abundance, of nice shades too. Every man, above the poorest ranks, is eligible to the state legislatures, and even to the congress, and men of humble fortunes and undisciplined manners are sometimes elected; but, generally, as might be expected, the superior classes are chosen. But this distinction gives no precedence in society—which depends mainly on fortune, education and manners. The different castes or sets in society—particularly in the larger towns, as New York, which is a sort of metropolis—are as distinctly defined, and their limits as strictly observed as in even our own aristocratic country. Nobody thinks of crossing them till circumstances invite or entitle him. An innkeeper or a tradesman may be a member of congress, but he would no more expect to be admitted within the pale of certain circles than our own linen-draper of Bond-street to the exclusions of Grosvenor-square. The “squire” and his tailor may meet at the drawing-rooms of the president's lady, but the tailor is not a step nearer the interior of the rich man's residence.

Still the feeling of equality, in a public and political sense, has a marked influence upon society as to manners—shewn chiefly in the repression of that disposition to insolence, which superiority usually gives. There is universally a delicacy and mutual consideration in all classes—a sense of the existence of rights which are not to be invaded or slighted, which produces the essence of politeness and civilization, though it may not infallibly command the signs of it. The feeling is general of the sovereignty of the law, which rings in the ear—“this man is as much entitled to consideration as myself;” and the good sense of the people is equally ready to suggest—“If I am civil, others will be so to me.” With these convictions, the signs and shows of polished manners are less frequent, from the very consciousness that the essence of them as we said, is in active operation. As to women, if they knew when they were well off, as no doubt they do, America, Mr. Cooper says, is their “paradise.” The attentions they receive are not so much perhaps the result of admiration, ardent or affected, as of considerate humanity—but they are uniform and universal—the maid as well as the mistress is secure of them. No women work in the field.

The distinguishing source of American manners lies in the “simplicity of common sense.” The American may be considered as almost exempt from prejudice. First or last, he is sure to ask—of what use is this? Why keep up the practice of that? And the result appears in the renunciation of the externals of vanity, and personal impor-

tance. He is content with the realities of power. Liveries, though never frequent, are now scarcely used at all, where coachmen and footmen are multiplied fifty fold. Armorial bearings are almost wholly abandoned—even on hatchments and tombs. It is become a mark of *bon ton* to discard things of this kind. In the same manner, the use of military titles, except that of *general*, once so common, is growing unfashionable—as also the distinctions of “honourable” and “excellency.” The whole country, in short, is getting more purely democratical in appearance at least—the tendency is all that way. Parade is discontinued; the lawyer can plead without a wig—though the judge still wraps his dignity in a silk gown; neither the president, nor any member of the cabinet, or the congress wears the slightest mark of distinction. The Order of Cincinnati, attempted some years ago to be established by the military, has vanished before the ridicule it excited. The influence of education, talents, money, and even birth exists—very much as with us—only modified, and in some degree curtailed. It is fortunate in America, as well as elsewhere, to be the child of a worthy, or even of an affluent parent. But public rights, and through them private manners, are all, more than in any country in the world, founded on *common sense*. Adams, the present president, when secretary of state, published a pamphlet on some questions of etiquette, connected, however, chiefly with matters of official intercourse, for which he was a good deal quizzed, though the very quizzers were ready to adopt the very thing they laughed at. But here appears the common sense of the country—whatever is convenient in the way of ceremony, they readily adopt, but are little disposed to make trifles matters of serious discussion.

The Americans are charged with coldness—particularly the women; but this is only towards strangers. Compared with other women, they are simple and direct; they do not understand the French, or even the English complimentary and exaggerating style; and such addresses throw them back upon their *reserve*—yet the manner is more strictly subdued than cold. They are—when that reserve wears off—as lively, but never as frivolous, as our own fashionables, and always more frank and cordial.

On the constitution, principles, and practice of the government, Mr. Cooper will furnish ample details—with full statistical information of all kinds. Of American literature, the author speaks, as he is, like a man of sense. Materials are wanting. There are no annals for the historian, says he; no follies (beyond the most vulgar and common-place) for the satirist; no manners for the dramatist; no obscure fictions for the writer of romance; no gross and hardy offences against decorum for the moralist; nor any of the rich artificial auxiliaries for poetry. The experience of a month,

he adds, is sufficient to shew any observant man the falsity of the position—that the society and institutions are, or ought to be, favourable to novelties and variety. They are too much alike, and too much like what common sense tells them they ought to resemble, &c.

Every body knows America has no church establishment. But great ignorance prevails on this subject. In numerous books of some authority, it has been stated, that though there is no state religion, every one is assessed for the support of ministers, with the right of the contributor to direct its appropriation. This, however, never was strictly the fact, and is now scarcely so at all. The constitution of New Hampshire authorises its legislature to make provision for *Protestant* ministers, and Massachusetts enjoins. In these states a slight assessment is laid on property. It was the same not long since in Connecticut, but gradual changes are still going on, and the Americans fearlessly adapt their institutions to the spirit of the age, and that spirit is independence to the fullest practicable extent.

At present, in Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee, the clergy are not eligible to the state legislatures. In South Carolina, Kentucky, and Mississippi, they can be neither governors nor legislators. In Missouri, they can fill no civil office but justice of the peace. In New York, Delaware, and Louisiana, no civil office at all. The other states, and the United States, a general government, are silent on the subject, and the clergy are considered as eligible to every situation; and in all cases, restrictions are applicable, as surely they ought to be, only where men are in the actual exercise of clerical functions. Congress appoints chaplains; but takes them indiscriminately from the several sects, almost, as we have been assured, in rotation. No Catholic has hitherto been chaplain, but not so much from exclusive principles, as accident. Mr. Cooper was present when a Catholic preached to both houses, though probably not half-a-dozen Catholics were present. The clergy of different professions live in great harmony—they have little to quarrel about—neither titles nor promotions. One, moreover, has no advantage over another; he has but one alternative—he must abandon the race, or contend with watchfulness and care. This does not excite jealousy, and, least of all, laxity. Each party knows his influence depends on the conformity of his practice with his doctrine—which implies charity and forbearance. There has been plenty of intolerance in America—the inheritance of our fathers—but all is giving way. Restrictive laws in all the old states are gradually growing a dead letter, and either are already repealed, or will speedily be so. Even Maryland—a Catholic colony—has just rescinded the law which disfranchised the Jews.

As to numbers, if the Presbyterians and

Congregationalists be taken together, they are the first—they have 3,000 congregations. The Baptists have more than 2,000. The Methodists rank next. The Episcopalians have ten bishops and 394 clergy, and are on the increase. Quakers are numerous in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York; and Catholics in Maryland and Louisiana. It may be a matter of some interest with us Episcopalians to understand the constitution of the Episcopal Church in America. Mr. Cooper supplies us with the requisite information.

Where there are Episcopalians enough, the diocese is confined to a single state. But, as there are ten bishops, and twenty-four states, it is plain that several of the states are contained in one diocese. There are, in point of fact, however, eleven dioceses, that of Delaware being vacant. The highest spiritual authority known is, of course, a bishop. Priests and deacons being all the orders named in the Bible, are the only other orders known or used in America. The highest authority is exercised by the general convention. The general convention is composed of two bodies, a house of bishops, and a house of lay delegates. Each diocese has a convention for the regulation of its own affairs. The general convention consists of the bishops, who form the house of bishops, and of laymen, who are sent as delegates from the state of convention. The object of this body is to promote harmony and uniformity of doctrine in the whole church. The state conventions contain the clergy of the diocese, and a lay delegation from each church. In both conventions, the clergy (or bishops, as the case may be) and the laymen vote separately, a majority of each being necessary to an ordinance. Clergymen are presented by their congregations, and bishops are elected by the conventions of the diocese, and are approved of by the house of bishops. There is no salary yet given to any bishop, though provisions to a reasonable amount are making for that object. At present they are all rectors of churches. The oldest bishop for the time being is called the presiding bishop, though he enjoys no exclusive authority. There have been, in all, twenty-one bishops of this church in the United States, and they hold their ordination from the archbishops of Canterbury and York, and from the non-juring bishops of the Episcopal Church of Scotland, jointly.

The law recognizes these authorities to a certain extent, as it does the authorities of all other churches. The Catholics have their archbishops and bishops, the Methodists their bishops, and the Presbyterians, Baptists, &c. &c. their own particular forms of government.

Institutes of the Laws of Holland, by Johannes Van der Linden, LL.D., translated by Jabez Henry, Esq.; 1826.—Convinced, as the nation is now pretty generally become, that our code—civil and criminal—is not in all and every part absolute wisdom, notwithstanding the great age of some of it—and disposed as the nation is, in consequence, to welcome any changes, however extensive, that bear the stamp of sound sense, and applicability to great and small, we cannot know too much of the laws

of other countries. Human passions are every where very much the same, and the same laws will generally produce the same effects. The more materials, the safer and the more complete will be our deductions. In this view, therefore, Mr. Henry has performed an acceptable service in translating these Institutes. One leaf, at least, we may take from them relative to the treatment of debtors. The Dutch, it seems, condescend to *hear* before they execute, and to take the *property* before the person. Holland, let the traders of England remember, is, as the translator suggests, equally a commercial country with our own. But it is chiefly for the benefit of English settlers in the ceded Dutch Colonies, and English judges, who administer the Dutch laws in the colonies, and at home especially, in Plantation Appeals in the Privy Council—that these Institutes have been translated. For them it is invaluable; for these colonies were ceded in the condition that the ancient laws and institutions were secured to them. Mr. Van der Linden's character, as a lawyer and judge, is in high repute in his own country and the Colonies; and he has been singularly fortunate in his translator. Mr. Henry was himself three years President of the courts in the old Dutch Colonies of Demerara, Essequibo, and Berbice, and has since visited the same places, as "senior commissioner in the commission of legal inquiry into the administration of criminal and civil justice in the West Indies and South American Colonies." No pains have been spared by the learned and experienced translator, to make the whole perfectly intelligible to the English colonist; and, since his return from the West Indies, he has visited Holland expressly to consult the venerable author, for the purpose of elucidation and correction. The translation itself was originally suggested, as one likely to prove of great utility, by Sir Wm. Grant, and executed under the sanction of Lord Bathurst, while colonial secretary.

The Kuzzilbash, a Tale of Khorasan. 3 vols.; 1826.—The strange-sounding word of the title is, it seems, Turkish for Red-cap, and is intended to designate the Persian Soldier; and the subject, accordingly, is the adventures of one of Nadir Schah's guards—a favoured officer—interwoven with the splendid career of that stern and sanguinary conqueror, who makes, it must be allowed, a much more commanding, and even a more respectable, figure, than Sir John Malcolm's history will, we think, sanction. The story, however, is told with considerable animation and dexterity, and shews no common familiarity with the scenes it describes—it is told too orientally, that is, "figuratively and paraphrastically"—interrupted by interminable episodes—suspending the course of the narrative, and of course breaking the continuity of its interest.

The hero, Ismael, who tells his own story,

is the son of a Khorasan chief, whose whole family and tribe had been cut off by the sudden and devastating irruption of a horde of Toorkomans. Ismael, a mere child, was the sole survivor; and being carried to the felt tents of the Toorkomans, and given to young Selim, the son of the chief, as a slave, was brought up among them with great kindness and indulgence, and taught, like them, the use of the bow and the spear. Growing up, bold, and brave, and active, he accompanied the tribe in their plundering excursions, and once saved the life of Selim, and became, moreover, not only the general favourite of all, but the particular one of a beautiful girl—one of the chief's daughters. This intercourse with the soft and gentle Shireen finally exceeded the limits of prudence, and the consequences were likely to prove perilous, if not fatal, to both the youthful and thoughtless offenders.

When the crisis seemed just at hand, a dervish, who had interpreted a dream of Ismael's mother before his birth, and foretold the general colour of his fortunes, and seemed, indeed, to exercise a sort of mysterious sway over his destinies, presents himself, and reading him a pretty sharp lecture on his imprudence, at length assures him of a speedy deliverance from the impending danger. Discovery follows forthwith; and Selim, though feeling deeply and painfully for the honour of his family, is prevailed upon, by the implorings of his sister, and his own affection for Ismael, to screen him from the indignation of the chief of the tribe, and assist him in his escape, by furnishing him with a horse and weapons, and directions for his course. Crossing, now, the sandy desert on the south, towards Khorasan, he and his horse are nearly buried in the whelming sands stirred up by a furious storm of wind, and he is only rescued from absolute destruction by the sudden appearance of the dervish, who shelters him in a neighbouring cave. Refreshed by a day's rest, the youth starts forward again for the south, and is finally met by a lone traveller, who proves to be Ibrahim, the brother of Nadir, then in a state of all but open rebellion against the Schah. Between two solitary individuals in a wide and desolate wilderness, intimacy soon grows, and a mutual communication of circumstances follows of course. Ibrahim knew Ismael's father, and was delighted with the bold bearing and general appearance of the youth, and promises to introduce him to Nadir, who was at this time encamped somewhere on the frontiers of Khorasan. In their way to join him, they were surprised by a band of Koords, and escaped only by the most desperate efforts of valour and resolution, and the lucky arrival of some of Nadir's cavalry, from whom Ibrahim had been, by circumstances, recently separated. Reaching Nadir's camp, Ibrahim forthwith introduces his young friend to the grim chief; and being required on the spot to

give a touch of his quality, he exhibits his skill in horsemanship and the bow so much to the satisfaction of Nadir, that he is immediately enrolled in his highness's guard.

Preparations were at this time actively making for fighting the rebels before Mushed, and in the decisive engagement which quickly ensued, Ismael's prowess was conspicuous, and was brilliantly acknowledged. The holy city Mushed fell before Nadir's triumphs, and for a while the labours of the soldier ceased, and Ismael was left with little to do but to prosecute his own enjoyments. Idleness is the mother of mischief, and Ismael rapidly degenerates—he frequents gaming-houses, and contracts sundry profligate habits. Among other sources of amusement, he ascends the top of a minaret daily, and busies himself in prying down upon the harem of an old voluptuous priest. The fancy seizes him to get a nearer glance—he scrambles up an old adjoining ruin, and succeeds to his heart's content. For a time he is cautious, and satisfied with merely gazing on the scenes before him; but, growing careless or confident by impunity, he is at length observed, and has some difficulty in escaping. The difficulty had indeed been insuperable, but for the connivance of the queen of the harem, who had long before detected his gazings, and marked his admiration, and returned it with ardour. Orientally, matters are soon arranged; the lady now loses not a moment; she despatches a slave to conduct Ismael to her boudoir, where, left to themselves, she at once avows her admiration of his spirit and person. Ismael is too gallant a soldier not to make a suitable return of protestations; but, though struck, and even awed, by the splendour of her majestic beauty, he is perfectly fascinated by one of her attendant nymphs, and very quickly he has two intrigues upon his hands—the mistress and the maid—of very different characters, as he soon finds—the one haughty, and domineering, and rapacious—the other as gentle, and confiding, and disinterested.

During the prosecution of these delights, he has the good fortune, one evening, to rescue a person from an attack of assassins, and accompanying him to his house, is treated by him with great distinction, and dismissed with liberal presents. This person proves to be a young merchant, of high intellectual cultivation, and prodigiously wealthy—who had visited foreign countries, and had a great deal to tell. His adventures are accordingly detailed at a somewhat wearisome length; but an opportunity is thus given of describing the manners of different oriental regions, and particularly the capture of Ispahan by the Affghan invader, and his subsequent cruelties. An intimacy quickly ripens between the young men; and Aboo Talib, the merchant, knowing that a soldier's purse is generally

light, makes him the most frank and liberal offers of his : but these Ismael is too high-spirited to accept, though the importunate exactions of his manœuvring mistress make loans very desirable. The facility with which these were granted seduces the thoughtless youth into encroachments on his friend's kindness, and enables him to extend the natural term of his inglorious intercourse with his harem-mistress. But matters with her, from other causes, precipitate—discovery follows; and the lady, an Affghan, and of course of an indomitable spirit, plans a fierce revenge. Ismael is introduced to her apartments as usual, and is immediately taxed about his base intrigue with her slave, and the unhappy girl is brought in by numerous attendants. He is himself secured and bound, and she, in his very sight, is stript—her beautiful and downy shoulders mercilessly scourged, and her soft and snowy bosom cut and gashed with knives, till she falls senseless on the ground; and, just as the fell tigress is preparing to put out Ismael's eyes, comes in the enraged husband, and the scene of violence terminates by the wife stabbing her bleeding victim, and herself, after failing in a rush upon Ismael, dying under the operation of poison, and Ismael's being plunged into a dungeon.

From this dungeon, however, he is quickly rescued by the re-appearance of the mysterious dervish, who, reading him another lecture on his recent profligacy, takes him to a place of safety; from whence, after recovering from a sharp fever, the consequence of his agitations and sufferings, he returns to his military duties. But his absence has been long, and he is received by his master with great coldness, and some reproaches, and bade to be watchful for some opportunity of recovering his fallen credit. This, with his irrepressible ardour, he soon accomplishes; an engagement takes place; and, by an act of daring and desperate valour, he turns the fortune of the field, and regains Nadir's favour. New victories and honours flow in upon him, and success, in full tide, attends him up to the recovery of Ispahan, the expulsion of the Affghan sovereign, and the restoration of the legitimate schah.

At Ispahan, in a severe fit of illness brought on by his exertions and his wounds, he is again found by the merchant, and by him splendidly taken care of; and we have then his farther adventures detailed. Once more in a state of convalescence, Ismael is despatched with a detachment of troops to occupy Mushed, where, among some captives, he discovers his own Shireen, in the deepest misery, dying from want; and learns, moreover, that Selim is in confinement, and his execution certain on Nadir's arrival, who was expected every day. Nadir had, on some former occasion, made him the promise of a boon or demand, and he now demands the life of his friend, and

when refused, renounces his allegiance, and by this resolute behaviour finally shakes the stern determination of his commander, and receives a pardon for himself and friend. At this stage—when all is prosperous—his friend rescued from destruction—and himself happy in the arms of his loved and long-lost Shireen, the story stops. More is promised; and in due time, of course, we shall be carried over the career of Nadir's Indian triumphs—which we shall trace with interest, under so competent a guide.

Sketch of the present State of the Island of Sardinia, by Capt. W. H. Smyth, R. N. 1828.—This is an acceptable volume; for of the existing state of Sardinia, and its population, we have no accounts to be relied upon, and none at all of recent production; and even for its history, we know not where to refer to, except where it is mixed up with that of other countries, or incidentally adverted to. Captain Smyth was employed by the Admiralty to survey the coast; and with the present publication in view, he seized on every opportunity for gaining the requisite information, and seems, first or last, to have cut the island in all directions. The account is, on the whole, as complete as can be wished for, of a place so little in communion with the rest of the world. Under different divisions will be found the political history of the island—its produce and resources—the condition and habits of the natives—and a tour round the coast.

The history is very slightly sketched. The oldest accounts represent the island as originally colonized by Libyans, some dozen centuries before the Christian era, to whom were successively added Trojans, Greeks, and others. In 530 B.C. occurs the first historical fact, an invasion by the Corinthians, which the Sards, aided by a band of Corsicans, repelled; and with the same success they seem to have baffled several similar attempts from other quarters. In 259, Cornelius Scipio defeated the Carthaginians off the coasts, in two successive years, and with his legions overran the whole island, without making any effort to retain possession—the motives for invading and abandoning are equally obscure. But in 213, Sardinia was finally reduced, and being incorporated with Corsica, became a Roman province, governed by a prætor. Soon after, we read of a civil war between the natives of the plains and of the hills, followed by a pretty general revolt from the Romans; and in 178, after a tremendous destruction, the island was again reduced by Sempronius Gracchus, and thenceforward made a consular province. From this period it followed the fortunes of other Roman provinces—long regarded by Rome as one of its granaries, and was the spot to which her criminals were banished. In the reign of Tiberius, according to Tacitus, 4,000 Jews were despatched to subdue some pirates, who were ravaging the island—

being themselves considered as a worthless people, who, if the unwholesomeness of the climate carried them off, would be thus well got rid of. In the fifth century after Christ, it fell under the Vandals, and was in Genseric's possession after the death of Valentinian. In 468, the Emperor Leo made great exertions to recover Africa and the neighbouring islands from his grasp, and by a detachment from his immense armaments, Sardinia was retaken, but as quickly was recovered by Genseric. Under Belisarius, it was once more wrenched from the gripe of the Vandals, and being then annexed to the African prefecture, continued under the Emperors, except during a short interval, when it fell before Totila, till the beginning of the eighth century.

At that period it was first invaded by the Saracens, and a struggle between them and the Sards was kept up for more than a century, till the brave islanders, in despair, threw themselves on the protection of Louis le Débonnaire, and were by him incorporated with the Western Empire—apparently without adding much to their security, though, certainly, the Saracens never held quiet possession of it. About the year 1,000, Musat, an enterprising Moor, got sudden possession of the whole, and assuming the title of King of Sardinia, he spread his devastations on all the neighbouring shores,—till, prompted by the Pope, the Pisans undertook a crusade against him, which, successful at first, and then failing, was again repeated in conjunction with the Genoese; and finally, the whole island, in 1022, was divided between the confederate invaders—the Genoese, apparently, being feudatory to the Pisans. These commercial cities, however, did not long agree on the division of the spoil, and their disputes ended only with the ruin of Pisa, some two centuries and a half afterwards, when it was said, "Those who would see Pisa must go to Genoa."

Without adverting to subsequent efforts of the Pisans to recover their influence—or to the oppressions of the Genoese, which drove the Sards to rebel, and call in the aid of new foreigners—it must suffice to state, that, in 1428, the island was ceded to Alphonso of Arragon, and to the crown of Spain it continued to be annexed till the Succession War, in the course of which (1708) the capital was seized by Sir John Leake for Charles of Austria, and, by the treaty of Utrecht, was allotted to the Emperor. In spite, however, of this allotment, Philip, the Bourbon King of Spain, in 1717, by a sudden attack, recovered it; but again, by the prompt efforts of the English and Austrians, Philip was compelled to resign it once more to the Emperor, who, on the same day, ceded it to Victor Amadeus, in exchange for Sicily, 1720. Since that period, the island has followed the fortunes of the house of Savoy. It is

governed by a viceroy, removable every three years.

The island, upon measurement, proves to be larger than Sicily, and, of course, is the largest in the Mediterranean. Its dimensions are 140 by 60 nautical miles, that is, about 160 by 70 travelling ones. Besides lakes, marshes, and torrents, there are large sandy and stony districts, which occupy, together, more than a third of the surface; a similar extent may be assigned for forests and pastures; and the remainder, about 4,400,000 acres, is laid out in corn-fields, vineyards, olive-grounds, orchards, &c., for the subsistence of about 480,000 persons—enough—corn yielding at least eight for one—to feed triple the number. Agriculture, as may be readily supposed, is in the lowest state—the plough is of the rudest construction, and so light as rather to scratch than turn up the soil. Corn is thrashed in the field by the treading of mares and colts, on a spot stripped of the sward, and beaten to hardness, to the manifest deterioration of the corn, but with the advantage, it seems, of breaking the straw into a more eatable state. Of what may be called interior commerce there can be none, for there are scarcely any high-roads, and no cross or by-roads at all. The ruts are worn nearly as deep as the semi-diameter of the cart-wheels; and of a new road now actually making from Cagliari to Sassari, it was remarked to Captain Smyth by a native, "it would be imperfect till it was worn to a similar state!" The cart-wheels are solid, edged with triangular pieces of iron instead of a smooth hoop, and the axle-tree fixed in the wheels—the yoke rests upon the forehead of the oxen employed to draw the cart, bound round the roots of the horns. Captain Smyth, struck with the peculiarity, had a model of it constructed, which being seen by a canon of the cathedral, he observed—"The English are a wise people—always travelling to seek improvements, and carry them home!" Some corn is exported. Wine is improving. Tobacco is a royal monopoly. Silk is cultivated merely for amusement. Cotton is grown, but not enough for exportation; and Capt. Smyth, being desirous of promoting the growth, presented the planters with the white and yellow seed of Malta, the staple of which is long and silky, but was checked by a person high in office—who assured him, the more the culture was extended, the more the material must fall in value!—a remark which may give the measure of his political economy.

Throughout the spring the plains are covered with flowers of great variety, and honey, in consequence, abounds—retaining the bitterness so often alluded to by the Latin poets, and attributed by some to yew, laurel, and rue, and by others to the *herba Sardo*—the plant, whatever it may be, which produced what is called the sardonic

grin—a bitter smile in the midst of agony—a contortion of the muscles of the mouth, that shews like a smile—a sort of grin of vexation. For this plant Captain Smyth made frequent inquiries—every body was familiar with the expression, and every body pretended to know the plant; but no specimen could be obtained. Some spoke of it as a parasitic growing among aquatic plants, called *djurra* at Terranova, and *lohona* at Tempio. Others affirmed that it in particular adhered to water-cresses; and a farmer was very earnest with the sailors to throw away some very fine ones! The *ranunculus sceleratus* abounds—so acrid, as to give the mouth of the taster a twist, and of course a colour to the tradition. But Captain Smyth inclines to class it with other worn-out wonders of the island—such as the fountain that blinded robbers and perjurers, and sharpened the eyes of the good, and the ladies that had double pupils to theirs.—The feudal system, though represented as in full vigour, is not exactly so; for the vassal is free-born, and may change his lord and residence at will. While on the estate, he is subject to services of a degrading cast; and an annual tribute is exacted, in money or goods, on all above eighteen years—besides demands for prisons, indemnities for robberies and fires, and exemptions from the debt of labour, &c.—if some of these are not rather to be called government taxes. Assassinations are shockingly numerous—quite enough to keep down any surplus population.

So little has the island been permanently

occupied by foreigners, since the Romans, that more of the Latin language remains than in any other of the southern dialects. A specimen is given, which would have been equally intelligible to a Roman as it is to a Sard.

Deus, qui cum potentia incomprehensibili
Nos creas, et conservas cum amore,
Nos sustentas cum gratia indefectibili,
Nos refrenas cum pœna, et cum dolore.
Cum fide nos illustras infallibili,
Et nos visitas cum dulce terrore,
Cum gloria præmias bonos ineffabili,
Punias malos cum pœna interminabili.

The words mostly end with *a*, *u*, or *i*, and are pluralized by adding *s*. The *c* is something between the *s* and *x*, instead of the *che* of the Italians; and the *ex* resembles the Italian *ci*, or English *ch*, as in *cocciu*—coach. The labials *b* and *v* are mutually substituted. Joseph Scaliger's pun will be remembered, when speaking of the Sard, who are not remarkably abstemious—*Felices populi, quibus bibere est vivere*. The fine arts, as we quaintly term them, are utterly unknown among them—they have neither painter, sculptor, nor engraver; and for a theatre, nothing but a barn or two. Even as artizans, they shew little skill or dexterity, except in gun-locks. They make no watches, or clocks, or any cutlery, but of the coarsest description. When sawyers work in unison, one stands upon the timber, as with us, but below there are two, and both sit. We must stop somewhere—let it be here.

FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS.

Exhibition of Portraits of the most Illustrious Personages of British History, at Messrs. Harding and Leopard's, Pall Mall, East.—The purpose of this exhibition, which has been opened gratuitously, and very numerous and fashionably attended, is that of displaying, at a single view, the entire collection of drawings prepared for the superb and national work, so well known by the name of "Lodge's Portraits and Memoirs of the most Illustrious Personages of the History of Great Britain." These drawings, or rather paintings, in water colours, have been executed by some of the most distinguished living artists, from the original and contemporary portraits preserved in the several galleries and mansions (often of the descendants of the illustrious originals) which are scattered over the entire island; and while, by the accuracy and richness of their performance, they present to the lover of art a uniform series of subjects, belonging to the portrait painting of the country during a period of three centuries; and longer; they also present to the lover of English history and biography, a series of historical and biographical illustrations as invaluable as it is rare. That

the portrait painting of historical personages is the best species of historical painting, must be a truth which hardly admits of a question; and which, least of all, will be controverted by any of those who have enjoyed the opportunity of surveying the collection now referred to.

The memoirs which have accompanied the engravings of these portraits, are from the pen of Mr. Lodge, and have obtained the general estimation of readers to a degree which renders further encomium needless. The beauty of style, and gentlemanly spirit, for which they are remarkable, are accompanied by the happiest arrangement of the narrative; by concision and perspicuity, and by the fruits of the most diligent research.

The original folio edition (of which the cost was nearly two hundred guineas), and an imperial octavo edition, published in numbers, at intervals of two months, are now about to be followed by an edition in imperial octavo, in monthly numbers; and in each publication an equal beauty of mechanical execution is preserved. The series is also to be brought down to the present date.

MONTHLY THEATRICAL REPORT.

THE close of the season at the winter theatres has at length arrived, and the world are left to find what amusement they can in the Haymarket and Lyceum. The season has been unusually dull at both the great theatres. The companies of both have been composed of the best actors that the stage possesses in this degenerate age; but the general result has proved that actors are but the minor ingredients of success. Covent Garden in possession of Kean, Young, and Charles Kemble, had all that tragedy can boast among us; and yet, with the exception of some nights of Kean's engagement, in which the unusual combination of the whole force of the corps produced strong public excitement, the success was by no means adequate to the expenditure. On the whole, we fear that the season was an unpromising one. The great theatres are certainly conducted on a system which no excellence of the actors can render productive. The outlay is enormous: that of Covent Garden is scarcely less than £250 a-night; and when we consider that it requires an unusually full house to produce £500, and how seldom even a moderately full one has occurred, we may at once come to the conclusion, and regret the loss that must be inevitable—and our regret is sincere. The exertions of the managers have been zealous in every thing that belonged to the theatre. The company has been select and able; the performances have been well arranged; the scenery and equipments excellent. There never was exhibited in Europe a stage so free from negligence, or any kind of offensive irregularity or deficiency, as the English stage of the present day; yet the result has been dissatisfaction; and we understand that in Covent Garden the old expedient of a change of managers is to be tried, as an expedient for a change of fortune. We are no panegyrists of Charles Kemble, nor are we inclined to publish the errors which must arise from the attempt to combine the very different objects of actor and manager; but while we take into account the internal predilection of this accomplished performer, for plays, and for authors, that conducted to this impression on the public, we willingly do him the justice to say, that his talents have done honour to the theatre, and his management will find few equals in the grace and urbanity of manners with which so anxious a charge was conducted. It is said that he is going to America. We sincerely hope that his absence, if he be going, will be of the shortest possible duration, and that we shall have him among us again, personating what none can personate like him—the fine spirit of chivalry, of youthful passion, and of heroic beauty.

The force of Drury Lane was determined to comedy, and the company was of the M.M. *New Series*.—VOL. VI. No. 31.

ablest kind. Matthews was drawn from his annual and productive labours at the Lyceum; Liston was won from his perpetual visions of the "*otium cum dignitate*," his phantasies about perpetual travel between Venice, Vienna, the Caucasus, and Constantinople; his meditations on houries; pipes seven feet long, and the nurture of a beard which was to put Sultan Solymán's to shame; his pleasant reveries; an eternal rumbling in postchaises, and eternal scorching on the bluest waters of the Mediterranean, much as they have beguiled himself and amused the world of the green-room these half dozen years, have been dissolved by the potent spell of the manager. This freest of the free, among the children of Thespis, has suffered himself to be chained during the hottest of the hot months, to the managerial stool; has played admirably, and is, we hope, destined by his cruel fate to be tempted from his natural freedom many a year to come, to freeze with the winter's visitation; to be scorched by the sun in Leo; to make the worst translations from the worst French palatable, and to make pleasantries popular, in defiance of dullness, methodism, and the dog-days. Jones has exhibited himself to great advantage during this season. In mentioning him subsequently to Matthews and Liston, we have no idea of placing him a single step below those able performers. But he appears constantly, while they visit us only on occasion; he performs in all things, let them be of what merit they may, while they appear only in a few, probably of their own choice, in which they have been accustomed to exert their powers. But the stage has had, for a long period, no actor equal to Jones for ready adaptation to all parts, for the animation which he throws into all, even the feeblest; and for the clearness, dexterity, and brilliancy of his dialogue. No comedy can be efficient in which he has not a prominent part, and no audience can involve him in the failure of the drama, be its absurdities all that modern authorship is so perfectly adequate to make them.

But the grand defect of the whole system is the want of able authorship. No excellence of acting can make us endure the eternal repetitions of even the cleverest of our comedies. There is, besides, a period which no rank of cleverness can survive, as there is a period at which the strongest body of our wine evaporates or turns into vinegar. The whole race of the comedies, &c., at the beginning of the last century, were old fifty years ago, and had expired of old age. No attempt at revival was able to keep them before the public. A new race then appeared: the "*Clandestine Marriage*" and the "*School for Scandal*," were at the head of these; and nothing could be more admirable than the vigorous plot of the one

and the playful poignancy of the other. But they had their day. New manners, new feelings, new modes of thinking, and new styles of being pleased or pained, have superseded those of the day of Colman and Sheridan. Their plays are now worn out; their plots have been repeated in a thousand forms, until they are worn out too. Their wit has transpired in the shape of so many old stories, that it is identified with the tiresome old gentlemen who tell them, and who protest that since mankind left off tie-wigs and cocked hats the world has gone to ruin. The "Clandestine Marriage" and the "School for Scandal," are now old-fashioned. Their pleasantries are stiff; their burlesques of life burlesques of a life that has no examples among us, and even the brilliant *Charles* now appears a good deal of a vulgar rake, and the dexterous *Joseph* but a bad imitation of a relapsed quaker.

There has not been in the whole year any one original performance on the stage. "Don Pedro," a tragedy, by Lord Porchester, being the only one that pretended to originality, and being, though the production of an accomplished and intelligent young nobleman, not fitted to last beyond its first half hour. There has been no original comedy; no opera; no farce; even no melo-drama. France has given her little nerveless performances to be rendered more nerveless by being pulled to pieces and flung together in the literary cauldron, to re-appear moulded into some awkward shape of English drama. But failure has set its seal upon all; and so it must be, until the genius of the country be induced to turn its vigour to the drama.

The Haymarket Theatre has already opened, with a good company. Several of the public favourites of the last year are missing from the list: but this is the natural result of their success at this theatre. The humble country actor, transferred to London, becomes, if a favourite, a formidable being to manage. The emoluments of these small summer theatres, which were once opulence to him, become trivial in his opened eyes, and he, like other gentlemen, scorns town at midsummer, and flies to the delights of a circuit through the country. No one can blame the fortunate members of a profession so ephemeral for making all the money they can in as short a time as they can. But the result is, that the summer theatres lose their most effective actors, and are compelled to drill a new tribe into fame.

Among the *débutantes* is Miss Bartolozzi, the sister of Vestris, and with some resemblance in voice and countenance to this clever and lively actress. Her figure is feminine and graceful, but she is impeded a good deal by the embarrassment of a first trial. Her voice is powerful, and evidently taught by Italian rules. But she will re-

quire practice to give her facility and the habit of the stage, to allow of the full development of her powers.

The house has been considerably altered in its appearance; the projections of the boxes are taken away, and the whole range of boxes and gallery richly decorated. The *coup-d'œil* is handsome, and, with a better drop-scene and a better orchestra, both of which the enterprising and active manager can so easily supply, nothing will be wanting to the usual and deserved popularity of this lively theatre.

The prominent theatrical event of the month has been the appearance of Mademoiselle Mars at the King's Theatre, turned from an *Italienne* into a *Française*. Her first performance was in De Lavigne's very long-winded and very tiresome comedy of "L'Ecole des Vieillards," a comedy which differs from a tragedy only in its being without any death, except what may happen among the audience from excessive yawning; and which seems to have been written by one of the fatiguing old men that it characterises. But in France dramatic talent is now in exactly the same degeneracy as in England. We have no right to exult over the more prostrate stupidity of our vivacious neighbours; their stage is dull, and ours is just as dull. We adopt and adapt from them; they adopt and adapt from the Spanish and the German. So runs the circle; and the system of adoption by M. Scribe is just as palpable and as nationally unproductive as that of any of the *faceurs* who provide us with flippancy and foolery at second-hand.

Mademoiselle Mars has been for many years at the head of French comedy; and she has unequivocally deserved her distinction. Nothing French could be more finished than her performance of *Hortense*, the coquettish wife. With all the national vivacity, she had the good taste to keep it down to the universal standard of easy eloquence; and, with the singular volatility of tongue that belongs to her countrywomen evidently at her command, she spoke with a delicacy and occasional composure, that allowed her accents to sink into the heart. This fine performance is an instance of the power of talent over time. She is said to be above fifty; yet her countenance, on the stage, has almost the freshness of early life; her features are expressive, and her smile is perfectly beautiful. Her face is, it is true, on the model of the French Venus, round, full, and small featured. Neither an ancient Greek nor a modern Englishman would be inclined to think the rotund in face or person the most fortunate of forms. But every nation has its taste, from the negroes upwards, and the *sphere* is in France the model of perfection in eyes, visage, and figure. Mademoiselle Mars was received with great applause.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 7.—An account was given of trigonometrical operations, in the years 1821-2-3, for determining the difference of longitude between the royal observatories of Paris and Greenwich, by Captain Kater.—14. On the mode in which the nerves belonging to the organs of sense terminate, by Sir E. Home. Experiments on heated iron, in reference to the magnetic and electric fluids, by W. Ritchie, Esq.—April 24. A paper was read, containing an account of experiments on the elastic curve, by B. Bevan, Esq. This curve has generally been stated to be the parabola, but after many trials, Mr. B. found that the formula, for the common hyperbola, gave a very near approximation, in all practical cases, to the curve assumed by a prismatic rod, when acted upon by the weight of its own parts.—May 1. A paper was read, entitled a description of a vertical floating collimator, and an account of its application to astronomical observations, with a circle, and a zenith telescope, by Captain Kater. This instrument, an improvement on the horizontal collimator, invented by this gentleman in 1825, from the greater degree of precision attainable by its employment, from the facility of its construction and application, and the time saved by using it, the author deems it not unreasonable to infer that ere long the use of the level and plumb-line, in celestial observations, will be wholly abandoned.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

March 14. The first paper read, was an ephemeris of the place of Encke's comet, during the time of its re-appearance at the end of the present year. Drawn up at the request of the Council of the Society, by F. Baily, Esq. The next was a paper, on finding the rates of time-keepers, by E. Riddle, Esq. The method proposed is by taking equal altitudes of a fixed star, on the same side of the meridian, on successive nights. If the difference of the two consecutive times at which the star attains the same altitude (whatever it be) on the same side of the meridian, be less than $3^{\circ}55'91''$, the chronometer (presuming that it is regulated to mean solar time) will have gained, and if more, it will have lost much in a sidereal day. And if the observations are made at an interval of n days, the n^{th} part of the difference between the times of observation compared with $3^{\circ}55'91''$, will, in like manner, give the mean rate for that interval, and if this quantity be multiplied by 1.0027, it will give the rate for a mean solar day. Lastly, there was read, a paper by the Rev. T. Hussey, on certain differences between the places of particular stars as laid down by Piazzi and Bradley, and the places assigned by reducing the observations of M. Bessel, which, in one instance at least, induce a supposition of an

annual proper motion of $+0''.9872$ of the star in R.A.—April 11. A paper was read on the construction of large achromatic telescopes, by A. Rogers, Esq. Mr. R. proposes to employ a single object lens, and to correct it by a compound lens placed near the focus of the former. A portion of a paper was also read on the occultation of δ piscium, observed in Blackman-street, in the month of February, 1821. References to recorded observations of occultations, in which peculiarities have been apparently seen, either at the moon's limb, or upon her disc, together with an inquiry how far certain hypotheses seem adequate to account for the phenomena, by I. South, Esq.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

March 21. Benjamin Silliman, M.D., was elected a foreign member of this Society. F. Finch, Esq., and T. Winter, Esq., were elected Fellows. A paper was read, entitled "Topographical and Geological Notices," from information collected during the expedition to the North West Coast of America, under the command of Captain Franklin, by Dr. Richardson. Of this memoir, which will be published in full in the appendix to Captain Franklin's Narrative of the Expedition, we shall hereafter offer an analysis.—April 18. William Hutton, Beriah Botfield, and W. P. Hammond, Esqs., were elected Fellows. A paper was read on the fossil remains of two new species of mastodons and of other vertebrated animals found on the left bank of the Irawadi (presented to the museum of the society by Mr. Crawford), by W. Clift, Esq. The president having communicated to the Society that the Lords of the Treasury had granted to them the rooms in Somerset-house, formerly used as the Lottery-office; thanks were voted on the occasion, and a subscription entered into for defraying the expense of fitting up the rooms.—May 2. Dr. Burton was elected member of the council on the retirement of Mr. Majendie, and elected secretary in the room of R. I. Murchison, Esq., who resigned and was elected foreign secretary in the place of H. Heuland, Esq. J. C. Loudon, and T. Copeland, Esqrs., were elected Fellows. And an extract of a letter was read from Lieutenant W. Glennie, R.N., dated Mexico, May 6, 1827, entitled "The Ascent of Popocatepetl;" also a letter from J. B. Pentland, Esq., respecting the fossil remains of some animals from the north-east border of Bengal. The author has discovered among the mutilated fragments of bones obtained from the tertiary deposits on the Bramahpootra river, in the small state of Coosh Behar, presented to the Society some years ago by David Scott, Esq., and referred to in a former volume of the Transactions, the remains of four distinct species of mammalia, making an interest-

ing addition to the list already published by Mr. Colebrooke.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

May 4.—The reading of Mr. Morgan's paper on the mammary organs of the kangaroo was continued, containing further particulars of the dissection of these parts, as well as of the muscles attached to the

bones of the adult and impregnated animal.—May 24. This day was the anniversary of the Society; and Lord Stanley was elected president in the room of the late Sir J. E. Smith; and E. Foster, J. E. Bicheno, and R. Taylor, Esqrs., respectively re-elected to the offices of treasurer, secretary, and under secretary.

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Guinand's Glass.—The materials used in the composition of glass are some saline substance, and some sort of silicious earth. With respect to the latter, it is indeed said, that all white transparent stones which will not burn to lime are fit to make glass. Where proper stone cannot be had, sand is used; and it is now almost the only kind of substance employed in the British manufactures of glass. The other ingredient is an alkali, either soda or potash, which is always used at first in a state of carbonate. There are other fluxes used for different kinds of glass, and for various purposes: of the oxides of lead, litharge and minium are found to be of singular use: the first of these is a powerful flux, and imparts to glass the valuable qualities of greater density, and of greater refractive power. A considerable quantity of this oxide is contained in the finer glasses, the flint-glass in particular, and that which is used for the table, for lustres, for artificial gems, and for most optical purposes. It is, however, well known that glass which contains much lead is extremely soft, very fusible, and liable to be corroded by very acrid liquors. There is, beside, much difficulty in so contriving the materials, that the glass shall be throughout of uniform density. Still this does not seem to present an insurmountable obstacle; and, from some analyses that have been made of M. Guinand's Swiss flint-glass, we should be induced to conclude that it is to the successful employment of this material that the superiority of his flint-glass has been owing. But a glass which is liable to corrosion by a powerful acid would likewise appear susceptible of oxidation—an unlucky process, which it is rumoured that a celebrated object-glass constructed from some of his glass, is at present undergoing.

Earthquakes in 1827.—The following list of earthquakes, which occurred in the course of last year in different parts of the world, has appeared in a foreign journal:—January 2. At Mortagne (Orne) and its environs: a violent shock, of short duration, accompanied with an intense noise. Chimnies and household furniture were thrown down; the commotion reached as far as Alençon; the day was cloudy, the weather thick and stormy, which is unusual at that time of the year.—February 9. At seven o'clock in the evening, in the north-west part of Wales, and the Isle of Anglesea.

The shocks continued from forty seconds to a minute; they were sufficiently violent to overturn several pieces of furniture. A noise was heard like that of a heavy-laden cart going on the stones.—April 2. At Beverss, at twenty minutes past one in the morning, two strong consecutive shocks. The inhabitants of Basse Engadine assert, that they counted twenty similar shocks during the winter.—May 29. At Vajaca, in Mexico, two slight shocks.—June 3. At Martinique, a slight shock.—June 12. At Tehenecan, in Mexico, at half-past one o'clock, a violent shock, with a frightful noise; many buildings damaged.—June 16. At Aquila, in the kingdom of Naples, a shock, at five o'clock in the morning.—June 21. At Palermo, at eleven in the morning, four strong shocks in the space of seven seconds: it was an oscillatory motion from the west to the east.—August 14. At Palermo, at 2 p. m., several shocks; they continued about eighteen minutes, with very short intervals; the motion was always oscillatory.—September 18. At Lisbon, a slight shock.—October 10. At Zurich, and all the shores of the lake, at twelve minutes before 3 p. m., a strong shock.—October 15. At Jassy, at eight in the evening, two violent shocks, directed from north to south, and accompanied by a subterraneous noise: two or three days after, the heat was very great.—October 30. At Corsica, in the cantons of Taravo, Tagliano, and Sartene, two shocks, at twenty minutes past 5 a. m.—November 30. At Pointe-à-Petre, Guadeloupe, at three in the evening, a violent earthquake. At Mariegalante it was preceded by a strong and sudden storm.

New Cannon.—We mentioned in this journal, several months since, that a Colonel Paixhans, of the French artillery, had been endeavouring to introduce into the marine of his nation a comparatively light cannon, of very large calibre, for the purpose of discharging point-blank explosive shells at sea. Whether they will be employed on board vessels engaged in civilized warfare, remains to be seen. But, for some short time since, a new sort of howitzer, in every particular appearing to correspond with the gun designed by Colonel Paixhans, has been introduced into the British service; and one of them is now to be found attached to each of our brigades of guns, capable of discharging a solid shot, or a hollow projectile.

Improved Camera Lucida.—The difficulty of employing the camera lucida in the form in which it was presented to the public by its inventor, Dr. Wollaston, is well known. From Professor Amici, of Modena, this ingenious instrument received several improvements; but, in the one which he exhibited last year in this country, and which, consequently, it was to be supposed, was of the best construction, there was a double image, which, so long as a concave lens was employed in front of the prism, could not be gotten rid of. A very skilful optician in this country (Robinson, of Devonshire-street, Portland-place), having investigated the cause of this, and succeeded in the inquiry, set himself to remedy the evil; and has now succeeded in producing a modification of Wollaston's camera lucida, as improved by Amici, which, for the purposes for which that instrument is designed, cannot be surpassed—the whole practice of landscape-drawing being reduced entirely to the mechanical operation of tracing. The same ingenious artist is the inventor of the Rhodium pens, which, at about one quarter of the price of the ruby pens, possess all the advantages of the latter.

English Patents.—It is amusing enough for any person who is not a sufferer by them, to attend to the operation and effect of the English patent laws. The best examples of the effects of them are to be found in a respectable monthly journal, belonging to one of the members of the patent-office, and devoted principally to the description and enumeration of patents. In Newton's Journal for last month, ten new patents are enumerated, of which four may be considered as identical with others previously granted. One for separating the salt from sea-water, and thereby rendering it fresh and fit for use, by the process of filtration; another for tanning, by a process which has been used for many years in the Bank of Ireland for sizing, dyeing, and wetting paper; a third person, bearing the ominous name of Wilks, lays "no claim to the exclusive use of coke ovens under steam boilers, for the purpose of generating steam therein during the process of making coke; but I claim the application of a steam boiler in the construction of a coke oven, by making the bottom of the boiler form the top of the oven." The idea of combining a coke oven and steam boiler had been anticipated, in 1824, by a former patentee—a very ingenious gentleman, of the name of De Iongh—and been extensively practised with great advantage. But the very nice distinction which has been drawn (probably by some gentleman learned in the law), between the present invention and the former, is truly admirable. "I have," says Mr. De Iongh, "placed a coke oven under a boiler;" then says Mr. Wilks, "I lay no claim to a coke oven under a boiler;" but "I claim a boiler placed over a coke oven." The fourth was for some antique modern improvement in the process of

evaporation. A few months since a genius obtained a patent for making steel, by combining iron with carbon!!! Much about the same time another laid claim to originality in composing brass of zinc and copper—in particular proportions, it is true; but those proportions were precisely such as every experienced artist had been in the habit of employing. We will only cite one other instance:—a clever and liberal artist invented a most useful surgical apparatus, and obtained a patent to protect his right to the sale of it. Unluckily, this worthy man had nothing but his character and talents to support him. A shopkeeper, who had been extremely busy in jobbing for a body to which John Bull has affixed a most offensive name, pirates this invention, under the sanction of the leading member of this new joint stock knowledge company, who engaged that, before he could suffer from any legal proceedings of the inventor, he (the said acting manager) would find out some passage in a foreign work which should suffice for upsetting the patent-right. He kept his word. An injunction was, in the first instance, obtained to stop the sale of his *protégé's* apparatus, but subsequently withdrawn, on the authority of an obsolete work, stating that, a certain number of centuries ago, it was imagined, &c. &c. It is easy to say, that, when a patent has been granted on improper grounds, it can be set aside by legal process; or that, when a patent-right has been infringed, a court of justice can award reparation. The expense of legal proceedings is an effectual bar to all poor claimants;* and who, in his senses, will trust the decision of a patent-right to a jury unacquainted, as the members generally are, with scientific subjects, and with such innumerable examples, not of their misinterpreting the patent-laws—for laws which admit of every interpretation can never be misconstrued—but of decisions at direct variance both with the laws of science and the principles of equity.

Figure of the Earth.—Mr. Ivory's investigations of the figure of the earth have been subjects of the highest admiration among mathematicians. After having again considered all the data which the recent labours of various experimentalists have supplied, he observes there cannot be a more satisfactory way of proving that the meridian of the earth is an ellipsis, than by shewing that it coincides with that figure at the equator, at the mean latitude of 45°, at the parallel of 54°. 44'. where the curvature is identical to the equatorial circle and at the pole; a task which this eminent philosopher has accomplished as far as the measurements in his possession put it in his

* Which of the poor inventors who submitted plans, returned to them as useless, and for which patents were afterwards granted to the individual who officially inspected them, would have ventured to take legal measures against this late inspector, so conspicuous in the bubble-and-squeak year of 1825?

power to do so. The proof would have been much more complete, if it could have been confirmed by the length of the meridian through the whole extent of Britain.

Fulgurites.—We noticed in our last No. the experiments made by some French philosophers to produce, by means of a powerful electrical battery, vitreous tubes, similar to those which are the effect of lightning. The following synopsis of the history of fulgurites is from the pen of Dr. Fiedler, of Dresden. —Fulgurites shew that lightning, the effects of which were considered as terminated on its reaching the surface of the earth, is capable of penetrating deep into it; they offer to us substantial proofs of its course; they exhibit to us such an astonishing degree of heat produced by lightning as was never known before. The fulgurites are formed where, under certain favourable circumstances, the lightning striking into sandy soil, in order to unite itself with the \pm E of the subterraneous waters, forces itself through the quarry sand, and fuses it, in consequence of its being a non conductor, and forms, by means of the radiating nature of electricity, and watery vapours arising, tubes which run under an inclination of from 60° to 90° , sometimes to the depth of thirty feet, and from them several ramifications issue sideways. These tubes are internally perfectly fused: the external sand in immediate contact conglomerates, and that which surrounds the tubes assumes a reddish colour, produced by the sudden heat of the lightning and the small particles of iron contained in the sand. Externally these tubes are partly knaggy and rough, partly roundish. From their being suddenly cooled, they are cracked into many smaller and larger bits, fitting perfectly into each other. Thus a fulgurite, of 17 feet long, discovered near Dresden, dug out and geognostically joined together, and presented to the late King of Saxony by Dr. Fiedler, consisted of 411 pieces. Another, still in his possession, 19 feet long, of 532 pieces, and a third, of 7 feet long, with a side branch, extending to 14 inches, consisted of 168 pieces. The cabinet of Dresden is the only one which possesses a fulgurite put together in its perfectly natural state, and which was considered by the late Professor Gilbert as the most remarkable and important object of this valuable cabinet. The fulgurites and their lateral ramifications in sandy soil terminate in obtuse, slightly-fused points; and on clay strata, as in Hungary, in oblong hollow bells. Although the arguments are conclusive which prove the origin of fulgurites by means of lightning, yet, since the subject has attracted attention, nature itself has offered several proofs of it, by the lightning striking before the eyes of several sailors into the sand dunes of the Island of Amrum, on the Baltic coast, and forming a fulgurite, which was brought to Professor Pfaff, of Kiel, who happened to be there. The lightning also struck at Rausthen, a bathing-place on the

Baltic coast, in the presence of different persons; and Professor Hagen, of Königsberg, had the spot dug, and found a fulgurite.

Duelling.—The practice of duelling, by which the best blood in Europe has been shed during several centuries, has been called a necessary evil. Captain M'Naghten, late Deputy Judge Advocate General in Bengal, in a work he has recently published, proposes the following admirable expedient for adoption in the army, in which the principals and seconds are all amenable to military law, and all of whom, therefore, can be brought before a military tribunal.—Let there be, by the enactment of the legislature, the necessary powers given for the establishment of a new court, for the exclusive purpose of deciding in all cases of personal quarrels between officers, and which are not otherwise connected with the rules of discipline, as in the case of an inferior insulting his superior in the execution of his duty. Let these courts, under some significant denomination, be assembled, as circumstances may require, either by commanders-in-chief, commanders of divisions, or of regiments, battalions, detachments, and so forth; and let their decision—this he holds to be a *sine qua non*—be unalterable by any other power, and not remissible, as is that of a court-martial. Let the members be sworn, subject to challenge, and bound to secrecy of individual opinion, as is the custom at present; and, in a word, let it have the aid of all necessary formalities. Let it now be supposed that, at the mess table, an officer has given the lie to another, that complaint is made to the commanding officer of the corps, who thereupon orders the court to assemble; and, lastly, that upon due investigation, the insulting expression is proved to have been unprovoked, undeserved, and in all respects wanton. Let the decree of the court, which, in all possible cases, should be laid down in the articles of war, be that the offender shall, in presence of every officer, then with the corps or detachment, read an expression of sorrow for his conduct, entreat the pardon of the offended party in particular, and of all in whose presence the outrage was committed; and let what he reads have been dictated and drawn out by the court itself, and signed by the offender; and, finally, let it be recorded in the proper staff office, report of proceedings being made to head-quarters, and an authenticated copy of the decree given to the complainant for his lasting satisfaction. In more aggravated cases, such as that of a blow wantonly struck, let the penitentiary confession be still more forcible in its terms, more public in its manner of being read, and let the offender read it on his knees. These are suppositions of the extremest cases; and for offences of a minor degree, it were easy to modify the manner and measure of atonement. Like the existing laws, the above would be useless if adequate means were not taken to enforce them. Let, therefore, provision be

made, that any officer so offended, who may decline calling upon the judgement of this court, and who may take any means whatever of redressing himself, be, upon due conviction thereof, before a general court-martial, *irremissibly* cashiered; and the same in regard to any officer refusing to submit to the judgement of the proposed court, immediately and explicitly. Of course, if the investigation proved that the complainant was deserving, to any extent, of the obloquy put upon him, he too must be punishable, either by the apology being made reciprocally, or in a severer way, as the case

may require. If laws of the foregoing nature were formed, and rigidly executed, the decision of the suggested court would soon come to be considered as a sufficient purification of character, and no officer could think meanly of another, whom a body of officers pronounced undishonoured, such pronouncement being founded upon a sworn investigation into the facts of his case. On the contrary, an officer repeatedly offending would soon come to be universally despised and avoided, even if cashiering were not rendered the penalty of a repetition.

WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN PREPARATION.

A Volume of Poems, by S. Laman Blanchard, is in the Press, and will appear early in July.

Mr. Kendall has in progress a work of much meditation and research, and of equal speculative and practical interest, under the title of "The Holy Spirit, its Philosophy, Imagery, and Worship;" in which he attempts to establish, upon incontrovertible ground, but under an entirely new aspect, the truth of the Trinitarian doctrine at large. The several subjects are treated philosophically, poetically, and historically; with the view of closing many controversies and healing many animosities.

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A Universal Prayer, a Poem, by Robert Montgomery, &c.

Memoirs of General Miller, of the Peruvian Service, containing some Account of the War of Independence in Buenos Ayres, Chile, and Peru; and interspersed with Sketches of Character, Manners, and Customs of those Countries.

Mr. Planché, the Author of "Lays and Legends of the Rhine," has in the Press his "Descent of the Danube, from Ratisbon to Vienna, during the Autumn of 1827; with Recollections, Historical and Legendary, of the Towns, Castles, Monasteries, &c., on the Banks of that River," in one volume, 8vo.

Forty Views on the Danube, in illustration of this Volume, will also speedily appear, lithographed by L. Haghe, from Sketches made on the spot by Mr. Planché.

The most Easy Greek Exercises for the use of the Lower Forms; with a Greek and English Lexicon of every Word. By the Rev. Wm. Moseley, A.M. LL.D.

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The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not; a Christmas and New Year's Gift, or Birth-Day Present for 1829.

Mr. Britton's History and Illustrations of Peterborough Cathedral, containing accounts of this very fine Edifice, and of its Bishops and Deans, with 16 Engravings, is published; also the first and second Numbers of his Illustrations of Gloucester Cathedral.

The whole of the Letter-press, by the same Author, to accompany the Architectural Antiquities of Normandy, is likewise announced to be given away to the Subscribers to the Engravings of that Work. The reasons for this unusual circumstance are detailed in the Preface, which contains an Address to the Legislature, urging the repeal of that odious tax of presenting eleven copies to private corporate bodies of all published books, however expensive in getting up, and however limited the sale of such books. We cannot sufficiently commend this Author for his perseverance in reprobating this grievous and oppressive legislative enactment.

On the 1st of July will appear the First Number of a new Topographical Work, entitled "Picturesque Antiquities of the English Cities," with 12 Engravings, by and under the directions of Mr. Lekeux, illustrative of the Architectural Antiquities of York, Lincoln, and Gloucester. This publication is to be comprised in Six Numbers.

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In the debates at the India-House, as well as in those of the House of Commons, Mr. Moore frequently took an active part.

As a projector, a speculator, and a promoter of public works, no man was more distinguished. He exerted himself with much success respecting the erection of Drury Lane theatre; and, for some time, he was the chairman of the committee for the management of that concern. He was engaged in the Highgate-tunnel affair. He was also a successful promoter of the Imperial Gas Light Company, the bills for the incorporation of which he carried through Parliament, and was made its deputy-chairman; and he conducted the opposition made, by the Imperial and other gas companies, against the projectors of an Oil Gas Company. He defeated his opponents, with a loss of £30,000.; while, on his side, not more than half of that sum was expended.

During the years 1824 and 1825, Mr. Moore was much courted by the projectors of many of the Stock Exchange bubbles. By connecting himself with these baseless concerns, he subjected himself to heavy responsibilities. By the *John Bull*, and other Tory papers, he was, in consequence, very roughly handled; and, if we are to credit the statements and insinuations of those papers, his conduct was not, upon every occasion, of the most satisfactory or honourable description. Under a fictitious name, he is thought to be one of the *dramatis personæ* in the novel of "George Godfrey"—a work in which the schemes of the Alley are held up to severe and pointed ridicule.

Having been some time held in durance, and finding himself assailed by legal process on all sides, Mr. Moore, to avoid the prospect of passing his last days within the walls of a prison, deemed it expedient to pass over to France. For some time he resided at Dieppe, but latterly at Abbeville, where he died, on the 5th of May.

This being, pre-eminently, the age of auto-biography, reminiscences, &c., Mr. Moore had been occupying himself in the task of writing the Memoirs of his own Life and Times; but his mind is said to have been too much harassed by the reverses of his fortune, and his anxieties respecting the affairs in which he had been engaged in England, to allow him to make much progress.

Mr. Moore has left one son, now in India; and two daughters, one married, and both respectably situated in life.

JOHN SCOTT.

Every collector of fine and valuable prints will remember the name of Scott, as that of an artist of high celebrity, in the department of animal and figure engraving. Mr. Scott may almost be said to have been

born an engraver. His birthplace was at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, about the year 1773. His education was probably humble, as he was apprenticed to a tallow-chandler, named Greenwell, in the Old Flesh Market, Newcastle. His leisure hours, especially during the latter portion of his term, were sedulously devoted to the arts of drawing and engraving. At length he was induced to shew his performances to his friend, Mr. Fisher, the keeper of a circulating-library, and clerk of the parish of St. Nicholas. Mr. Fisher submitted these productions to the examination of certain gentlemen who frequented his library, and by whom, as executed by a self-taught youth, they were thought highly of. On the suggestion of Mr. Fisher, young Scott wrote to Mr. Robert Pollard, the engraver, in London—transmitted to him some specimens of his talent—and solicited his advice as to the propriety of his visiting London, with the view of adopting the profession of an engraver. Mr. Pollard acted most generously: satisfied of his ability, he not only encouraged the project, but took him under his own tuition, gave up his claim to the customary fee, and allowed him a progressively increasing weekly payment. Under such auspices, he rapidly improved, and ultimately attained the summit of his art. His master-pieces were the Fox-Chase, from a painting by Reinagle and Marshall; and the Death of the Fox, from a picture by Gilpin, the property of the late Colonel Thornton, of sporting notoriety. The latter, if we mistake not, was the picture for which Colonel Thornton—then resident at, and the proprietor of, Thornville Royal—had several of the finest sporting dogs in the kingdom killed, and placed in the requisite positions, to assist the painter in its production.—Other principal works by Mr. Scott were the various characters of dogs, and of horses, on a royal quarto size, with letter-press descriptions of the qualities and properties of these animals.

As a man, Mr. Scott was distinguished by unaffected plainness, scrupulous integrity, and general worth. He was one of the eight artists who, in the year 1809–10, assembled, and formed the plan of, the Artists' Joint Stock Fund, for the benefit of decayed members, their widows, and children. This noble institution has so prospered, that, from its own subscriptions, and the contributions of gentlemen and amateurs, it is now in possession of government securities to a large amount. It is melancholy to add—though, at the same time, the circumstance shews the value of such societies—that Mr. Scott himself lived to become a quarterly dependent upon the very institution of which he had been a principal founder and promoter. Five or six years hence, after serving as steward to the society, in high health and spirits, at one of its annual meetings, at the Freemason's Tavern, London, he was taken ill; subsequently, he lost his reason; and, at

the close of the year 1827, his valuable life terminated at Chelsea. To lament his loss, Mr. Scott left a widow, one son, and eight or nine daughters, all arrived at the age of maturity.

THE DUKE DE RIVIERE.

The Duke de Rivière, governor of the young Duke of Bordeaux, and one of the most devoted servants of the Bourbons, was the descendant of a noble family of the province of Berri. He was born in the year 1763; and, in 1780, he entered the army. He emigrated with the French princes in 1789; and, after having served in the army of Condé, he became first aid-de-camp to the present King of France, then Count d'Artois, by whom he was employed on various missions to the royalists of the west. He entered France seven times in disguise, to correspond with the friends of the royal cause; but, unfortunately, in 1804, having been sent to Paris, with the generals George and Pichegru, he was arrested with those officers, tried, and sentenced to death. On his trial he evinced the most dignified courage. Through the intercession of Buonaparte's wife, Madame Josephine, his life was spared, and his punishment was mitigated into an imprisonment of four years.

When Louis XVIII. was restored, Mons. de Rivière was appointed a *mareschal de camp*, made a commander of the order of St. Louis, and nominated ambassador to the Ottoman Porte. He was waiting at Marseilles for a favourable wind, when Buonaparte landed from Elba; and, having exerted himself to the utmost in raising the south of France against the usurper, he sailed to Barcelona, and joined the Duke d'Angoulême.

In July, Monsieur de Rivière returned to Marseilles, on board of the British squadron, as governor of the eighth division, and was received with acclamations by the inhabitants. On the re-establishment of the Bourbons, he, for his services, in prevailing on Marshal Brune to relinquish the command of the army of the Var, and retire from Toulon, to prevent the Austrians and English from acting hostilely in Provence, was elevated to the peerage.

The Duke de Rivière was then sent, as governor, to Corsica. That island was in a very disturbed state; but, by a happy combination of intrepidity and amenity of manners, he had the satisfaction of speedily witnessing a restoration of tranquillity. His object having been accomplished at Corsica, he proceeded on his mission to Constantinople, where he, for a considerable time held the office of ambassador.

After his return to France, the Duke de Rivière had the honour of being appointed governor of the Duke of Bordeaux. He died at Paris, in the exercise of that high trust, on the 21st of April. It is not a little re-

markable, that the Duke de Rivière was the third governor of whom the Duke of Bordeaux has been deprived by death.

ST. GEORGE TUCKER, ESQ.

Mr. St. George Tucker, who, by way of honorary distinction, has been known in the United States, for the last thirty-five years, as the American Blackstone, died at Norfolk, in Virginia, in March last. In the struggle for American independence, he employed both his sword and his pen. While in the command of one of the revolutionary regiments, he was severely wounded in a charge of infantry: a soldier's bayonet was driven through his knee-pan, and, as a consequence of the wound, he had a stiffness in the knee ever after. His brother, Thomas Tudor Tucker, Esq., the present treasurer of the United States, and the friend and favourite of General Washington, has often been heard to declare, that Mr. St. George Tucker's poem on Liberty was equal to a reinforcement of ten thousand disciplined troops.

Mr. Tucker was the father-in-law of the American patriot and orator, Thomas Randolph, Esq.; and uncle of his namesake, the East-India director. He has left considerable American property to his nearest relations.

M. HOFFMANN.

M. Hoffmann, one of the most distinguished *litterati* of France, was born at Nanci, in the year 1745. His entire life has been devoted to literature. His first publication was a volume of poems. He next attempted the drama; in which, having written twenty pieces, or more, he has been almost invariably successful. His *Euphrosyne*, *The Young Sage* and the *Old Madman*, *The Jockey*, *The Secret*, *The Castle of Montenero*, and *Stratonice*, are regarded as some of the best pieces belonging to the comic opera of France. In the year 1799, his lyric tragedy of *Adrian* was denounced, as anti-republican, in the Council of Five Hundred, and its representation was suspended.

M. Hoffmann attacked, with great severity, *The Martyrs* of M. de Châteaubriand, on account of the injury it might do to youth, in placing the mysteries of the Christian religion on the same footing with the fables of paganism. He has had many contests in the journals, where his works have been severely criticised and ably defended. His remarks and criticisms were distinguished by ease, taste, and pleasantry. Possessing a truly independent spirit, M. Hoffmann was considered to be the best writer in the French journals. The *Journal des Débats*, in particular, will suffer from his loss. He died at Paris, in the month of April.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The previous state of the weather may well form the leading topic of an Agricultural Report, seeing that, therein subsists our grand dependence for success, in the abundance and good quality of our crops. During the last three or four weeks, our *meteorologies* have considerably improved. We have been free from those chilling blasts which suspend the circulation of the juices in plants, impede their growth, and induce the blighted, or sickly state. The first symptom, of this, is a change of colour from the vivid and healthy green to a pale yellow, and a roughness on the surface of the leaves, followed by *mucor* or mould, consisting of the *ova* or eggs of insects, each species of vegetable having its peculiar blight-insect. In the wheat particularly, part of this *mucor* becomes a fetid black powder, technically known by the name of *smut*, which is found in lumps or balls amongst the kernels, discolouring and rendering them impure and unfit for bread, although they serve to make gingerbread and starch. It has been a controverted point, for more than a century, whether this disease of smut originate from infection of the seed, or the evil influence of the atmosphere, or from both; and rivers of ink have been poured upon mountains of paper, in order to lighten the darkness visible of this subject, which, nevertheless, with regard to the majority, still clings fast to its pristine obscurity.

Since the change adverted to, the weather has assumed a far milder character, though still a very capricious one; for, in no spring which the writer has witnessed, did he ever observe the wind more variable. In fact, it frequently might well be described as E. by W. and N. by S. There have been some heavy gales, and daily continued showers, which last, we hope, will diminish the energies of that periodically micturient saint, the notorious Swithin. The general, though moderate warmth of the weather, has prevented any injury from the quantity of rain; indeed, vegetation has been greatly improved and forwarded by the warm showers which have fallen. The wheats are highly improved, and there is every appearance that they now experience a very favourable blooming season, in the phrase of the old farmers, half the battle. The peas, preceding the wheats, have blossomed most luxuriantly. The showers also must have been of great benefit to the hops, at least to those not beyond recovery, in washing off the vermin and giving strength to the bine. As we stated last month, the grasses, natural and artificial, including tares, are the most luxuriant crops of the present season, of which, moreover, there is at present, great hope of a successful general average of all crops. Peas, always a risk crop, will prove defective, in parts. The showers will force a large bulk of straw, so that the crops of hay and straw are likely to be superabundant; the former, however, will be partially discoloured by the rain, not, we trust, to any great extent or injury.

It is quite necessary to state that, in our estimation of the wheat crop, considerable deduction must be made for those lands and districts, on which the blight had for a considerable time its full baleful effect. These were chiefly poor, shallow, and wet clays, and other cold and naturally unfertile soils. On such, the corn will be generally short in quantity, and of a very ordinary sample; and in *poppy-land*, and wherever cultivation has been defective, matters will be still worse. On such soils, complaint is made that the ear of wheat is so weak, as to be unable to eliminate itself from the hose, remaining half out and curling or bending downwards. This we have often remarked, and it is the true indication of a blighting season. Assuredly, had the evil atmospheric influence continued two or three weeks longer, the whole of the crops would have been in the utmost peril; and favourable as the change has been, it is probable, next season that a line will be wanted for *black wheats*, in the market lists.

An immense breadth of mangel wurtzel has been sown; and upon the forward lands, that most valuable beet, and the Rutabega, or Swedish turnip, are above ground, and in a very healthy and flourishing state, with some exceptions from the presence of the fly. The common turnip sowing is nearly finished, and under the happiest auspices of season. Agriculture, like all other human employments and amusements, has its fashions, and in equal variety. Winter sown beans and peas, which have been so many years slumbering, have of late revived with pristine success, and winter barley will probably follow. The hardy Scotch cabbage, such a favourite in the early days of Arthur Young, has been for some time making its way again in the North. Melilot, a still more ancient article, is under experiment in a few places. It produces a great bulk, and is not difficult in respect of soil. The breadth of oats is said to be unusually large, with good promise of a crop, and the barley promises well. Potatoe planting has been very successfully finished, though late; as was the case with barley from the difficulties of the season. The present seems a plentiful year for oak bark, the demand somewhat brisk. The various reports on the stock in hand, of wheat and barley, as usual, local, and little to be depended on, in a general view.

Sheep farmers are now busily employed in washing and shearing their flocks, from which there will probably be the weightiest clip of wool that has been obtained for many seasons. This has arisen mainly from the good and sufficient provision which the sheep have enjoyed throughout the winter and early spring. The shows of rams also, among the breeders and letters, have been remarkable for the size, fine form, and condition of the animals, and the prices have been liberal. In some districts, it is observed that the feeding grounds exuber-

ant in keep, are understocked ; either from want of money, or wariness in purchasing, from former errors. As in last month's Report, stores of all kinds return a profitable price to the breeders, whilst fat meat has declined, though with respect to the London markets, it cannot be deemed cheap. But for the great, indeed, unexpected abundance of winter provision, the feeders would have been in a sad dilemma. During years past, breeders seem to have united in a general determination that milch cows and pigs should bear a good price. Even Ireland begins to falter in her supply of pigs. Cart horses we continue to import from the opposite Continent in great numbers, at a duty of £1. a head. The horse market generally, in its old course ; the ordinary sorts in sufficient plenty, good ones, wherever found, commanding whatever price may be asked for them. Fruit and garden stuff, thus far, in vast plenty, *malgré* the late blasting influence of the N. E. winds, and did we need a title of distinction for 1828, we might well style it the CAULIFLOWER YEAR ; for never were those flowers in finer bloom, or of more substantial quality.

In looking over two or three late Quarterly Reviews, we observe the critic has opportunely introduced the Corn Question, during the abeyance of the bill. Perhaps he is not quite so much at home, on this peculiar topic, as upon those of classical and general literature : placing a necessary and somewhat implicit dependence on authors who, from various motives, strenuously advocate one side of the question. In an enthusiastic attachment to agriculture and to its best interests, we will yield to no man or body of men ; but we cannot carry our natural or early prejudice to the height of an abandonment of the paramount interest of the nation.

On the vital consequence of the culture of the earth to every people, there can be no question ; but in a great and opulent commercial and manufacturing state, where public debts and taxes are of such enormous amount, and public credit such an immense and fearful stake, the commercial interest must be the great national dependence. Did ever any nation upon earth, purely agricultural, arrive at that height of power, of opulence and splendour, of superiority in all the arts, and profusion of all the goods and conveniences of life, which distinguish, in so super-eminent a degree, this most prosperous and envied of all countries ? It is, however, a melancholy truth, which cannot be concealed, that excess of prosperity in a state, is too generally accompanied by extreme misery in those classes, which have been the laborious operatives in its creation. The reasonings adopted by the Westminster, are by no means definitive or conclusive against the present Corn Bill, or against free trade in corn, under fair and equitable regulations ; far less against the national or universal right in the case. The decisive arguments on that side, and materially one great motive or inducement, seem not to have been within the reviewer's contemplation. He places great stress on the small average quantity of corn imported, as not being of any consequential interest to the public, considering the immensity of their consumption ; overlooking the converse of the proposition. Ample allowance is made to the home-grower, in the scale of duties on corn imported. After all which has been said on our great powers of production, we have, during a long period, been an importing country ; and from the regular and unflinching increase of population, it appears probable we shall continue in that predicament, by no means an unprofitable one, for a country so entirely dependent on commerce. It is not corn alone which we import, but horses, seeds, cheese, butter, eggs, poultry, and other common articles of subsistence. In fine, the public *must* be fed—must pay a living price to the producers of their daily bread ; and there is, and we trust ever will be, a monied aristocracy in our farmers of good land, able to hold up their commodity to that price. The farmers of poor land will certainly not be hurt by the bill, which imposes an equal duty upon the lowest, as upon the highest quality of imported corn.

Smithfield.—Beef, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 4d.—Mutton, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 8d.—Veal, 4s. 4d. to 5s. 2d.—Pork, 4s. 4d. to 6s. 0d.—Raw fat, 2s. 2d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 46s. to 72s.—Barley, 26s. to 36s.—Oats, 17s. to 30s.—Bread, 9½d. the 4 lb. fine loaf.—Hay, 70s. to 105s.—Clover ditto, 80s. to 115s.—Straw, 30s. to 33s.

Coals in the Pool, 27s. to 38s. per chaldron.

Middlesex, June 27, 1828.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Sugar.—The transactions in Muscovadoes have been on the most extensive scale this week ; and as the holders have been nearly as anxious to effect sales as the buyers to purchase, there has been little variation in the currency. The sales are estimated at 5,200 hogsheads and tierces during the week. To-day the sales of Muscovadoes are on a more confined scale than usual, owing to the few good New Sugars left on sale. Refined Sugars of every description are very scarce.

Coffee.—The public sales of Coffee this week have consisted chiefly of British Plantation descriptions, which have sold freely and at rather high prices.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—The orders for Rum appear extensive ; but the buyers expect to purchase on lower terms when the supplies become more abundant. Fine Rums are at 2s. 2d. per gallon ; Brandy is heavy ; Geneva is in demand.

Flax, Hemp, and Tallow.—The Tallow market has been heavy and declining. In Hemp or Flax there is little alteration.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 2½.—Rotterdam, 12½.—Antwerp, 12. 3.—Hamburg, 13. 13½.—Altona, 13. 3½.—Paris, 25. 40.—Bordeaux, 25. 70.—Frankfort, 150½.—Petersburgh, 10.—Vienna, 10. 3.—Trieste, 10. 3.—Madrid, 36.—Cadiz, 36.—Bilboa, 35½.—Barcelona, 35.—Seville, 35½.—Gibraltar, 46.—Leghorn, 48½.—Genoa, 25. 35.—Venice, 46.—Naples, 30½.—Palermo, 113.—Lisbon, 46½.—Rio Janeiro 32.—Oporto, 46.—Bahia, 36.—Dublin, 17½.—Cork, 17½.

Bullion per Oz.—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—In Bars, £3. 17s. 6d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s.—New Dollars, 4s. 9d.—Silver in Bars, standard, £0. 0s. 0d.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.—Birmingham CANAL, 288½.—Coven-try, 1,080½.—Ellesmere and Chester, 107½.—Grand Junction, 315½.—Kennet and Avon, 29½.—Leeds and Liverpool, 404½.—Oxford, 700½.—Regent's, 28½.—Trent and Mersey, (¼ sh.), 820½.—Warwick and Birmingham, 265½.—London DOCKS (Stock), 88½.—West India (Stock), 218½.—East London WATER WORKS, 120½.—Grand Junction, —½.—West Middlesex, 66½.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 9½.—Globe, 155½.—Guardian, 20½.—Hope Life, 5½.—Imperial Fire, 99½.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Char-tered Company, 55½.—City, 0½.—British, 10 dis.—Leeds, 195½.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from the 22d of May to the 23d June of 1828; extracted from the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

T. Curties, Nunworth, Norfolk, tanner
W. Mogg, Wincanton, Somerset, dealer
T. Llewellyn, Bridgend, Glamorgan, innkeeper
J. Carr Overend, and T. C. Druce, Bread-street, warehousemen and factors

BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month, 105.]

Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.

Abbot, N. Bermondsey, Southwark, cordwainer. [Whitely, Tokenhouse-yard]
Ainsworth, T. and P. Cort, Bradshaw, Lancashire, bleachers. [Milne and Parry, Temple; Ainsworth and Co., Manchester]
Arkell, H. Charlton, Tetbury; corn-dealer. [Maske-lyne, Tetbury]
Baines, J. Mark-lane, wine-merchant. [Freeman and Co., Coleman-street]
Brookes, T. Cheltenham, builder. [Wyatt, Stroud; Evans and Co., Gray's-inn]
Bell, H. Leeds, victualler. [Robinson, Leeds; Strangways and Walker, Barnard's-inn]
Booth, W. Liverpool, shoe-factor. [Whitehead, Liverpool; Taylor, Clement's-inn]
Barker, H. New Broad-street-court, wine-mer-chant. [Simpson, Austin-friars]
Bird, E. senior, Cardiff, ironmonger. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Savery, Bristol]
Bird, E. junior, Cardiff, iron-founder. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Savery, Bristol]
Brown, J. Bankside, Surrey, wharfinger. [Crow-der and Maynard, Lothbury]
Broadhurst, J. Macclesfield, silk-manufacturer. [Lowe, Southampton-buildings and Co., Macclesfield]
Bailey, T. senior, Luornden, Leicester, miller. [Holme and Co., New-inn; Bond, Leicester]
Barker, J. Shrewsbury, coffee-house-keeper. [Philpot and Stone, Southampton-street; Kough, Shrewsbury]
Brightwen, I. and R. Brightwen, and I. Bright- wen, junior, Coggeshall, brewers. [Fyson and Beck, Lothbury]
Bower, W. late of Wilmslow, Cheshire, now of Jersey, cotton-spinner. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Hadfield and Gracie, Manchester]
Burnett, J. Stroud, innkeeper. [King, Serjeant's- inn; Newman and Son, Stroud]
Carr, S. Lincoln, corn-factor. [Lambert, John- street; Forbes and Co., Sleaford]
Cuff, J. and H. M. Morley, Regent-street, silver- smiths. [Mayhew, Chancery-lane]

Cambridge, A. Bristol, and Prince Edward Island, merchant. [Cooke and Sons, Bristol; Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane]
Candler, J. Huddersfield, grocer. [Jaques and Battye, Coleman-street; Battye and Hasp, Hud- dersfield]
Crucefix, R. T. Bouverie-street, printer. [Arnot, Temple]
Dickinson, J. Church-passage, Guildhall, wool- len-warehouseman. [Freeman and Co., Cole- man-street]
Davies, W. and A. Morris, Crawford-street, linen-drappers. [Hardwick and Co., Lawrence- lane]
Davies, D. Liverpool, woollen-draper. [Frod- sham, Liverpool; Adlington and Co., Bedford- row]
Douglass, J. St. Paul's Church-yard, silk-manu- facturer. [Farden, Great James-street, Bed- ford-row]
Day, J. Quadrant, Regent-street, woollen-draper. [Lyddon and Bown, Carey-street]
Donaldson, J. Brighton, bookseller. [Wright, Little Alie-street]
Dickinson, T. Goulsbrough, York, blacksmith. [Dawson and Hawkins, New Boswell-court; Powell and Son, Knaresborough]
Elliott, W. Goswell road, wine-merchant. [May- hew, Chancery-lane]
Elger, J. W. Cambridge, baker. [Randall and Son, Cambridge; Fuller and Co., Carlton-cham- bers]
Enock, J. Bath, grocer. [Fisher, Southampton- buildings]
Foulds, H. Queen-street, Southwark, carpenter. [Watts, Dean-street]
Fletcher, D. Albemarle-street, woollen-draper. [Winter and Co., Bedford-row]
Fagg, S. R. St. Andrew's-hill, Doctor's Com- mons, builder. [Stratton and Overton, Shore- ditch]
Gibbs, J. Crayford, miller. [Fisher, Queen- street, Cheapside]
Goodwin, J. Sturton, Lincoln, farmer. [Eyre and Co., Gray's-inn; Empson, Glanford-briggs]
Grey, W. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, ship-broker. [Swain and Co., Frederick's-place; Pybus, Newcastle]
Gordon, J. Manchester, merchant. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Law and Coates, Man- chester]
Hunt, H. Brook street, Grosvenor-square, drug- gist. [Hill, Welbeck-street]

- Harrison, J. Manchester, manufacturer. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Hadfield and Grave, Manchester]
- Hanslow, W. junior, Abingdon, grocer. [Ford, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-Fields; Frankum, Abingdon]
- Hart, W. Union-street, Newington, Surrey, dealer. [Matland, Lyon's-inn]
- Holbrook, G. Bristol, plane-maker. [Cary and Cross, Bristol; King and Whittaker, Gray's-inn]
- Hyde, J. Uffington, Salop, miller. [Philpot and Stone, Southampton-street; Keugh, Shrewsbury]
- James, J. Cheltenham, victualler. [Bubb, Cheltenham; Blunt and Co., Liverpool]
- Jenner, J. and J. W. Soppet, Greek-street, linen-draper. [Ashurst, Sambrook-court]
- Joe, R. Oxford-street, linen-draper. [Jones, Sizelane]
- Keene, R. Stroud, victualler. [Houseman, Woodchester]
- Kingsford, S. Thames-Ditton, miller. [Birkett and Co., Cloak-lane]
- Knibbs, J. Oxford, innkeeper. [Locker, Oxford; Gaines, Caroline-street, Bedford-square]
- Kirkpatrick, W. and J. Gadsden, Austin-friars, provision-dealers. [Scott, St. Mildred's court]
- Lowe, W. Burton-upon-Trent, ironmonger. [Bicknell and Roberts, Lincoln's-inn; Drewry, Burton]
- Lewis, G. Clarke's-place, Islington, straw-hat-manufacturer. [Brooksbank and Co., Gray's-inn]
- Lauder, W. P. Sloane-street, surgeon. [Palmer, Gray's-inn]
- Lee, R. Kingsland-green, bill-broker. [Stratton and Overton, Shoreditch]
- Myers, A. Cutler-street, rag-merchant. [Isaacs, Mansel-street]
- Miles, W. Regent-street, upholder. [Williams, North-place, Gray's-inn-road]
- Metcalfe, T. T. Leeds, surgeon. [Furbank, Leeds; Stanmer, Coleman-street]
- Milligan, J. Woolwich, brewer. [Nokes and Colquhoun, Woolwich]
- Nightingale, J. Alsop's-place, New-road, tailor. [Jobbing and Chambers, Bedford-street, Covent-garden]
- Nash, T. Ipswich, currier. [Teague, Cannon-street]
- Pearse, G. B. Cateaton-street, auctioneer. [Sager, King's-place, Commercial-road]
- Pearne, C. Maidstone, grocer. [Ronalds, King's-army-yard]
- Pike, T. Paddington-street, stone-mason. [Hill, Welbeck-street]
- Parsons, S. Bradford, Wilts, victualler. [Dax and Son, Gray's-inn; Stone, Bradford]
- Robson, M. Green-lane, Dalston, Cumberland, common-brewer. [Birkett and Co., Cloak-lane; Blow and Ralph, Carlisle]
- Robinson, R. S. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer. [Wolston, Farnival's-inn; Buttery, Nottingham]
- Read, J. Mount-street, plumber. [Selby and Boulton, St. John-street-road]
- Richards, W. William-court, Great Guildford-street, Southwark, iron-founder. [Meymott and Son, Great Surrey-street]
- Reid, W. Ball-alley, Lombard-street, watch-maker. [Spyer, Austin-friars]
- Rolfe, M. Kentish-town, victualler. [Martineau and Malton, Carey-street]
- Rose, H. Jerusalem Coffee-house, merchant. [Minchin, Harper-street]
- Rudd, J. Everingham, York, jobber. [Evans and Co., Gray's-inn; Homes, Pocklington]
- Shearman, J. H. Park-street, Mary-le-bone, apothecary. [Townshend, Bucklersbury]
- Stacy, J. Whitechapel and Stepney, currier. [Nias, Princes-street, Bank]
- Sadler, W. Stockton, mercer. [Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn; Ralsbeck and Co., Stockton]
- Strafford, G. and Co., Kemp-town, Sussex, builder. [Bennett, Tokenhouse-yard; Bennett, Brighton]
- Smith, J. L. Worcester, cheese-factor. [Beverley, Temple; Moore, Ledbury]
- Snell, S. Bristol, common-carrier. [Poole and Co., Gray's-inn; Williams, Bristol]
- Smith, T. C. St. James's-street, bookseller. [Meymott and Co., Great Surrey-street, Blackfriars]
- Stevens, G. Newgate-street, silversmith. [Norton, Jewin-street]
- Smith, W. H. Cheapside, warehouseman. [Leigh, George-street, Mansion-house]
- Segar, H. Liverpool, factor. [Houghton, Liverpool; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row]
- Swindells, J. H. Stockport, bookseller. [Tyler, Temple; Lingard and Co., Heaton-Norris]
- Salisbury, J. Liverpool, tobacco-manufacturer. [Williamson, Liverpool; Kearsy, Lothbury]
- Spencer, J. Royton, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Higham, Brighouse]
- Scriven, T. West Cowes, Isle of Wight, hatter. [Hardwick and Guest, Lawrence lane]
- Sammons, J. and W. Layton, Swinton, Notts, lace-manufacturers. [Taylor, Featherstone-buildings; Payne and Daft, Nottingham]
- Trasler, T. Northampton, shoe-manufacturer. [Carter and Gregory, Lord Mayor's-court]
- Turner, W. Bristol, tailor. [Bicknell and Roberts, Lincoln's-inn; Harmar, junior, Bristol]
- Taverner, J. Huddersfield, innkeeper. [Thompson, Stansfield, and Thompson, Halifax; Wiggleworth and Co., Gray's-inn]
- Tillman, J. Bridport, Dorset, butter-factor. [Darke, Red-lion-square; Cann, Colyton]
- Wharton, W. Manchester, iron-founder. [Milne and Parry, Temple; Ainsworth and Co., Manchester]
- Williams, J. Llandoverly, draper. [Pearson, Temple; Arthur and Co., Bristol]
- Wilkinson, J. Sheffield - park, coal-merchant. [Duncan, Gray's-inn; Broomhead, Sheffield]
- Watkins, W. Bristol, instrument-maker. [Vizard and Co., Lincoln's-inn-Fields; Gregory, Bristol]
- Wyrill, J. D. Methley, York, dealer. [Jaques and Battye, Coleman-street; Archer and Greaves, Ossett]
- Wheatley, R. Twycross, Leicester, victualler. [Nevill, Tamworth; Nicks and Co., Bartlett's-buildings]
- Whatkins, W. B. Ardwick, near Manchester, merchant. [Church, Great James-street; Pateshall and Bellamy, Hereford]
- Veysey, J. Exeter, linen-draper. [Smith, Walbrook]
- Viney, J. Bristol, cabinet-maker. [Ambury, Bristol; White, Lincoln's-inn]
- Underwood, R. Kidderminster, carpet-manufacturer. [Bigg, Southampton-buildings; Hallon, Kidderminster]
- Underwood, W. Cowley-mills, Cowley, Gloucester. [Bloxsome, Wells, and Bloxsome, Dursley; White, Lincoln's-inn]
- Woodford, J. Melcombe-Regis, ironmonger. [Alexander and Son, Carey-street; Coombs, Dorchester]

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. C. H. Cox, to the Perpetual Curacy of Benson, Oxford.—Rev. R. Garney, to the Senior Vicarage in Lincoln Cathedral.—Rev. W. Higgin to the Living of Roscrea.—Rev. M. Dale, to the Lectureship of St. Sepulchre's, London.—Rev. C. M.M. New Series.—VOL. VI. No. 31.

Paul, to the Perpetual Curacy of Knowle St. Giles's, Somerset.—Rev. E. Cardwell, to the Rectory of Stoke Bruern, Northampton.—Rev. W. A. Shirley, to the Vicarage of Shirley, Derby.—Rev. R. Grant, to the Vicarage of Bradford P

Abbas, with Clifton Maybank annexed, Dorset.—Rev. E. G. Marsh, to the Vicarage of Sandon, Herts.—Rev. T. Brisland, to the Ministry of St. Paul's Chapel, Winchmore-hill, Middlesex.—Rev. J. Drake, to be Chaplain to the Bishop of Rochester.—Rev. G. T. Spencer, to the Rectory of Roding Plombea, Essex.—Rev. H. C. Crewe, to the Rectories of Stanton-by-bridge and Swarkestone.—Rev. G. S. Penfold, to the District Rectory of Trinity, Mary-le-bone.—Rev. W. Garrard, to the Church and Parish of Stricathrow, Forfar.—Rev. P. Brotherson, to the Church and Parish of Alloa, Clackmannan.—Rev. G. Whitefoord,

to the Living of Burgate, Suffolk.—Rev. A. Hanbury, to the Vicarage of Bures St. Mary, with Bures annexed, Suffolk.—Rev. E. Wymer, to the Rectory of Westwich, Norfolk.—Rev. T. Talbot, to the Rectories of Tyvetshall St. Margaret, and Tyvetshall St. Mary, Norfolk.—Rev. J. Lingard, to the Incumbency of St. George, Hulme.—Rev. C. J. Glynn, to be Chaplain to the Duke of Clarence.—Rev. E. Palmer, to be Minister of St. John's Chapel, Deritend, Birmingham.—Rev. W. Macdonald, to be Archdeacon of Wilts.

POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

George Earl of Aberdeen, to be Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.—Lieut. General Sir G. Murray, to be Secretary of State for the Colonial Department.—Viscount Lowther, to be First Commissioner of the Woods and Forests and Land Revenue.—Sir Henry Hardinge, to be Secretary at War.—Horace Twiss, esq., to be Under Secretary of State for the Colonial Department.—G. Banks, esq., Secretary to the Board of Control.—C. Arbuthnot, esq., to be Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.—W. F. V. Fitzgerald, esq., to be Treasurer of the Navy, and President of the

Board of Trade; and T. P. Courtenay, esq., Vice-President.—J. Calcraft, esq., to be Paymaster-General of the Forces.—J. W. Croker, and J. Calcraft, esqrs., to be Members of the Privy Council.—Viscount Melville, Right Hon. R. Peel, Earl of Aberdeen, Right Hon. Sir G. Murray, Duke of Wellington, Right Hon. H. Goulburn, Lord Wallace, Right Hon. J. Sullivan, Lord Ashley, Marquis of Graham, Lawrence Peel, esq., and Right Hon. T. P. Courtenay, to be Commissioners for the Affairs of India.

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

May 19.—The Right Hon. H. Goulburn, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the Chancery Court, publicly made and subscribed to the declaration, that he would not exert an influence he might possess by virtue of his office, to the injury of the Protestant Church as by law established, agreeably to the new act for Repealing the Test and Corporation Acts.

24.—A Meeting of the British Reformation Society, held at the Freemasons' tavern, when Lord Montcashel reported that "that the converts of last year, in Ireland, exceeded 10,000!"

26.—The Thames Tunnel again opened for public inspection and further proceeding.

— A Pension of £3,000 per annum, voted by the Legislature to the late Mr. Canning's son.

28.—The Anniversary Meeting of the Pitt Club took place at the London-tavern, attended by about 300 persons.

29.—The foundation stone of the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum, laid with masonic honours by the Duke of Sussex, in the Old Kent Road.

— Sessions commenced at the Old Bailey.

31.—A verdict given at the Sheriffs' court against the Rev. Rawling Mollock, clerk of Tor, Devon, for *crim. con.* with the wife of Major Lindam, to the amount of £5,000 damages.

June 2.—The Anniversary Meeting of the Society of Arts, held at the King's Theatre, for the purpose of distributing the rewards for 96 prizes, among which was one to Lord Newborough, for planting 3,700,000 forest trees; and one to Mr. Tower, for a shawl, gathered in the raw material, spun and wove in England, so that it is altogether

of native manufacture, from the hair of four Cashmere goats, imported into this country some time since; it is a great beauty, and is to be presented to the king.

— A farmer (Mr. Rolfe) residing at Hillingdon, near Uxbridge, recovered from the hundred of Elthorpe, Middlesex, £200, for damage done by some unknown villains setting fire to his wheat ricks in November last, whilst the family were at church.

4.—Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when 15 prisoners were condemned to death, 100 transported, and several others imprisoned for various periods.

5.—The Anniversary Meeting of the London Mechanics' Society was held at the Freemasons' tavern, when two prizes of £10 each, and a silver medal, were presented to the successful candidates.

— The Anniversary meeting of the Charity Children of the Metropolis, held at St. Paul's, when upwards of 7,000 attended—more than £400 collected at the door.

— The British Catholic Association met at the Freemasons' tavern, the Duke of Norfolk in the chair, when the secretary read the report, the purport of which was to congratulate the Dissenters on the Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and to rescue the Catholic body from the charge of indifference, and to re-assert their unshaken loyalty and patriotism.

6. A Meeting of the Shareholders of the Waterloo Bridge Company, was held at the Crown and Anchor-tavern, when it appeared from the balance sheet, that the payments within the last half year

had been within a few pounds of the receipts, so that nothing remained to be divided; and that the whole payments since the bridge commenced amounted to £1,059,821. 7s. 9d.

9.—A motion was made in the House of Lords, "That it is expedient to take the laws affecting His Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects into consideration, with a view to such a final and conciliatory adjustment, as may conduce to the peace and strength of the United Kingdom, to the stability of the Established Church, and to the concord and welfare of all classes of His Majesty's subjects." After a lengthened debate, it was adjourned to next day, and lost by a majority of 45—contents being 137, non-contents 182.

12.—A Deputation of the West India Merchants, headed by Lord Seaford, chairman of the committee, held a long conference with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, at the Treasury, on the state of their affairs.

14.—The 109th Anniversary of the Westminster Hospital, held at Willis's Rooms, the Duke of Northumberland in the chair. It was announced that upwards of 200,000 poor persons had been restored to health by means of this institution.

18.—The Battle of Waterloo celebrated by H.R.H. the Lord Admiral, in a grand aquatic breakfast and splendid regatta on the Thames.

—The celebration of the Repeal of the Test Act, at Freemasons'-hall, the Duke of Sussex in the chair; it was attended by 400 friends of religious liberty from all parts of the kingdom.

19.—A Petition presented to Parliament, praying the Jews to be admitted to civil rights, the same as Protestant dissenters.

21.—A numerous meeting assembled at the Freemasons'-tavern, for establishing a college for the education of the youth of the metropolis, as inculcated by the United Church of England and Ireland, the Duke of Wellington in the chair, when a collection of nearly £20,000 was made.

MARRIAGES.

At St. Margaret's, Westminster, the Right Rev. Bishop of Jamaica to Miss M. H. Page.—At Hornsey, Count Alexander Charles Joseph Vander Burch, chamberlain to the King of the Netherlands, to Miss Elizabeth Cooper.—R. W. Bulkeley, esq., to Miss C. M. Hughes.—At Streatham, J. Goding, esq., to Lady Jane Coventry.—Captain Short (Coldstream Guards) to Miss E. S. M. Barwell.—B. Granville, esq., to Miss M. S. Onslow, grand-daughter of the late Admiral Sir R. Onslow, bart.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Hon. E. S. Jerningham, second son of Lord Stafford, to Miss Smythe, niece of Mrs. Fitzherbert; J. W. Bowden, esq., to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir J. E. Swinburne, bart.; Hon. H. Walker, eldest son of Viscount Ashbrook, to Frances, daughter of the Rev. Sir T. Robinson, bart.; Captain Hallowell, eldest son of Vice-Admiral Sir B. Hallowell, to Mary, daughter of Sir Murray Maxwell.—At Mary-le-bone, W. Marshall, esq., M.P., to Georgiana Christiana, daughter of G. Hibbert, esq., Portland-place.—E. Curray, esq., to Louisa Lawrence, daughter of Sir J. Scarlett, M.P.—Frederick Devon, esq., to Miss Ann Thynne, second daughter of G. F. Thynne, esq., of Poet's Corner, Westminster.

DEATHS.

In Hertford-street, May-fair, the Rev. Lord Henry Fitzroy, brother to the Duke of Grafton, and one of the prebends of Westminster Abbey.—Countess Rice, lady of the Rev. Count Rice, and grand-daughter of the late Count Zinzendorf.—At Chertsey, the wife of R. Clark, esq., chamberlain of London.—The Countess Mary Justina, lady of Count Reuss.—In King's-road, 78, Lady Mary, widow of Sir W. More, bart.—In Belgrave-street, Lord Forrester.—The infant daughter of Lord Loughborough.—In Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, at an advanced age, the Hon. Anne Seymour Damer.—Warner Phipps, esq., secretary to the Albion Insurance.—Admiral Sir William Domett.—Matilda, wife of T. Campbell, esq., the poet.—Mr. T. Lane, an artist of talent; he fell through a skylight (at the Horse Bazaar, Gray's-inn-lane) and was killed on the spot.—At Tunbridge-wells, Lord H. S. Churchill, third son of the Duke of Marlborough.—Horatio Paget, third son of Rear-Admiral Sir C. Paget.—In the Fleet, 82, Mr. J. Amos; he had been confined ten years for contempt of the Court of Chancery.—Miss Grant, eldest sister of the Right Hon. C. Grant.—In Goodman's-fields, 75, Dr. Raphael Meldola, the learned and highly-respected Rabbi, High Priest of the Southern (Oriental, Spanish, &c.) Jews.—At Kensington, Viscountess Nevill, relict of Ralph Viscount Nevill, R.N.—83, the Rev W. Cox, archdeacon of Berks.—In Park-street, 87, the Hon. Anne Robinson, sister of the late Lord Grantham.—In Somerset-street, the Dowager Lady Dunsany.—At Sydenham, 68, J. P. Welsford, secretary to the Patriotic and Waterloo Funds.—At Windsor, Lord Mountsandford, accidentally killed in an affray at that town.—At Kirklington-park, 83, Sir Henry Watkin Dashwood, bart.—Elizabeth Cockburn, wife of the dean of York, and daughter of Sir Robert Peel, bart.—86, Mr. P. Jackson, who was in the orchestra of Drury Lane Theatre in the early days of Garrick; his widow, born 1739, remains (Oxford) to lament his loss.—At Islington, 101, Elizabeth Coldthorp.—82, the Dowager Duchess of Beaufort.—C. Pratt, esq.; he was thrown out of a phaeton in returning with some friends from a fight between Baldwin and Neal; he only attained his majority on May 23, when he entered in possession of nearly £250,000 property!

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Paris, Viscount de Cussy to Miss Barbara Clara Middleton.—At the British Ambassador's, at Paris, T. Nolan, esq., to Miss Juliana Blount.—At Paris, Chevalier Brant, late secretary of legation in London from the Emperor of the Brazils, to Augusta Elizabeth, daughter of the Chevalier Kieckhoeffer, consul-general of the Brazils, in that city.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Toulouse, Sir William Congreve, late head of the laboratory department, Woolwich.—At Rome, the Dowager Lady Turner.—At Florence, the Russian Prince Nicholas Demidow, whose immense fortune has so frequently furnished matter of speculation; he is said at one time himself to have estimated his income at £1 per minute.—At Dresden, 68, Charles Marquis of Northampton.

—At Paris, the Marquis of Lauriston, marshal and peer of France.—At Trinidad, the Rev. Dr. Buckley, Roman Catholic Bishop of Gerren, Vicar

Apostolic of the British, Danish, and Dutch West India islands and colonies.—At Florence, John Toke, esq., of Lincoln's Inn.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES; WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

The Newcastle Exhibition of Paintings was opened June 11, at the new building; the number of paintings is much greater than in any former display at that town, and, from the general view of them, the splendour and ability of the collection has never been equalled there.

On the 29th of May, the custom of the choristers singing anthems from the summit of the principal tower in the cathedral was revived. The custom first arose from the monks having sung *Te Deum* from that elevated situation, as soon as victory was declared at the battle of Neville's Cross, in 1346. It was subsequently continued in honour of the Restoration, but of late years had been disused.

It has been estimated, by geological writers and coal viewers, that, at the present rate of consumption, the seam of coal now worked in Northumberland and Durham coal-field, will not be expended, at the lowest calculation, within 500 years.

On the 24th of May, Mr. Fenwick, of Brinkheugh, near Weldon-bridge, nine or ten miles from Morpeth, deliberately shot his son, a young man about 22 or 23 years of age, and immediately fled. The young man died shortly afterwards. We hear that Mr. Fenwick has been taken.

On the 1st of June, the *Ardincaple* steam-vessel, arrived at Newcastle from Edinburgh in twelve hours and a half, an instance of wonderful expedition.

As the dredging machine, which is used by the Commissioners of the River Wear for cleansing the river, was at work near the bridge, Durham, on the 7th of June, it brought up the body of a sailor boy without a head. The body has been recognized as that of a boy who fell from out of a boat, and was drowned, about four months since. He was one of the crew of a vessel belonging to Little Hampton. His body was injured in several places, supposed to be by the keelmen's sets, used in working their keels.

Married.] At Durham, Mr. Jackson to Miss Anderson; R. Palmer, esq., to Miss Blackett; Mr. R. Pearson to Miss J. Thompson.—At Newcastle, W. Bell, esq., to Miss Mary Wilhelmina Morrison; R. A. Purvis, esq., to Miss Atkinson. At Wilton, Mr. S. Garbutt to Miss Searth.

Died.] At Durham, Miss Heslop; 72, C. Herbert.—At Glanton, Westfield, Miss Winifred Frankland.—At Bishopwearmouth, W. Ferguson, esq.—At Sunderland, Mrs. Ann Hunter.—At Newcastle, Mrs. Hantley.—At Houghton-le-Spring, the Rev. D. Crossthwaite.—At Eden, Mrs. Markham.

YORKSHIRE.

On Saturday, the 24th of May, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, a whirlwind passed for a considerable way up the course of the river wharf, to the northward of Bolton-abbey

and in the immediate vicinity of Bolton-park. In its progress, some trees were torn up by the roots, and huge branches were wrenched from others, and whirled in the air like so many feathers, to an incredible distance. The waving of the tempest, and the crashing of the trees, were indescribably awful.

A project is on foot for erecting a new theatre in Leeds, by subscription.

In the first week or ten days in June, about 60,000 mackerel were brought into the port of Hull for sale.

Anti-slavery petitions have been sent to Parliament from York, Leeds, Halifax, Huddersfield, Sheffield, Whitby, Great Driffield, and other places in this county.

A branch of the Yorkshire Horticultural Society has been established at Wakefield.

There is now living at Sund, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, a female, named Witty, 95 years of age, who recently spun half a pound of line in one day; and her activity is such, that she frequently walks about the neighbourhood without a stick.

A grocer at Sheffield has a steam-engine, of half-horse power, for the purpose of roasting and grinding coffee.

At a public meeting of the inhabitants of Hedon, held on Thursday week, it was resolved to restrict their representatives to oppose any measure tending to interfere with private credit and local measures.

Six individuals, on the 13th of June, performed a voyage from Doncaster to Hull, in a pleasure boat of the following dimensions:—from head to stern, 13 feet 3 inches; width, 5 feet 2 inches. It was propelled by two paddle wheels, similar in construction to those of a steam-boat, connected with each other by a crank, which may be turned by one or two hands.

May 30, the Annual General Meeting of the Leeds Philosophical and Literary Society took place, and we are gratified to find by the Report that it is in a flourishing state. It was ordered, that clerks or apprentices, under 21, be admitted to the meetings and lectures, on payment of two guineas annually, without entrance.

The form of the building erecting for a museum at Scarborough is that of a rotunda, after a Grecian model, designed by Mr. Sharpe, of York. The stone is of a quality unrivalled in this kingdom for beauty, and exceeded only by marble. It is the same as that of the new church at Scarborough, and the York Museum, being obtained from the quarry at Hackness. The situation is delightful, and commands a view of the sea, the harbour, the bridge, Oliver's Mount, and the Hull road.

It was ascertained by the accounts produced by the Secretary of the Leeds Shyrack and Morley Savings' Bank, at the Twentieth Half-Yearly

Meeting, that since the commencement of its institution, 5,549 persons have paid into the bank the sum of £225,826, 3s. 7d., and have, as their occasions required, withdrawn the sum of £123,079. 18s. 10d. The interest money withdrawn bears a very small proportion to the interest accumulated, and, including such accumulation, there remains the sum of £127,197. 19s. 9d. at the disposal of the present depositors, being an increase of £8,121. 12s. 7d. since last October.

An Exhibition of Pictures and Sculpture, the works of living artists, has opened at Leeds, at the "Northern Society's" Gallery. The exertions of the committee, to provide a suitable display of the productions of the fine arts, on the present occasion, have been cordially seconded by the profession. The Exhibition consists of 522 works of art: a greater number by nearly 100, than ever the Society were able to present to the public previously; surpassing, as well in proportion as in the degree of excellence, those of former years.

On Whit-Monday, the annual meeting and procession of the teachers and scholars of the Leeds Sunday School Union took place, when between 4 and 5,000 children were present. By the report, it appears that there are 62 schools, 1,812 teachers, and 7,990 children in this Union; the increase during last year amounted to 11 schools, 198 teachers, and 1,043 scholars.

June 11.—The foundation of a new church was laid at Lindley (Huddersfield); the ceremony was attended by twenty-three clergymen, and more than 5,000 spectators.

Married.] At Hull, the Rev. W. Huntington to Miss Lambert; Mr. Crabtree to Mrs. Ann Harrison, a buxom widow of 19, who had been twice married before.—At Knaresborough, the Rev. H. Milton to Miss Ann Hutchinson.—At Doncaster, the Rev. R. Hutchinson to Miss Marsh.—At York, the Rev. T. Dayrell to Miss Maria Hawkeworth.—At Richmond, G. L. Ridley, esq., to Miss Ann Thompson.

Died.] At Halifax, J. Walter, esq.—At Whitby, 90, Sarah Shepherd.—At Richmond, W. Close, esq.—At Scarborough, R. Williamson, esq.—At Wilsden, 96, J. Piehiles; he has left 309 descendants, exclusive of 101 deceased. He was followed to the grave by 135 of his descendants.—At Shepley, 104, Hannah Holmes.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

At length, after boring 500 feet for water, a spring is evidently existing, the water of which, since the discovery, has actually risen above 300 feet in the orifice. It indeed is probable that the water found does not flow from a main spring; but it is evident that one must exist in the adjacent earth, and by boring a few feet farther, that will most likely be met with.

NOTTINGHAM AND DERBY.

Died.] At Lenton, 73, J. Amys, esq., deputy-lieutenant for Notts.

LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE.

The gross receipts at the Ladies' Bazaar, at Manchester, for the benefit of the National and Lancastrian Schools, amounted to £488. 17s.; nearly 2,000 persons visited it, paying admission.

The whole of the Soho Foundry, at Ancoats, Manchester, was destroyed by fire May 15; hundreds of hands have by this dreadful accident

been thrown out of employment. It is estimated that the loss amounts to a great sum, and that the whole of the property belonged to Messrs. Peel and Williams.

There has been of late a considerable ferment amongst the owners and occupiers of land in Wigan, in consequence of a demand having been made upon them by the rector, for tithe of hay, which has never been paid in that parish in the memory of man; in consequence of which a meeting was held, Earl Balcarras presided; when it appeared, from a variety of ancient documents, that the tithe now demanded, had not been paid or heard of for several hundred years!!! After a long discussion a committee was appointed, and a subscription entered into, to defend any suits that the rector might institute against any of the parishioners, until the question be finally settled. If the rector should succeed in his claim, it is said, he will add about £1,500 a year to his income!!!

In most of the dissenting chapels at Liverpool, the ministers have returned public thanks to God for the national mercy received in the Repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts.

No less than 153,156 spindles are now unemployed in the fown of Macclesfield.

SALOP AND STAFFORD.

The Right Hon. Charles Earl Talbot is appointed Custos Rotulorum of the county of Stafford, in the room of the Marquis Stafford resigned.

Married.] Sir Henry Edwardes, bart., of Meole, to Miss Hope, daughter of J. T. Hope, esq., of Netley-hall.

LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

There are three places of worship for Dissenters now building in Loughborough, viz. the Independents, Methodists, and Baptists. June 7, the first stone of the new chapel for the General Baptists was laid; it will be the largest General Baptist chapel in England.

Died.] At Husband's Bosworth, 90, the Rev. J. Pinnock, rector of that parish, and vicar of Notton, Warwickshire.

WARWICK AND NORTHAMPTON.

* May 29, at the High Bailiff's sumptuous dinner at Birmingham, notice was taken of the recent failure of representation for that town, "which," said Mr. Smith, foreman of the court-leet jury, "is one of the most important manufacturing stations in the world; a district containing half a million of inhabitants, employed in working up the native produce of the country; and yet this is the population which the minister of the day, although in the lap of commerce, thought right to neglect!" It was remarked that the rental of Birmingham is £300,000! its local rates, £55,000; its estimated capital, £10,000,000; and its advance to "intellectual weight" may be estimated from the fact, that about "fifteen thousand children" are constantly in progress of education; and yet this grand emporium, "with all its appliances and means to boot," has no representative, no special guardian in Parliament!!!

By the report of the committee of the Birmingham Eye Infirmary, made May 28, it appears that, since its establishment (only four years) 7,000 individuals have experienced its benefits;

and that the small sum of £140 has, during the last year, been the means of preventing or curing blindness in 1,868 fellow beings!!!

The silk trade of Coventry has slightly recovered from its languor; but the inhabitants appear confident that their former protecting duties must be revived before the depression is entirely removed. The Birmingham trade is suffering under great stagnation.

At a public meeting of the Protestant Dissenters, held at Northampton, May 23, it was resolved that "the Repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts was a measure most auspicious to civil and religious liberty, and that one of the most sacred institutions of religion has thus been rescued from a most gross and detestable profanation; and that we pledge ourselves to continue all our exertions and influence to assist all our fellow subjects in obtaining a full and general repeal of all civil disabilities imposed on account of religious opinions."

Married.] Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Williams to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Robert Harvey Mallory, esq., of Woodcote, near Warwick.

Died.] G. Yates, esq., of Bordesley.

WORCESTER AND HEREFORD.

The number of children belonging to the Sunday schools at Worcester and neighbourhood, assembled on Whit-Monday, amounted to nearly 2,800.

A Common Hall was held at Worcester, for the purpose of petitioning Parliament, to alter the laws which allow the importation of French gloves. It appears that from July 5, 1826, up to May 30, 1829, no less than 2,168,928 pairs of French gloves have been imported into the port of London only! What an offering to *reciprocity*! particularly when it is compared with the afflicting fact, that the trade was never so depressed at Worcester as at this moment, where 40,000 persons used to be employed in it, and who, as well as all classes in the neighbourhood, are now feeling its fatal effects!!!

Died.] At Worcester, 62, T. St. John, esq.

GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

The first show of the Gloucester Horticultural Society took place on May 23, and held out the most flattering prospects to those who have so meritoriously exerted themselves in promoting the undertaking; this splendid show amounted to no less than 900 beautiful specimens. Much admiration was bestowed on the "cactus speciosissimus," the "musa paradisiaca," the "phœnix ductifera," and the "ficus elastica," by all the beauty and fashion of the neighbourhood.

The centre of the new bridge, at Over, having been struck, the fine proportion of the arch of this magnificent structure is fully open to public inspection, and, notwithstanding the immense mass of stone embodied in it, amounting at present to not less than 4,000 tons, its elegance and lightness are extremely striking. It is not only the widest span of any stone arch hitherto completed in the kingdom, but with respect to its form it is perfectly unique, as, we believe, there is not another in the world erected upon the same principle. The building is carried on with great expedition, as are also the approaches on both sides; and

there is little doubt that the whole will open to the public by Christmas next.

Married.] At Stroud, the Rev. W. A. Cave to Miss Eliza Wathen.

Died.] At Cheltenham, Miss Elizabeth Toby, mistress of the Alstone Infant and Sunday Schools.—At Painswick, Mrs. C. Townshend.

DEVON AND SOMERSET.

A numerous and highly respectable meeting of Protestant Dissenters took place at Exeter, May 27, relative to the Test Act, &c., when several resolutions were unanimously agreed to, expressive of their satisfaction at the repeal of those acts, being fully persuaded that the exercise of private judgment on all subjects connected with religion, unfettered by the influence of any civil or ecclesiastical authority, is the unalienable right of every human being, they therefore resolved,— "That this meeting cherishes the hope that the legislature will in its wisdom shortly erase from the Statute Book every act which militates against the civil rights of the subject on account of his religion!!!

Died.] At Wrington, 80, Rev. W. Leever, 50 years rector of that parish; said to be the author of the plaintive ballad, "Auld Robin Gray."—At Bath, 91, Mrs. Ricketts, mother of the Viscount St. Vincent, and Countess of Northesk.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

The Norwich petition to the legislature against colonial slavery, has been signed by upwards of 10,000 persons, and is more than 150 feet in length!

Married.] At Norwich, R. A. Bowers, esq., to Miss C. A. Sherman.—J. H. Stanway, esq., to Miss Sims.

Died.] At Reepham, 100, Sarah Simmons.—Sir George Berney Brograve, bart., of Worstead-house, the last male descendant of the ancient house of Brograve.

CAMBRIDGE AND HUNTINGDON.

The dispute relative to stocking the commons at Godmanchester still continues, as well as the barbarous mode of beating the poor animals with bludgeons. Great numbers of persons lately assembled, and became so infuriated and riotous, that the riot act was resorted to, and the mob at length dispersed.

Died.] At Stukely, J. Torkington, esq., lately deputy recorder of Stamford.—At Huntingdon, H. Race, esq.; his death was occasioned by drinking cold water, when heated by playing at fives.

HANTS AND SUSSEX.

Married.] At Millbrooks, B. Langa, esq., to Eleanor Judith, eldest daughter of Sir J. P. Milbanke, bart.—At Lavington, S. Wilberforce, esq., third son of W. Wilberforce, esq., to Miss Emily Sergeant.

Died.] At Portsea, 80, the Rev. J. Harrison.

WALES.

One of the most awful occurrences, that it has fallen to our lot to record for some weeks, took place on Tuesday afternoon, at one of the pits of the Dee Green colliery, near Flint, belonging to Thomas Eytton, esq. The circumstances attending this dreadful accident, as far as we have been able to collect them, are as follows:—The fire-damp had collected in a part of the pit unobserved by the workmen, and a boy incautiously taking a lighted candle towards the spot, it instantly ig-

nited, and a tremendous explosion followed.—There were at the time upwards of thirty individuals (men and boys) in the mine, and out of this number, nine were killed on the spot, and eleven others dreadfully wounded; most of these had their limbs broken, and were so shockingly scorched, that it is feared some of them will not survive. The explosion was so loud, that it was heard at a great distance, and so powerful, that it blew up the machine which covered the mouth of the pit. We are sorry to relate, that some of the unfortunate men have left large families to deplore their fate, and who, by this accident, are not only bereaved of their husbands and fathers, but of their only support. The men who fortunately escaped were only preserved by being in another part of the pit where there was an air pipe. The afflicted wife of one of the poor men who was killed (and also her son) had given birth to an infant only a day or two before.

The effect of an earthquake was severely felt about ten at night of June 2, at Ishmael, about three miles from Milford; it continued twenty minutes, with a rumbling noise like distant thunder. A solid body of grey rock was entirely rent asunder, and separated into a thousand pieces, throwing large masses of it to a great distance; the adjacent rocks, and part of a hill, on which there was a thriving plantation of timber overhanging, were separated from the main land by this dreadful convulsion.

Married.] W. Crawshay, jun., esq., of Cyfarth-castle, Glamorgan, to Isabella, eldest daughter of T. Johnson, esq., Penmyarth, Brecon.—At Llantrynach, near Brecon, W. H. West, esq., to Miss F. Clifton.—At Llangunnon, W. Bonville, esq., to Miss E. Johns.—W. Richards, esq., of Kinnerton-lodge, Flint, to Miss P. G. Russell.

Died.] W. W. Jones, esq., of Gurrey, near Llandilo.—At Haverfordwest, Mrs. Colonel Phillips, of Williamston, grand-daughter of Dr. Ewer, bishop of St. Asaph.

SCOTLAND.

On Thursday night, May 15, betwixt 11 and 12 o'clock, the Clydesdale steam-packet took fire when crossing the channel from Glasgow for Belfast, about an hour and a half's sailing from Corsewall Point, on discovering which the master determined to run the vessel for the Light-house, where they arrived, and landed the whole of the passengers in safety, about 60. The fire was discovered aft the funnel, and, notwithstanding every exertion was made with the fire-pipe and boat's buckets, it increased, and made rapid progress towards the stern, which rendered the steersman's situation very precarious; he, however, was true to his charge, and, notwithstanding his dangerous situation, was most attentive to the master's orders, who took his station at the bows of the boat, and directed the steersman how to guide the vessel. A considerable time before the packet reached the shore, the engineer and firemen were driven from the engine-house by the violence of the fire, the engine was left by them plying, and fortunately it continued to ply till the vessel reached the shore.

A gentleman in Liverpool has recently addressed a letter to his friend in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, on a subject which he deems of vital

importance to the inhabitants of Galloway. He incloses the last year's importation of live stock, young and old, brought into the port of Liverpool, by steam, from Ireland (38,052 oxen, cows, and calves; 132,531 sheep, and 138,574 pigs) the greater part of which were in condition for the butcher. "These," adds he, "are sold at our Smithfield every Monday; and the concourse of butchers from every part of the north and middle districts of England is immense. The cattle are sold by brokers for ready money; and the Irish drover returns to Ireland in two or three days after his sale. Compare this with your wretched and ruinous system of droving; and advertise for steam-boats, and send your best cattle by them to Liverpool; one from Kirkcudbright every Friday, would arrive here on Saturday or Sunday; the cattle might be sold on Monday, and the seller might attend Dumfries market the Wednesday following with gold or bank bills in his pocket. This is no wild scheme—it may be made to work as soon as you have either cattle or sheep to send here in good condition. You have the best breed of cattle in the world, and you send them farther for a market than any other people do."

An earthquake was felt on the afternoon of the 29th of May, at Wanlockhead (Dumfriesshire); it was heard and felt by the miners that were at work in the bowels of the earth. Several of them ran for their life, conceiving that the "drift" had "rushed," and that they had every chance of being entombed alive. The account they gave of it was, that it much resembled the noise caused when a quantity of stones or gravel is thrown down a "sump." The sounds were twice repeated, after an interval of five minutes. In the vicinity of Dumfries similar motions were felt, which made the stones rattle against each other.

Out of 700 parishes in Scotland, 490 have compulsory assessment; and the whole kingdom is assessed at £47,000, and yet the peasantry are much better off than in England.

A dreadful accident has just happened at the church of Kirkaldy, at the communion Sabbath. When the clergyman was expected to make his appearance, a part of the great range of galleries yielded to the pressure of the multitude, and fell with a terrific crash upon the hapless assemblage underneath, by which 39 persons lost their lives.

One and twenty individuals have perished by the wreck of a passage-boat in a bay off Trismiss Isles, near Staffa, coming from Mull.

Died.] At Edinburgh, Dugald Stewart, esq., the distinguished philosopher and metaphysician.

IRELAND.

The boiler of the steam-boat Corsair, which plies between Belfast and Liverpool, lately burst with tremendous violence as it was about to start from the quay of Belfast. The cause of the explosion was owing to the pipe, which conveys the waste steam from the safety valve, being too small for that purpose. The engineer was thrown down three times by the force of the explosion, and his body so dreadfully lacerated, that little hopes were entertained of his recovery. A passenger, who was below at the time, also suffered very severely.

Died.] At Limerick, the Hon. R. Howard, brother to the Earl of Wicklow.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 26th of May to the 25th of June, 1828.

May	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Red.	N4 Pr. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols for Acc.
26	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
27	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
28	206½	84½	85½	92½	92½	102½	19½	249	—	61 63p	85½
29	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
30	206½ 7	84½	85½	92½ 3	92½ 3	102½	19 3-16	—	97 99p	61 63	85½ 86½
31	207½	85½	85½ 86	92½ 3	92½ 3	102½	19½	—	—	61 63p	85½ 86½
Jun. 1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
2	207½	85½	85½ 6½	—	93½	102½	19½ 3-16	—	—	62 3	86½
3	207½ 8½	85½	86½	94	93½	102½ 3	19½ 5-16	250	97 99	61 63	86½
4	207½ 8½	85½	86½	94	93½	102½ 3	19½ 5-16	249½	99p	59 62	86½
5	208½	85½	86½	94½	93½ 4	—	19½ 5-16	249½	97	59 61p	86½
6	208½	85½ 6½	—	93½ 4½	93½ 4	—	19 5-16	—	—	60 3	86½ 87½
7	209½	86½	—	—	94½	—	—	—	98 99p	60 3	87½
8	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
9	209½ 10	86½ 7	—	—	94½	—	19 7-16	—	98 99	60 3	86½
10	209½	86½ 87	—	94½	94½	—	19 7-16	—	99p	60 3p	87½
11	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
12	209½ 10½	86½ 87½	—	95	94½ 5	—	19½ 9-16	—	99	60 3	87½ 88
13	209½ 10	87½	—	95½	95½	—	19½	—	100p	60 63p	88½
14	209½	87½	—	—	95	—	19 9-16	—	100 1	62 64	88½
15	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
16	210	87½	—	—	95½	—	19½	—	100 1	63 65	88½
17	209½	87½	—	95½	94½ 5	—	19½	—	100 1p	63 5	88½
18	210	87½	—	95½	95½	—	19 11-16	—	101	63 66p	88½
19	209½ 10	87½	—	95½	95½	—	19½ 13-16	—	—	63 66	88½
20	210	87½	—	95	94½ 5	—	19 11-16	—	—	64 67p	88½
21	210	87½	—	—	94½ 5	—	19 11-16	—	—	64 66p	88½
22	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
23	211½	87½ 88½	—	95½	95½	—	19½ 13-16	—	100p	64 66p	88½ 89
24	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
25	210½ 11½	87½	—	95½	95½	—	19 11-16	—	101 2p	64 66p	88½

E. EYTON, Stock Broker, 2, Cornhill and Lombard Street.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From May 20th, to June 19th, 1828.

By WILLIAM HARRIS and Co. 50, High Holborn.

May.	Rain Gauge.	Moon.	Therm.			Barometer.		De Luc's Hygro.		Winds.		Atmospheric Variations.		
			9 A. M.	Max.	Min.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	2 P. M.	10 P. M.
20			55	66	51	29 67	29 60	90	94	E	ENE	Fair	Fine	Clo.
21	57	☾	54	63	50	29 46	29 45	97	98	ESE	ESE	Rain	Clo.	—
22			51	60	49	29 44	29 46	98	98	ESE	ESE	—	—	—
23			54	63	47	29 47	29 48	92	98	ENE	E	Fair	—	Rain
24	15		51	68	57	29 35	29 32	98	95	SW	WSW	Clo.	Rain	Clo.
25			59	63	53	29 65	29 69	97	95	W	WSW	Fair	Fine	Fine
26	20		62	69	55	29 57	29 46	93	90	SW	S	—	Rain	Clo.
27			67	70	52	29 46	29 42	78	86	SSW	SW	—	—	—
28			58	63	57	29 47	29 53	78	92	W	WSW	Clo.	Fair	—
29	19	☉	63	70	57	29 56	29 65	80	90	WSW	WSW	Fair	—	Rain
30			65	71	56	29 85	29 82	79	90	WNW	W	—	—	Fair
31			64	69	55	29 71	29 78	79	90	WNW	WNW	—	—	—
June 1			62	69	47	29 91	29 97	79	79	WNW	W	—	Fine	—
2			53	70	53	29 94	29 83	79	79	W	WNW	—	Show.	—
3			60	67	55	29 85	29 76	78	83	NW	W	—	Fair	Clo.
4	100	☾	58	68	52	29 39	29 35	94	96	W	W	Rain	—	—
5			57	63	53	29 34	29 41	96	88	W. Var.	W	Fair	—	—
6	10		56	64	51	29 57	29 67	77	78	NW	NW	Rain	—	—
7			58	63	53	29 93	30 01	78	78	NW	NW	Fair	—	Fair
8			57	66	54	30 04	30 06	75	78	NW	NW	—	—	—
9			58	70	55	30 08	30 09	78	78	NW	NNW	—	Fine	—
10			63	69	60	30 12	30 13	78	78	NNW	NNW	—	—	—
11			65	73	61	30 10	30 08	76	77	NNW	NNW	—	—	—
12			63	65	56	30 10	30 10	75	75	NNW	SSE	—	Fair	—
13		●	62	71	54	30 11	30 10	75	75	SSE	SSE	—	Fair	—
14			63	71	56	30 11	30 07	75	78	SE	SSE	—	—	—
15			64	71	61	30 00	29 93	92	92	S. Var.	SE	Rain	Fair	—
16			67	69	59	29 83	29 79	90	98	SSE	ENE	—	—	—
17			64	73	60	29 41	29 40	84	97	SW	SE	Fair	—	Fine
18			63	70	60	29 30	29 60	96	84	E	W	Rain	Clo.	—
19			63	72	60	29 82	29 84	92	84	WSW	SW	Clo.	—	Clo.

The Quantity of Rain fallen in the Month of May was 1 inch and 23-100ths.